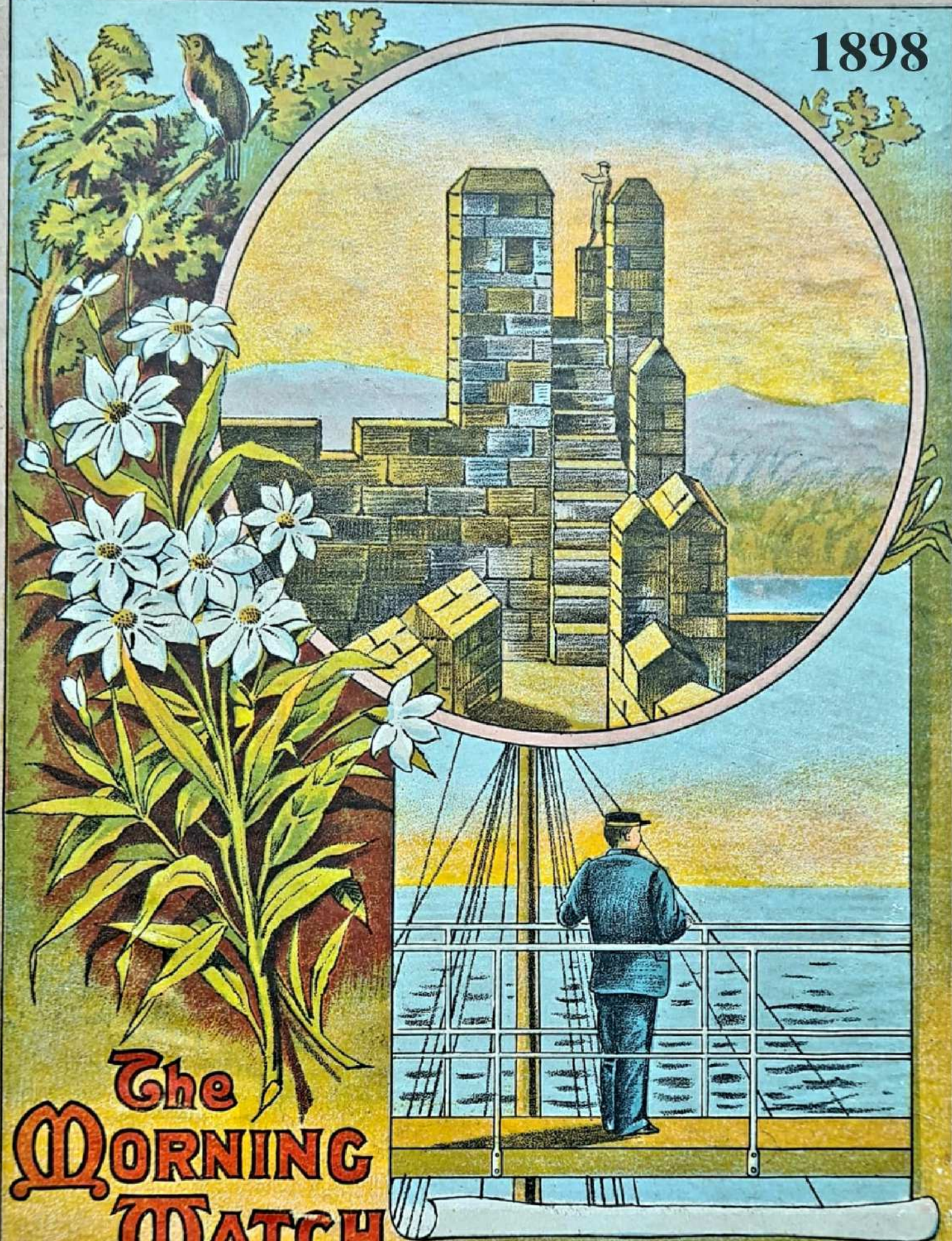


1898



The MORNING WATCH.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

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The Morning Watch.

1898.

VOL. XI.

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January, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 1.



On the Threshold of the Year.

Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory.—Is. 6. 3.

My First Day.

WHEN old people's memories are failing they can remember things that happened when they were young far better than things that happened a year ago. For everything is interesting to us when we are young. We get a lot of pleasure out of little things then. We can think about a holiday, or a soiree, weeks before it comes, and be happy over it the whole time. When you go to learn your trade, your first day at it will be a great day. I remember very well the first day I was at work. I came from the country to go into an office—a lawyer's. Everything was new and wonderful. The boy who was just a year ahead of me spoke as if he had been there all his life, and as if the master and he were very intimate. He put on great airs of knowledge, and treated my shyness and ignorance with pity. I soon found out he was not bad-hearted. But I had to take up his work, and as he told me about my duties he frightened me with his solemn account of the importance of everything, and the unpardonable consequences of any mistake.

I sat down to copy my first paper. It was the log of a ship that had to be written out for an action in court between the owners and the captain. Here was romance all at once. Surely this was to be a happy life. For it was better than reading a stirring story to be writing about the daily experiences of the sea, of foreign ports, and foreign merchants, and strange cargoes. It was like having the hero of the tale

for one's own brother, like hearing him sit at our own fireside and tell of his adventures.

I was stopped in my work about mid-day, and told to go at two o'clock to another office for a document that was wanted. Then I resumed my writing till two o'clock should come. But I got interested in it again, for the ship was in Mozambique Channel, and I forgot all about hours. Shortly after two, I heard the handbell in my master's room ring one stroke. That I was told was for me. I went in. I was asked for the document I should have gone for. Well do I remember to this hour the feeling that came over me. I had done it! Everything was serious in this office the boy had told me in the morning, and I believed him now.

I don't know whether I looked white or red or blue. Yet I must have looked cool enough. For I went out of the room as if I had that document in my desk, and would return next moment with it. To me, life looked a mere tragedy at that moment. I had committed an unpardonable offence. I had no hope of a second chance in life. I took my cap from its place, walked calmly downstairs, *and went home*, never expecting to return. There was a quick end of my legal career.

My friends tried to comfort me, to tell me "it was a trifle," "I was a stranger," "anyone might make mistakes," and the like. I thought all that was only empty chaff, well-meant for grain. I remembered too well what that other apprentice had told me about no forgiveness.

At last, late at night, a friend of ours was sent for who had influence in the office. He persuaded me to return in the morning and, if my case looked serious, he would come and explain.

I returned. I took my place. I was asked to do trifling things for the clerks. I wondered. I was delighted to do anything, for that meant I was not being sent to the door. There was hope. But I dreaded every moment that single stroke from the bell in the inner room. That would be the bursting of the storm. By a kind providence, though it often rang twenty times a day, that day it did not ring at all.

I never spoke of my fault. *And no one else ever spoke of it either.* Months after, I found that when I did not return with the paper, they thought I had gone out for it. As I delayed they imagined that, being

a stranger, I had failed to find the place. They sent another messenger who promptly got the terrible document. To complete their charity, as I did not appear, they fancied I had quite lost my way, and must have gone home.

It is a great matter to begin well. To begin, continue, and end your first day at work, and every day, with God. But if we make mistakes, if we do what is wrong, let us never listen to the devil's lie that "it doesn't matter now," that "there is no second chance." Even if we sin seriously against God, let us not go away from Him and lose heart. My master was just kindly and forgot. But God knows, and remembers, and multiplies to pardon. My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not, and if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(This Series of Articles was begun in February, 1890.)

At the
age of
100

"And ABRAHAM was an hundred years old when his son Isaac was born unto him."—*Gen. 21, 5.* And so at last the promise was fulfilled which had been made more than five-and-twenty years before. Twenty-five years is a big bit of life at any age; it is a long time for anybody to wait for anything. But the young can afford to wait. The old, if they hope at all, can only hope against hope. Some who read this may, perhaps, in years to come know what it is to have to wait on God, and see year after year slipping away. But it will do you good if you remember, when that time of trial comes, that "the Lord knoweth the days of the upright," and that He never forgets how old you are.

Young people sometimes say to themselves, "If I had lived then, and had received the promises that Abraham got, and had known how surely they should be fulfilled, and that my name would appear in the Bible, I would have done all that he did." But they forget that that is just the very point of the story. Abraham went forth

At the
age of
100

not knowing whither he went, but he believed God. You and I have got promises from God as well as Abraham, promises as great as God can give—*how* great will only be known hereafter—but we can only take hold of them by *faith*. Faith is not like going into a tunnel in which you can see the light at the far end; it means *going into* the darkness, and *going on* in the darkness.

100

A WOMAN died many years ago in a certain district of Lanarkshire. Last month, having met two people who knew her well, I asked them to tell me anything they could remember about her. They replied that she was very fond of cats, but could not abide to have them in her house at night. There was a little hole at the bottom of her door, and when they came and scratched at it to be let in, she used to take her kitchen bellows and blow in their faces—the which no cat can endure! Having told me this, my friends began to laugh heartily at the idea that that was the first thing, and for a moment or two, the only thing that they could remember about one who had lived so long. Of course, in a little, other things began to come back to them. But this little incident shows us that we can never afford to be off our guard; what we call trifles may be the only things that some person may ever see us do, or at least the only things he may remember. "Watch, therefore."

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 1.—A Trip to the Southern States.

IN the winter of 1846 four young Clyde sailors found themselves in New Orleans. Wishing to see something of the slave states, they shipped before the mast, that is, as common sailors, in a little barque bound for Charlestown, S. Carolina, named the *Convoy*. Captain Truskett was an American gentleman, and a *manly* sailor, who believed in the old country's sailors as long as they kept sober. Our pay was £7 a month, while the rate in British ships at that time was only £3. The ship's company consisted of captain, mate, Chinese cook, and six sailors, all, as the cook said, well fit for their chow-chow or food. We left New Orleans in foggy weather, got to the bar at the mouth of the

Mississippi, made all sail, and then stood out towards the Gulf Stream, passing Key West and Cape Florida, groping our way with the lead all the time along the low-lying coast to Fort Sumter at the entrance to Charlestown, and then made right ahead—an excellent bit of work on the part of our captain. On our arrival at Charlestown he called all hands aft and offered them extra pay if they would look after the ship at night, as he preferred the crew to a strange watchman. The extra pay would keep the sailors from needing to spend any of their wages on little luxuries.

There was a nice little church hard by, built by some ladies, for sailors of all nations. The pulpit, I remember, had been made to represent the bow of a small ship, the seats were cushioned, and the floor carpeted. The gallery was for coloured people, and the area for

sailors and white folks. Two nights in the week a prayer meeting was held. At the conclusion of one of them, the people in the gallery were asked to tell what they knew of the sin of intemperance. A negro, who had sat in the front with his wife, a woman who must have weighed about 16 stones, got up and said: "Ladies and white folks, dis is my mistress Nancy. When she drink rum, when Sambo come home for his dinner, he got de poker hove after him down de stair, and was glad to run for him's life. Den dere was no yam for me dat day. But now since she has joined de temperance persuasion she is just a perfect angel." Some of us sailors thought she was rather a black one and would require pretty large wings if she were going to fly. As I have not been there since the war, I cannot tell whether the church is in existence or not, but if it is, it is the place where I would advise sailors to spend their evenings.

On our return voyage to New Orleans we took a hundred negroes with us as passengers. I was appointed to see that they got sufficient food and water. Four of their own number were chosen to act as police among them, and they did their duty very well. One of the passengers was an old negress with wool as white as snow, who was going down to New Orleans to join her mistress. She complained to me about the food. She was a favourite in her master's house, and was not accustomed to such poor fare as we allowed the others. I arranged with the Chinese cook that old mamma, as she was called, was

to get tea and coffee. She was very grateful to me, and when we parted, she insisted on giving me a broad blue ribbon, which slaves in South Carolina, at that time, who behaved well, got from their mistresses as a good conduct badge. They wore it over their shoulders as a sash. A fine ribbon it was, too, I remember, for I brought it home with me and gave it to my mother. I should also tell you that after we had been in New Orleans for a few days, old mamma's mistress invited me to her house to take tea, and thanked me for the kindness I had shown her old nurse. So you see I was amply repaid.

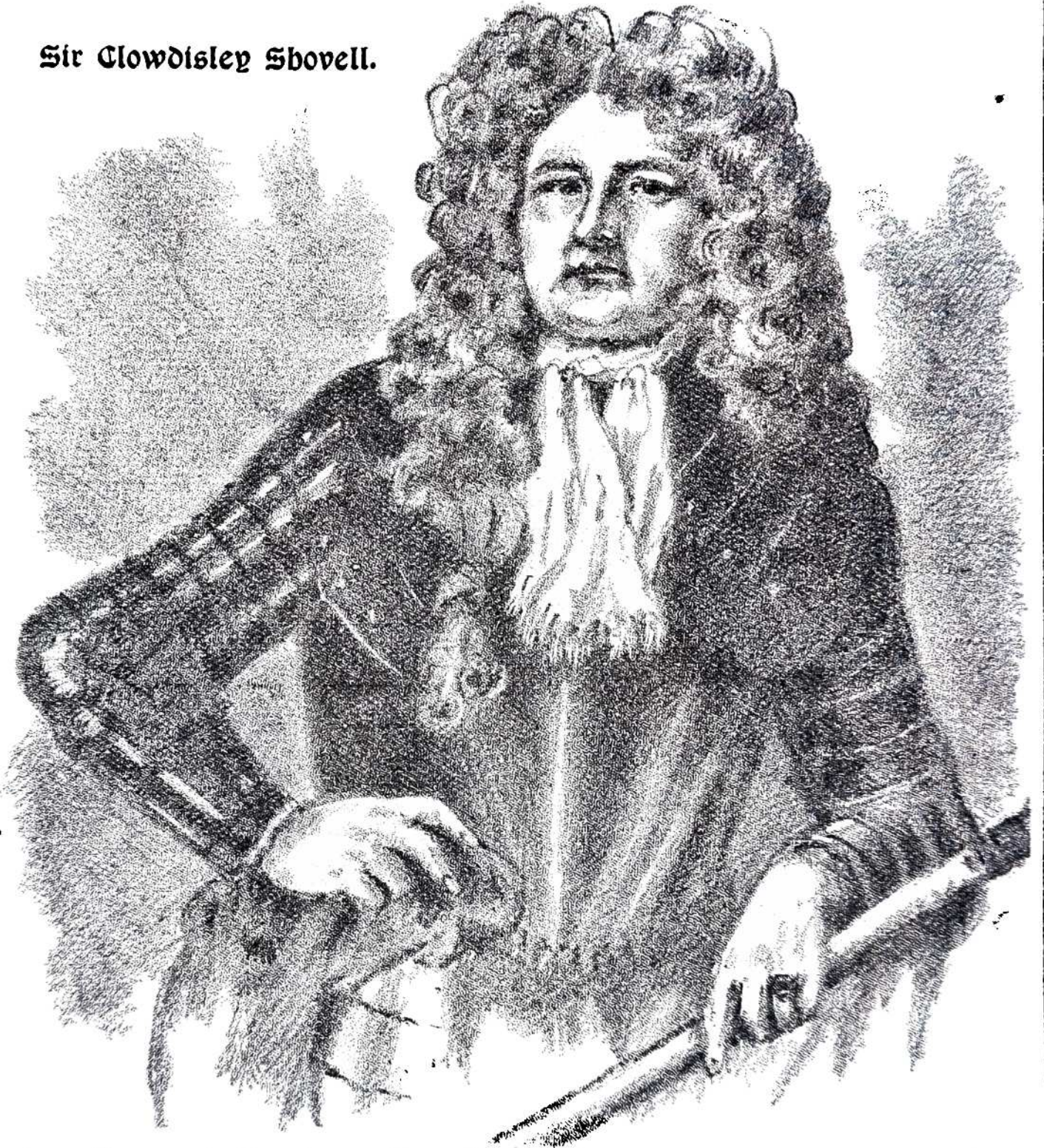
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CLOWDISLEY, or Cloudesley. Shovell, is a name that somehow stickseasily in a schoolboy's mind. Well, that is a portrait of him and his wig.

Wig is a curious word. Scholars say it is a short form of *periwig*, which comes through the Dutch from the French *perruque*, the Spanish form of which is *pelucca*, and that again comes from the Latin *pilus*, a hair! Words, like ourselves, have often strange histories buried in them.

And the thing itself has a curious history. Queen Elizabeth had eighty wigs—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—but it was Louis XIII. of France who first taught men to wear them in modern times. He wore one because his hair failed, and his courtiers wore them to be like him. A good wig, like that in the picture, cost from £30 to £50. And poor stupid men

Sir Cloudisley Shovell.



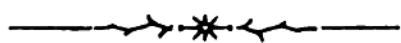
when they put them on thought themselves handsome, as the jack-daw did that had the peacock's feather. Yet wigs were of use too, if it be true that, after a battle, some great captains used to comb the bullets out of them!

But it is about Sir Cloudisley himself, and his sad death, that I

wish to speak. When he was a boy, he swam under fire with a dispatch in his mouth from the Admiral to the captain of another ship. When he was a man, he became an Admiral himself. In 1707 he was returning to England from the siege of Toulon, in his flagship, the *Association*, with other twenty vessels, fifteen of them

line-of-battle ships. They left Gibraltar on the 10th October, and on the evening of the 22nd, in foggy squally weather, through the action of a current then not understood, the *Association*, with over 800 souls on board, and after it the *Eagle*, the *Romney*, and the *Firebrand*, struck on a reef off the Scilly Isles. More than 2,000 men perished. Only one man belonging to the Admiral's ship was saved, the chaplain, namely, who, earlier in the day, had gone on board another ship to see a dying man. Another ship, the *St. George*, actually struck on the same ledge with the *Association*, but the next wave which beat out the *Association's* lights, lifted the *St. George* into deep water.

Thirty years after, a woman who was dying confessed to a minister that, when Sir Clowdisley Shovell was washed ashore, his life was still in him, but she killed him for the emerald ring he wore. She knew it was he after she murdered him because his name was written on the gusset of his shirt at the waist. She had kept the ring hidden all that time, afraid to show it, lest her sin should be found out. The ring is now an heirloom in one of the branches of the Admiral's family. The late Dr. Pusey, who did so much harm to the Church of England and the cause of Protestantism, was one of his descendents.



The Clock that went Backwards.

THERE was once a Frenchman, they say, who used to take off his hat whenever he spoke of himself. It was a tribute he paid to

his own greatness. There have been other men, not Frenchmen, who, for the same reason, always spoke of themselves in the third person, never saying "I," but always "John This," or "Tom That, did so and so," as if they were looking at themselves, admiringly, from a distance.

That was the way of the clock I wish to tell you about. It was very old; it had no pendulum, and only one weight, and it had no minute hand. Not that it had lost it, but that was the way it was made. It had a hand which told the hours, and the space between the figures on the dial was not divided as in our clocks into five points, each representing a minute, but into four parts, which stood for the four quarters of every hour.

The little hour hand, of course, is all that is really needed in any clock. By watching not only the hour nearest which it points, but how far it has gone either past or towards that hour, we could tell the time with very little practice, to within six minutes or so. The long minute hand saves us that trouble, however, and tells us the time much more accurately. The old clock could be trusted to within a quarter, or half-a-quarter of an hour, and that was counted near enough long ago. The old clock, further, had a most sonorous bell; but its greatest peculiarity was this, that through some mistake in fixing the chain when its owner was cleaning it one day, it always went backwards! If it and another clock, for example, were started together at 12 o'clock, it would strike and point to eleven

when the other was at one, and ten when the other was at two, and so on, till for one brief moment they met and agreed at six.

All this of course was very confusing and perplexing to the good man of the house and his wife, and also to their neighbours and visitors. They tried various ways of getting over the difficulty. For example, they fixed the clock to a bracket and turned its face to a looking-glass on the wall. But that only made confusion worse confounded, and they fell back on their old method, doing a sum in arithmetic, consciously or unconsciously, whenever they wished to know the time. If the hand pointed at 7, they said, "7 from 12, that means 5." If it pointed at 3, then, "3 from 12, that means 9." The worst of that plan was that it had to be explained to everybody who came in, and he was a clever man who needed only one explanation. The good man and his wife, however, could have borne with that if the clock had gone steadily. But sometimes it went fast, sometimes it went slow, and that needed a double set of calculations. Sometimes it stopped altogether, and if the good wife, after getting the time from her neighbours, forgot what she was doing and set the clock right as if it had been an ordinary one, then there was a pretty-to-do at night. "I know it's after 7," her husband would say, "and I know it can't be 12, but the clock says it's a quarter-past 3; one might as well have no clock at all."

There was a student once who told them that it would be quite

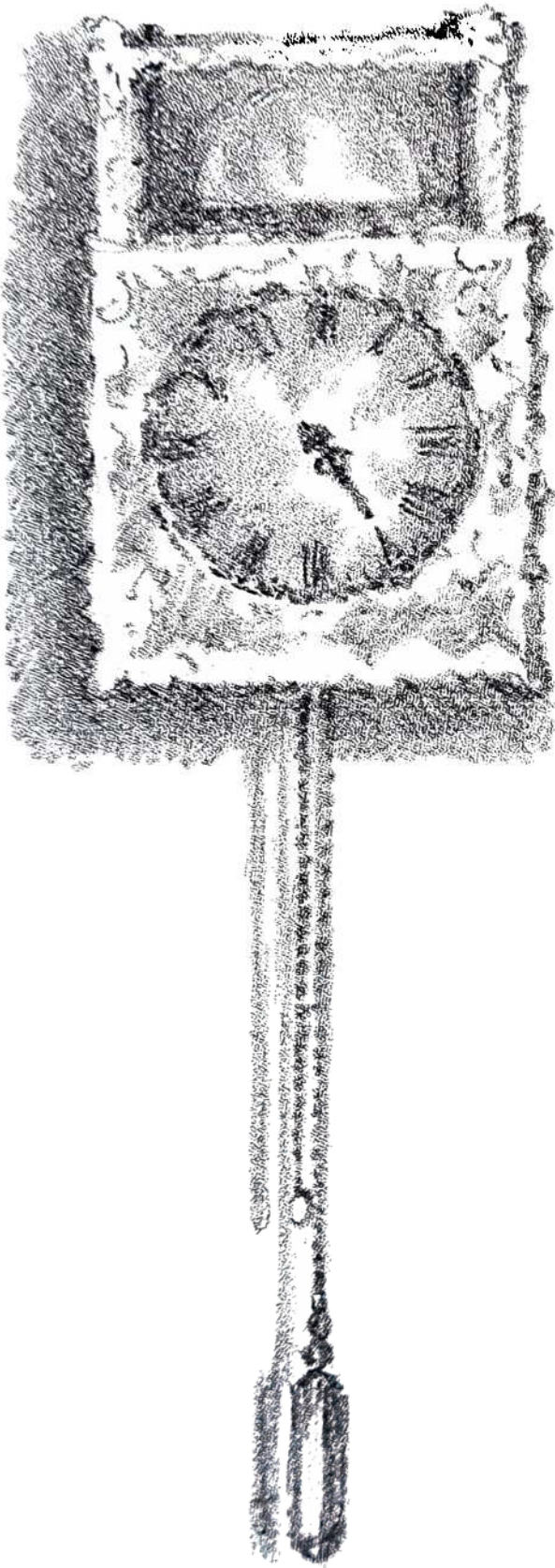
easy to prepare a formula that would help them in any difficulty. They had just to say, *Let x = the right time*, and then work it out by equations. If he had only had a couple of minutes to spare, he could easily have shown them how to do it, but the thing was quite simple.

"It's wonderful what these students know," said the husband after the lad went out.

"Ay," said his wife, dryly, "it's wonderful what they pretend to know."

Now all this gave great amusement to the clock itself. It used to laugh for hours at a time over it, especially during the night. "The old clock is too many for them," it would say, "ha, ha, ha!" There was a clock in a neighbour's house on the other side of the wall that used to have serious talks with it. You know that telegraph operators can talk to one another secretly in any company, by tapping with their fingers or their feet, while all the time they are joining with the others in common conversation. So these two clocks had some kind of code which I do not understand. It was a long time before this second clock understood the real state of affairs. But when at last it comprehended it, it spoke very solemnly to this effect. "I do not see why you should chuckle the way you do. You are going all wrong, and that's a thing to grieve at, not to laugh at."

"Don't you presume to lecture me," was the answer. "I tell you the old clock is a match for them all. You are a common thirteen-and-sixpenny-business, with no mind of your own, just doing what you



are hidden. The old clock knows something better than that. The old clock's the boy to bother them, and he'll bother them yet more than they know !"

"Well," said the other, "if that's your view of what you came into the world for, I'm glad it's not mine. I know I cost only thirteen-and-sixpence, but I try to do my duty, and to keep good time, and to tell it plainly, because time is the stuff eternity is made of, and I think it wrong to waste a moment either of my own time or another's. And maybe you bother people less than you think. I hear my master often talking of a man in his work who goes contrary to everybody, and he says they get that man to do any thing they wish, just by always asking him to do the opposite, and the poor fool doesn't see it ! And if you don't take care they'll maybe find a way of doing the same thing with you ; and remember, too, that if you bother them, it's quite possible they may bother you some day even more."

And, strange to say, both these things happened. For one day a neighbour lad brought in a dial marked the reverse way, so that the figures to the *left* of 12 were 1, 2, 3, and so on, instead of 11, 10, and 9 ; and then he pasted that over the old clock's face, and the old clock's pride was humbled in one hour. Yet it still gloried, and gloried for a year or two longer, in the fact that, say what they liked, and do what they liked, it still went backwards !

But that boast came to an end very tragically. The new reversed dial fell off the face one day, and just as the old clock had begun to laugh as it realised the situation, and saw a fresh career of trouble-

someness opening up before it, a man came to the door selling alarum clocks at four-and-sixpence each, and the goodwife of the house having bought one, the old clock was taken down forthwith, and put in a cellar where coals and all kinds of lumber were kept. And then spiders set up their lines in its inside, and cockroaches galloped over its face, and its chain rusted, and its works were knocked to pieces. Nothing was left but the face, and the dial, and the false hand. And there it lay in the dark bemoaning itself, till one day a boy saw it, and, having got permission, used it for wickets to play cricket with. It was more than wickets, too, for when the ball struck it, the bell rang, and so it served for an umpire as well. Last of all the boys saw that it could be a scorer, too, and that was the biggest trial the old clock ever had. For the first hit that one of the players made was a five, and when one of his companions said, "Turn the hand of the clock from 12 to 1," the clock laughed, or rather tried to laugh, and found that it couldn't—for, poor thing! it had nothing left to laugh with but its face, and the talent of laughter, so grievously misused, had been taken from it for ever. But it could still think a little, though very confusedly, for there were broken bits of two wheels still left to it, and something like this passed through its mind though it could not have put it in words: "Turn the hand from 12 to 1! That is what he needn't try to do. The old clock *stops*, but it NEVER goes forwards." But it had forgotten that the wheel and the chain

in which its great weakness lay were now gone, and its hand turned in the boy's hand in a moment, like the hand of any other clock!

An hour or two afterwards, when the woman of the house came out to take her clock in, a watchmaker, passing by, stopped and looked at it. "Have you the works of that?" he said.

"No, sir," said the woman. "They were broken to pieces many a day since."

"It's a pity," said the man, "for it is what they call a sixteenth century clock, and it would have been worth a bit of money. Why did you not take better care of it?"

"Well you see, Sir," said the woman, "the hand went backwards, and after fighting away with it for years till we were fair distracted, we couldn't be bothered with it any more, and so we put it in the cellar."

"I'm very sorry," said the watchmaker, "for that could have been put all right in a few minutes, and it might quite well have been a good clock, and an ornament to your house for a hundred years to come. I'll give you half-a-crown for the face, if you like."

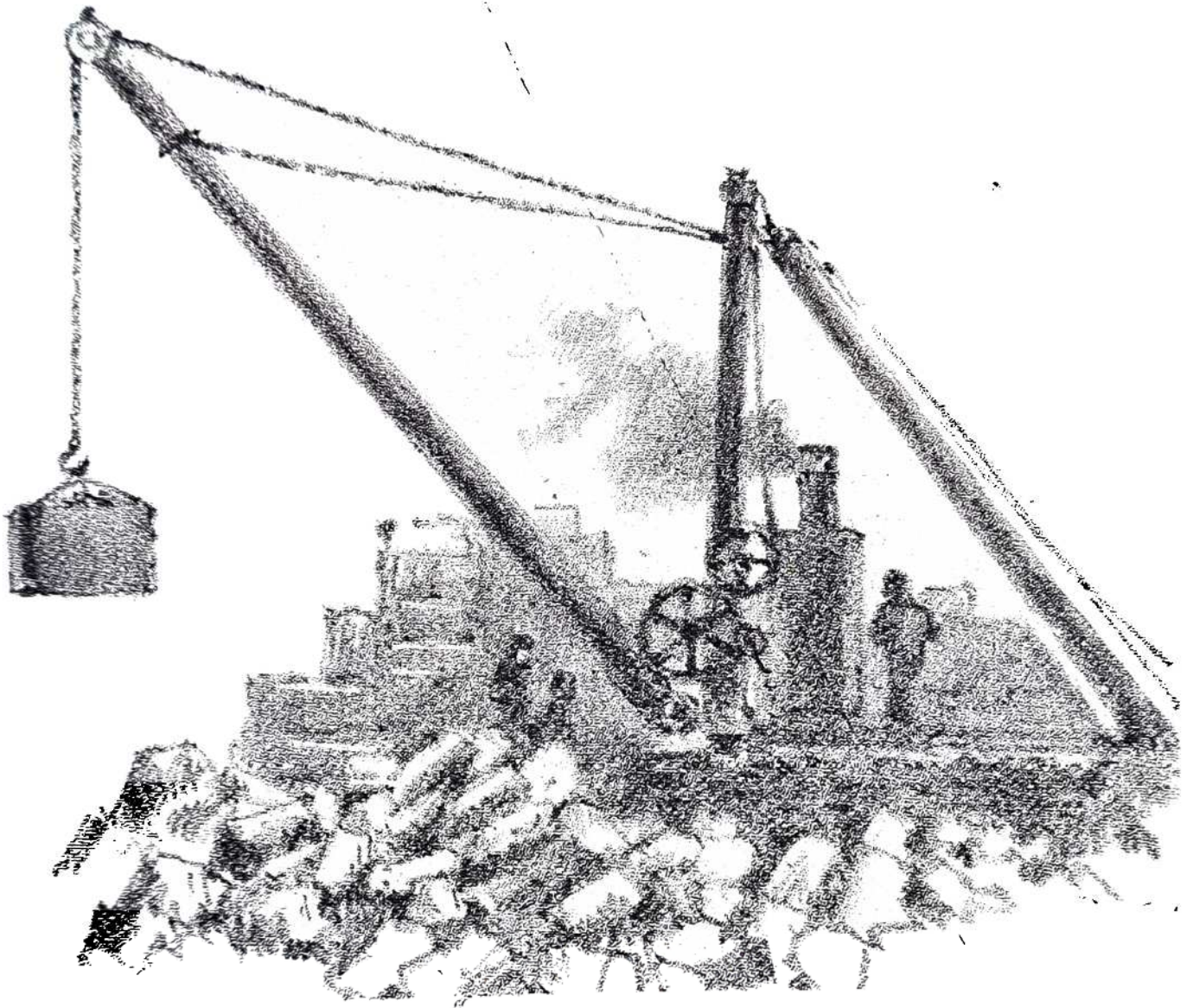
"And I'll be very glad to let you have it, for it's worth nothing to us."

— ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ —

Proper Names that have become Common Nouns.

No. I.—DERRICK.

A CRANE, as you know, is a machine for lifting heavy weights and moving them to a distance.



It makes a weak man strong,
And his little arms long.

It was the Holy Ghost, the Spirit
of all wisdom and understanding,
Who taught men how to make one.

A derrick is a particular kind of crane, and was so named after a man called Derrick, who was public executioner in the time of James I. of England. The man who gave the common hangman's name to such an invention must have had little taste and, if possible, less feeling. Hanging is not a thing to jest about.

Every now and again there are names which, for a time, have

terrible associations. A man, for example, commits murder, and every one who bears his name suffers pain and insult. There was a boy at school with me called Monteith, and I remember, with shame, that we used to annoy him because it was a Sir John Menteith who had captured Sir William Wallace, five hundred and fifty years before.

You should thank God if your name is one that has never been disgraced by anybody. And ask Him, plead with Him, to keep *you* from disgracing it all the days of your life.

1	S	HE SHALL CHOOSE OUR INHERITANCE FOR US.— <i>Ps. 47, 4.</i> “At Risley Hall, my cousin’s place near Sunderland, there was a garden that had 365 flower-beds.”— <i>Augustus J. C. Hare’s “Story of My Life.”</i>
2	S	The Lord will give grace and glory.— <i>Ps. 84, 11.</i>
3	M	No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.
4	TU	The devil showed Jesus all the kingdoms of the world.— <i>Luke 4, 5.</i>
5	W	And the devil said: If Thou wilt worship me, all shall be Thine.
6	TH	And Jesus answered, Get thee behind Me, Satan.
7	F	The devil was a murderer from the beginning.— <i>John 8, 44.</i>
8	S	Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.— <i>Prov. 1, 17.</i> During the South Sea Bubble gambling mania in 1720, a Company was formed “for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, <i>but nobody to know what it is.</i> Every subscriber who deposits £2 per share to be entitled to £100 per annum!”
9	S	Make for yourselves purses which wax not old,
10	M	A treasure in the heavens that faileth not.— <i>Luke 12, 33 (R. V.)</i>
11	TU	The uncertainty of riches.— <i>1 Tim. 6, 17.</i>
12	W	Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not?—In 1558, after Queen Mary married Francis, Scotch twelpenny pieces bore the motto, <i>Jam non sunt duo sed una caro</i> , Now (they) are not two, but one flesh. These coins were jestingly called <i>Non-sunts</i> , Are-nots.
13	TH	For riches certainly make themselves wings.— <i>Prov. 23, 5.</i>
14	F	When he dieth, he shall carry nothing away.— <i>Ps. 49, 17.</i>
15	S	Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive riches.— <i>Rev. 5, 12.</i>
16	S	Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.— <i>Matt. 5, 8.</i>
17	M	My sleep was sweet unto me.— <i>Jer. 31, 26.</i>
18	TU	Jacob dreamed, and, behold, a ladder.— <i>Gen. 28, 12.</i>
19	W	Your young men shall see visions.— <i>Acts 2, 17.</i>
20	TH	When I awake I am still with Thee.— <i>Ps. 139, 18.</i>
21	F	For from within, out of the heart, proceed evil thoughts.— <i>Mark 7, 21.</i>
22	S	Search me, O God, and know my heart.— <i>Ps. 139, 23.</i> “Sinful dreams are counted our sins, because our vain minds in the day time run upon evil thoughts, and we are not careful, by prayer and heavenly meditating, to season our hearts with gear which will bring holy dreams in their place.”— <i>Rutherford’s Catechism.</i>
23	S	Jesus answered, My Father worketh hitherto and I work.— <i>John 5, 17.</i>
24	M	God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.— <i>Gen. 1, 31.</i>
25	TU	Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.— <i>Eccl. 9, 10.</i>
26	W	Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord negligently.— <i>Jer. 48, 10 (R. V.)</i>
27	TH	Whatsoever ye do, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.— <i>Col. 3, 17.</i>
28	F	The hands of the slothful refuse to labour.— <i>Prov. 21, 25.</i> “His work, whether as blacksmith, fitter, or boilermaker, apprentice or journeyman, was well done, and had always a touch of originality about it. ‘Whatever I went to,’ he says, ‘I put my whole mind to. Sometimes I was sent to clean the flues instead of repairing the boilers, but I never shirked the duty.’” <i>Sir W. Arrol, Contractor for the Forth Bridge.</i>
29	S	She eateth not the bread of idleness.— <i>Prov. 31, 27.</i>
30	S	It is appointed unto men once to die,
31	M	But after this the judgment.— <i>Heb. 9, 27.</i> Over the entrance to the Cemetery of Turin is the one Latin word— <i>RESURRECTORIS</i> —which means, <i>For those that are to rise again.</i>

February, 1898.

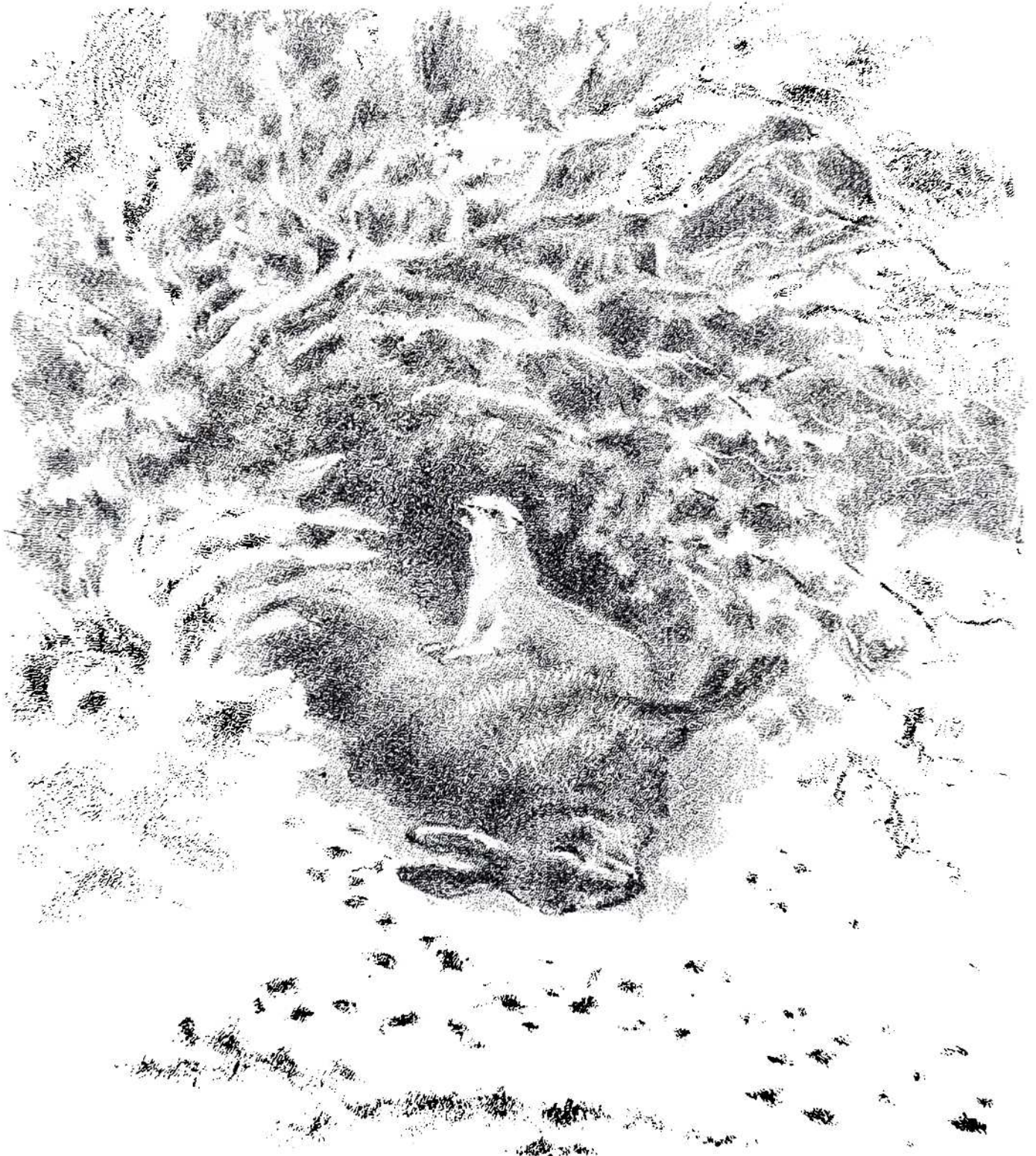
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 2.



For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.—Rom. 8, 22.

The Morning Watch for 1897, being Vol. X., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '91, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1889, '90, '92, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

Thou shalt not pervert the judgment of the stranger, but thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt.
—Deut. 24, 17.

THE Rev. Dr. George Tennyson, the late Lord Tennyson's father, was disinherited while a young man through a caprice of his father's, who left his estate to a younger son.

Many years afterwards a wealthy landowner, whose heir was a remote relation and a poor farm-labourer, announced his intention of leaving all his property to Dr. Tennyson. But the good minister felt this to be unjust, and accordingly took the first opportunity of offending his would-be benefactor in order that he might change his mind. The ruse was successful, as the sequel proved, for the estate devolved upon the rightful heir. And Dr.

Tennyson, we may be sure, lost nothing by it in the long run.

Do thou from anger cease, and wrath
See thou forsake also :
Fret not thyself in any wise
That evil thou shouldst do.

For those that evildoers are
Shall be cut off and fall :
But those that wait upon the Lord
The earth inherit shall.

—•••••—
Weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.—Jer. 22, 10.

SIX Eskimo who had been captured in Greenland were brought to Denmark in 1605. Four of them escaped, if disappearing in the North Sea in their little kyaks can be called escaping. The other two were recaptured and brought back to Copenhagen, where they died shortly after of grief. No one knew their language, but one of them, it was noticed, used to weep bitterly whenever he saw a child clinging to its mother's neck, and from this it was concluded that he must have left a wife and little ones in his native land.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 4.)

At the
age of
100

LAST month I told you of a LADY in Lanarkshire who lived to be over a hundred years of age. I have since heard one or two things more about her. She had a little cottage of her own, and a little money coming in, but so little that she sometimes had to put in turnip "shaws" instead of "greens" when she made "kail." She was a great lover of the Church, and was to be seen on the road, wet or dry, every Sabbath day. I am told, through one who was present, that on her hundredth birth-day she got a friend to hear her say the whole of The Shorter Catechism. I myself was once asked by a person near seventy to hear her say it, too, from beginning to end. It was a Saturday forenoon, and I did it with a grudge, but it is now one of my most solemn and delightful memories.

At the
age of
100

THERE died, in the time of Charles I., the HON. HENRY HASTINGS, a man who had done nothing but hunt all his days. There is a curious description of him and his way of life in the Autobiography of the first Lord Shaftesbury. "He was of low stature, very strong and very active, of a reddish flaxen hair, his clothes always green cloth, and never all worth when new five pounds. His house was in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer, and near the house rabbits to serve his kitchen, many fish ponds, and great store of timber; a bowling-green in it, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. He kept all manner of hounds and hawks. His house was not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes, the great hall strewed with marrow bones, full of hawks' perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper sides of the hall hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's skinning, here and there a pole-cat intermixed. In the parlour, on the great hearth, lay his choicest dogs; seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed—he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. In the windows lay his arrows, crossbows, and stonebows; in the corners of the room his best hunting and hawking poles; an oyster table at the lower end, in constant use twice a day, before dinner and supper, all the year round. At the upper end were two small tables and a desk. On the one side of the desk was a church Bible, on the other, Foxe's Book of Martyrs; on the tables were hawks' hoods and bells, and such like, and two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself; and there were dice and cards too. At this end of the room was a door which led into a chapel not used for devotion; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. He kept open house for all comers, and never wanted a London pudding, which he always sung in to his table with part of an old catch:

There lies a pudding in the fire,
And my part lies therein—a.
When shall I call in, O!
Thy good fellows and mine—a?

He was well-natured but soon angry, calling his servants cuckoldy knaves, and the like. He never lost his eyesight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any."

No wonder that Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he read the story said, "Judged by its products, Mr. Hastings' was a very short life of a hundred useless twelvemonths." One would rather be the old Lanarkshire lady after all, who likely never swallowed, or even saw, an oyster in her life, who sang in her turnip "shaws" with something more gracious than a catch, and kept her Bible not for show but use.



*" Multiplication is vexation,
Division's twice as bad,
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Fractions drive me mad."*

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 2.—Sailors' Chums and Sailors' Food.

I TOLD you that, when we came to New Orleans, there were four of us all from the Clyde. We had made a paction to stick to one another for three years, and we kept it, and not one of us tasted drink of any kind all that time. I have lost sight of them since then. One of them, John Wilson, I know was lost afterwards in a Newfoundland brig. Most sailors go in pairs, and it is quite a common thing for a man to say, "I won't join the ship unless you take my chum with me." One can't wonder at that. Nobody likes to be thrown suddenly amongst a lot of strangers, least of all at sea, where a man's life at any moment may depend on the skill, or courage, or friendship of those with whom he is associated. There is many a romantic friendship amongst sailors. A shipowner told me once that he had twelve men, eleven Norwegians and one Prussian, who stuck by one another in his employ, voyage after voyage. And there is many a solemn parting amongst sailors, too. A Greenock captain—your friend Captain Ralston of the *Niobe*—was telling an acquaintance of mine only the other day, that after he had got his certificate as mate—in those days the apprentice system was practically unknown in the West Indian trade, and every officer had to begin as a common sailor—he was signing articles in a shipping-

office to go a voyage simply to be with an old chum, when the shipping master stopped him as the pen was in his hand, saying, "Haven't you a certificate? What are you going before the mast for? Wait a day or two. I expect to have something for you." So he waited, while his companion went away alone in the ship. Its name was the *Couva* of Glasgow. It went to Trinidad, then to New York, and on the road home was lost with all on board, and never heard of more. "I tell you in that night there shall be two men in one bed; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left."

My three chums, John Wilson of Greenock, John Black from Arran, and John Macleod from Lochgilphead, and myself had fallen in with each other on the *Clydesdale* of Glasgow, bound for Halifax with a general cargo. The food we had on board that voyage was the worst I ever saw. The beef and pork were actually green, and the smell of them not to be endured. The bread, that is, the ship's biscuit, had been on board a man-of-war and had been sold as surplus stores. Being full of maggots, it had been sent to a bakehouse, subjected to great heat, and then shipped as fresh bread. That was quite a common practice then. Meat and biscuit thus often made voyage after voyage. Where the beef came from I don't know. But there wasn't as much fat in a piece of it as would grease the eye of a needle. It was called mahogany you know, and was so hard that sailors often carved things out of

it. There was a song to this effect :

Old Horse, old Horse, what brought
you here?

You've carted stones for many a year,
And after hard and sore abuse
You're now sent here for sailors' use.

I remember only one other verse:

But what's the use of grumbling,
When you know you get your whack,
And you have lime-juice and vinegar
According to the Act!

The pork on the other hand was all blubber. It was chiefly wild American stuff that had been shot in the fields. I have heard sailors say they sometimes found the bullets in it, but I have no personal knowledge of that.

In those old times any one was considered good enough to go as cook or steward. He might be a shoemaker, or a tailor, or a broken-down clerk, or a "pier-head jump," that is, a man who could get a ship no other way, who was sent on board by a boarding-house keeper in an emergency, at the last moment. The wages these men got were always less than an able seaman's. £1 10s a month I have known to be given to a man who knew nothing about his duties. A man like that always caused trouble. There certainly wasn't much to cook, but what little there was was spoilt. Such men were utterly useless in rough weather when there was most need of good food. The greatest trouble came on "duff" days, twice a week. "Duff" was a mixture of flour, water, and the cook's fat or slush as it was called. Each man was allowed $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of flour. It was all mixed together and put in a bag. Something to make it "rise" was also needed, but

in most cases that was omitted. After the thing was boiled for hours, it came out like a stone if it was mixed too dry, and if too wet, like a mass of "clagger." When the sailors found their dinner was spoilt, they would bring the duff along to the galley. Two of them would then hold the cook while the others made balls and fired them at him. Sometimes they filled his mouth and tried to make him swallow it. I have heard of a case in which the cabin pudding, that is, the one made for the captain and officers, one with raisins in it, was so badly made that when the officers knew the captain was asleep in the afternoon, they took it to the galley and made the cook eat so much of it that it nearly killed him. A captain in such circumstances was just as well pleased when the sailors took the punishment of the cook into their own hands. Another way of punishing the cook was to put the "bull" rope round his waist and heave him along the deck up to the windlass end, where every sailor gave him so many strokes. Sometimes they struck him with the flat edge of the carpenter's saw. The hauling of him along the deck as they worked the windlass was the most amusing bit of it; they did it of course just to make a scene of it, to make it impressive.

In other cases it was old sailors, no longer fit for sailor's duties, who shipped as cooks, and they were worse to deal with than the others, for you couldn't punish them. They were up to all the dodges, too. When a cook was engaged he generally arranged that he was to

get all the fat he saved as his perquisite. And these old sailors knew how to take the fat out of the pork! I have heard it said that some of them carried large quantities of washing-soda with them and put it in the coppers when the meat was boiling to draw the fat out. On a four months' voyage, with a crew of eighteen men, some cooks would save three barrels of fat, which they would sell for between £3 and £4 each, for fat was dearer then than now. They made as much that way as they did by their wages. Some cooks now-a-days can't be bothered saving it. They only keep what is required for the ship's use, for greasing masts, for example, to make the yards work easily up and down. That is done once a week. The fat saved was sold to men who made sheep dip, composition for ships' hulls, etc.

If the men had a good cook, they would lighten the half of his work, carrying coals and water for him, lighting his fire in the morning, so that instead of getting up at four, he only needed to rise at five when the water would be boiling, to make the coffee ready. But if they didn't like the cook, his barrel of fat was apt to go overboard in the night! If the cook and steward got on well together, the cook would then get little extras for the men, fruit, for example, that might otherwise spoil. A raisin or two in the pudding, no matter how dry they were, if only they had the look of raisins, would greatly please Jack, who in this case, as in many other things, is as simple and good-natured as a child.

Well, as I was saying, the food we four got on board the *Clydesdale* was very bad, so bad that we could not look at it. We were positively weak from hunger. At Halifax, where we discharged our cargo, the Consul declined respectfully either to taste our food or interfere. So we sailors put together what money we could and bought potatoes and a barrel of mackerel. From Halifax we went in ballast to New Orleans. The captain, all the more readily that it would be two or three months before his cotton cargo would be ready, was quite willing to let us leave, though he refused to give us our discharges. There was nothing, therefore, for us to do, but to leave the ship. We could get no money unless and until we completed the voyage home. We could buy no food, and to eat what was given us was impossible. Accordingly we left the ship, so forfeiting our pay. That meant a loss of £10 to each of my comrades, and £17 to myself, for I had asked for no money in advance. But to have stayed on in New Orleans might have put us in our graves.

Many years after, when I was pilot, I met the owner of the *Clydesdale* on a trial trip, and told him all this, though I am bound to say I don't think he cared very much for the story! There will be some strange meetings at the last day when the sea gives up its dead and sailors and owners shall stand face to face.

The Americans in this matter of cooking do much better than we. They make their ship-cooks go through a regular apprenticeship,

and surely it is right they should. For a sailor has as hard and constant work at sea, as any workman has on dry land. A hungry man is apt to be an angry man and a discontented man, and as God does the first half of the preparation of our food for us in making it grow and in giving it to us, so we should strive to do our half of the work as well as we can, cooking it well, serving it up becomingly, and eating it with thankful hearts, and all for Christ's sake. You remember what He said and did after He rose from the dead, when He stood upon the shore that morning after the disciples had been toiling all night and catching nothing, "Children, have ye any meat?" "As soon then as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid thereon, and bread."

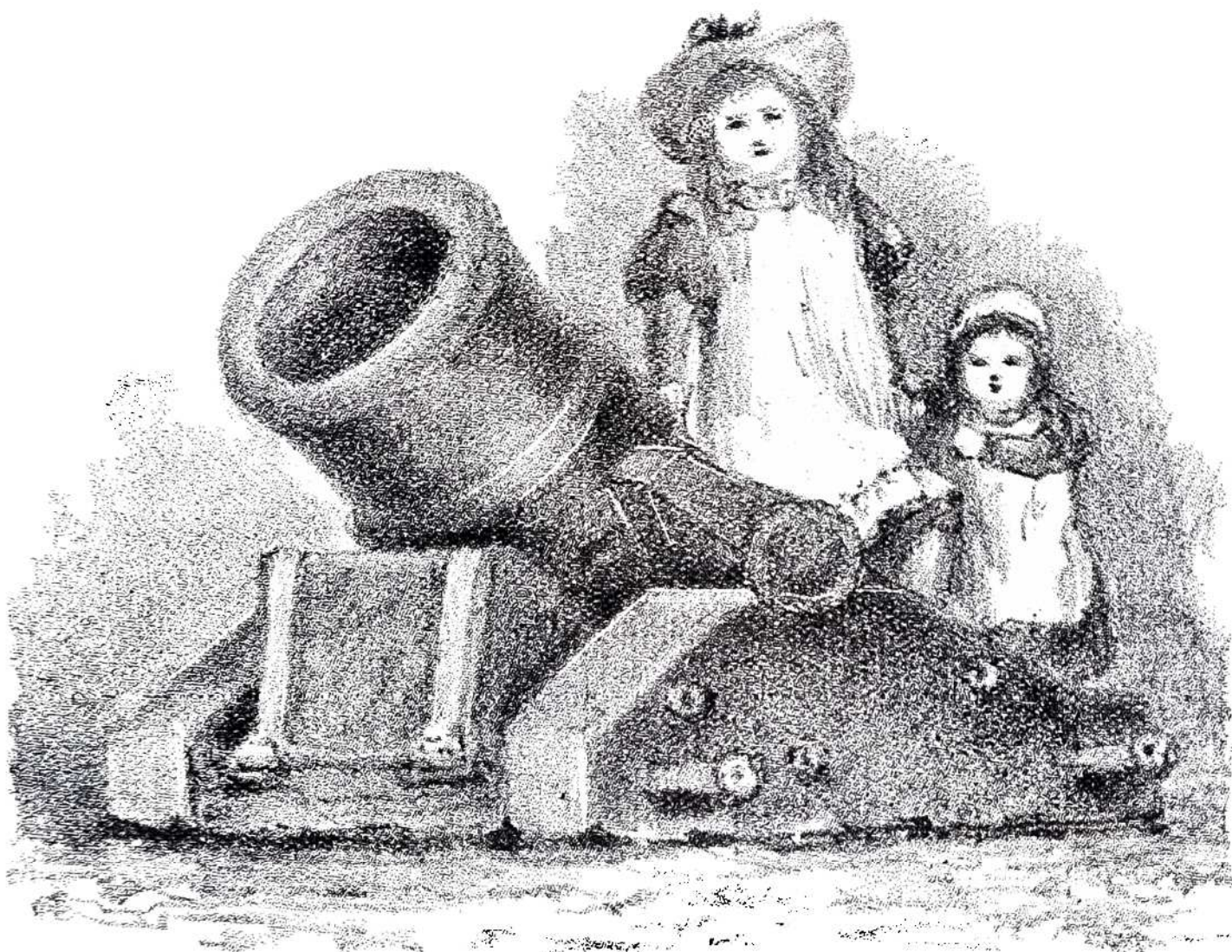
Proper Names that have become Common Nouns.

No. 2.—SHRAPNEL.

† If you look at the sleeve of an Army Engineer, you will see an ornament on it like a huge comma turned upside down, or a rosebud with the stalk uppermost. It represents a grenade, that is, a shell of $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 inches in diameter—a little smaller than a cricket ball—made of iron or other metal, filled with powder which is ignited by a little fuse inserted at one end. It is meant to be thrown by the hand into the midst of soldiers gathered in the ditch round a fortress at the

moment an assault is made. The men who threw them were called grenadiers.

A grenade is just a little bomb, and a bomb was originally a big round cast-iron shell, which was filled with powder, and fitted with a tube or pipe into which they put a fuse, or fusee as they used to call it, that is, a composition of some stuff that burned slowly. The shell was fired from a thick short gun called a mortar, and was meant to burst almost straight over the object aimed at. The Turkish fleet was destroyed at Sinope by the Russians in a few hours, in 1853, by means of bombs, and when the French were hemmed in at Sedan in 1870, the bursting shells filled the streets with rags and human flesh. Sir Evelyn Wood tells us that in the Crimea our soldiers called the Russian shells "Whistling Dick" from the noise they made. They were so large, and came through the air so slowly, comparatively speaking, that the men could see them coming. One day, as some soldiers were going into a battery, there was a cry of "Look out—Whistling Dick." All the men except one, John Blewitt, got into the trench to wait the explosion, but he, being too late, as he bent forward to start running, was struck at the back of his knees by the enormous mass of iron 13 inches in diameter. He fell to the ground crushed by its weight in sight of his horror-stricken comrades. He called out to his chum, Stephen Welch, "Oh Stephen! don't leave me to die." The fuse was hissing, but



Welch jumping up from under cover of the bank, where, humanly speaking, he was safe, called out, "Come on, lads, let's try," and running out had got his arms round Blewitt and was trying to roll the shell from off his crushed legs, when it exploded, and not a particle even of the bodies or clothes of poor Blewitt or the heroic Welch could be found.

A shrapnel shell is a bomb filled not simply with powder, but with powder and bullets, which are kept in their place by resin and pieces of wood and paper and lead, all care-

fully fitted together. Cannon balls are no longer made round, but long and pointed, like the end of a sharpened pencil. And so with shrapnel shells. When they are fired they follow the usual course of flight up to within about a hundred yards of the object aimed at, when the fuse fires the bursting charge of powder inside, splits the shell, and then the bullets and the fragments of the shell continue their course in the form of a shower of missiles.

Now the word shrapnel so per-

fectly describes such an engine of destruction—we almost think we hear it bursting when we say the word—that we naturally think it was a word coined for the very purpose. Yet it was only named after its inventor, a General in the British army.

“Glory’s epitaph is writ in blood.”

Henry Shrapnel was born in Wiltshire in 1761, and died in 1842. But if there seemed almost to be a “pre-established harmony” between his surname and his shell, we should have said that if Christian names could do anything for a man, he of all men was manifestly destined to be a man of peace, for his father’s name was Zechariah, and his mother’s Lydia, and he was their youngest son.

He was a man of great common sense, as we say, as well as of inventive power. Thus, for instance, when the British were retreating from Dunkirk in 1793, and the wheels of the gun carriages were sinking in the sand, it was Captain Shrapnel who told the men to lock the wheels so as to make them skid; and when evening came, he kindled decoy fires at which the enemy kept blazing all night while the British were off in another direction.

The shell which bears his name was the result of years of study and experiment. Yet, though these experiments were conducted at his own cost, though it was granted that his shells secured more than one victory for his country, notably the fall of San Sebastian, though but for them the farmhouse of La Haye

Sainte would not have been recovered and Waterloo itself might have been lost, though the great Duke bore this testimony to the commander of his artillery, “You may say anything you please to Colonel Shrapnel, you cannot say too much”—in spite of all this, he got neither title, nor reward, nor recompense, and he died a disappointed man, according to the saying of Ecclesiastes, “This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great unto me. There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man.”



“And first the snowdrop’s bells are seen.”

"THE chief anxiety of my parents, I remember, was that we should be strictly truthful, and my father's words, spoken long ago, still dwell with me, 'A truthful man generally has all virtues.'"—*Tennyson's Life, by his Son.*

— ❧ —
 "Shew Me a Penny."

And they asked Him, saying, Master, is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Cæsar, or no? But He perceived their craftiness, and said unto them, Why tempt ye Me? Shew Me a penny. Whose image and superscription hath it? They answered and said, Cæsar's.—Luke 20, 21-24.

"Shew Me a penny." So they brought Him one, of silver made,
 Upon whose front a face was wrought,
 An Emperor's name displayed.

"Whose face is this, and whose the name?"
 "Cæsar's," was all they said;
 To His eyes other faces came,
 And other names He read.

Formless and void He saw the earth
 Shaping in primal fire;
 He saw it coming to the birth
 Fulfilling His desire.

He saw the silver and the gold,
 The crucibles of stone,
 The molten ingots formed of old
 By His right hand alone.

His handiwork was in each grain,
 His Own the name it bore,
 His glory shone in every vein
 Of deep-concealed ore.

Then next He saw Havilah's plain,
 And that land's gold was good,
 For Earth was yet without a stain,
 And sin not understood.

But Man his Maker's image lost,
 And all creation groaned;
 Came storms, and lightnings, mildew, frost,
 Men warred, and prisoners moaned.

They read the proud high sounding scroll
 Of Cæsar's titles. *He*
 Heard distant Guadalquivir roll,*
 Gazed into Araby,

And heard the captive in the mine,
 And saw his sweat and blood;
 The ore had lost its look divine,
 Stamped by the serpent's brood.

He saw just debts by men denied,
 The hireling's pay back kept;
 No penny but for vengeance cried
 Unto a God That slept.

But look! He sees another face,
 Name of the unnamed man
 Writ on the two pence full of grace
 The good Samaritan

Took out for him whom on the way
 To Jericho he found,
 When Priest and Levite would not stay
 To stanch or bind his wound.

He saw the angry glare that burned
 Within the evil eye
 Of him who to his master turned,
 Speaking upbraidingly,

"This last came when the day was done;
 Shall he—shall he receive
 A penny too, equal with one
 Who slaved from morn to eve?"

Again, He saw one in whose hand,
 Hire of the Sanhedrin,
 Were pieces with the traitor's brand,
 The smarting wage of sin.

The things that time veils and reveals
 As in a palimpsest,**
 He saw Who loosed the seven seals,
 Lamb of the pierced breast.

He sees both after and before,
 Both under and above,
 Stands in our midst through the closed door,
 Omniscient, in love.

* The Romans got most of their silver from Spain.

** A palimpsest was a manuscript from which the writing was washed or scraped off, more or less carefully, in order that the parchment might be used a second time.

1	TU	Hear my cry, O God, attend unto my prayer.— <i>Ps. 61, 1.</i>
2	W	From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee.
3	TH	For Thou hast been a shelter for me. "I find beggars know how to get round me; they say 'You helped me before'; and I can never resist that; it teaches me how to pray."— <i>Rabbi Duncan.</i>
4	F	Oh save me for Thy mercies' sake.— <i>Ps. 6, 4.</i>
5	S	Help us, O God, for the glory of Thy name.— <i>Ps. 79, 9.</i>
6	S	The name of the Lord is a strong tower.— <i>Prov. 18, 10.</i>
7	M	Thou shalt not profane the name of thy God.— <i>Lev. 19, 12.</i>
8	TU	Swear not at all.— <i>Matt. 5, 34.</i> George Herbert gives a good advice : When thou dost tell another's jest, therein Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need; Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin; He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
9	W	The wicked runneth upon the Almighty with a stiff neck.— <i>Job 15, 26 (R. V.).</i>
10	TH	The laughter of the fool.— <i>Eccl. 7, 6.</i>
11	F	But all uncleanness, let it not be once named among you.— <i>Eph. 5, 3.</i>
12	S	Let your speech be always with grace.— <i>Col. 4, 6.</i>
13	S	The Lord hath respect unto the lowly :
14	M	But the proud He knoweth afar off.— <i>Ps. 138, 6.</i>
15	TU	Jesus marked how they chose out the chief seats.
16	W	When thou art bidden to a feast, sit not down in the chief seat.
17	TH	But go and sit down in the lowest room.— <i>Luke 14, 7-10 (R. V.).</i>
18	F	A man's pride shall bring him low.— <i>Prov. 29, 23.</i> About 180 years ago, "two coaches met one evening in a narrow street in Vienna. Neither of the ladies in them would give way to the other, and there they sat, blocking the street, each determined to die upon the spot rather than yield, till, at two in the morning, the Emperor had to send his guards to part them; and even then both had to be lifted out exactly at the same moment. After that was done there was the same difficulty to face with the coachmen!"— <i>Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.</i>
19	S	Learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly.— <i>Matt. 11, 29.</i>
20	S	All things are yours.— <i>1 Cor. 3, 21.</i>
21	M	We were foolish, living in malice and envy,
22	TU	Hateful, hating one another.— <i>Titus 3, 3.</i>
23	W	Bitter envying.— <i>James 3, 14.</i> "Envy's harsh berries."— <i>Lowell.</i>
24	TH	Envy is the rottenness of the bones.— <i>Prov. 14, 30.</i>
25	F	He that loveth not, knoweth not God;
26	S	For God is love.— <i>1 John 4, 8.</i>
27	S	A place and a name in Mine house better than of sons and of daughters.— <i>Is. 56, 5.</i> "A collection was made at Ancrum, in Mr. Livingstone's congregation, for the Covenanting army, to which one woman gave eight pounds sterling. Being asked about it, 'It was a tocher,' she said, 'which I had gathered for my only daughter. The Lord has been pleased to take her to Himself, and I thought I would give Him the tocher too.'"— <i>Dr. Walker's Scottish Theology.</i>
28	M	For thy Maker is thine husband.— <i>Is. 54, 5.</i>

March, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 3.



"Nobody Sees Me."

The Morning Watch for 1897, being Vol. X., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '91, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1889, '90, '92, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

"Bunch."

A certain centurion's servant who was dear unto him.—Luke 7, 2.

O Lord God of my master, I pray Thee, shew kindness unto my master.—Gen. 24, 12.

SYDNEY SMITH was a minister of the Church of England, who died in 1845. He was one of the wittiest and most humorous of men, both as a talker and a writer; and he did a great deal of good in his day. It was he who wrote the story of "Mrs. Partington," the imaginary foolish woman who battled with the Atlantic and tried to sweep it back with a mop. He was a great giver of nicknames, and yet so kindly was his wit that he was always more loved than feared. His four draught oxen were Tug and Lug, Haul and Crawl. His first horse was Peter the Cruel, so called from the look on its face; but his most famous one was Calamity, which seemed to grow the thinner the more it ate. "Bunch" was his butler, though her real name was Annie Kay.

When Sydney Smith began his ministry, he was very poor. His glebe consisted of three hundred acres of the stiffest clay land in a remote part of Yorkshire. His

manse was a hovel of two apartments, in so dangerous a condition that its previous tenant had declined to live in it any longer. The land would not let, so Mr. Smith had to turn farmer. There was no house to live in, so he became his own architect and builder. His furniture was made out of a cartload of deals by a carpenter who had come to him to beg. Too poor to send his children to school, he educated his sons himself, while his wife taught his daughters. A servant was necessary, but a trained one would have cost too much; so he caught up a little garden-girl "made like a milestone," named her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her his butler. His daughter taught her to read, his wife to wait, while he himself took charge of her morals; and Bunch became the best butler in the county.

A lady who once visited him told afterwards that as she was coming down stairs one morning with her host, he suddenly said to Bunch, who happened to be passing, "Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?" Bunch had never tasted either the one or the other in her life, but she answered without a moment's hesitation, "Roast duck, please, sir," and then passed on. The lady laughed. "You may laugh," was his answer, "but you have no idea of the labour it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and the shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them. If you ask them even their own names

they will scratch their heads, and say, 'A's sure ai don't knaw, sir'; but I have brought Bunch to such perfection that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day.

"Come here, Bunch," he called out to her. "Come and repeat your crimes to this lady." So Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—"Platesnatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, bluebottle-fly-catching, and curtsey-bobbing." "Explain to the lady what bluebottle-fly-catching is." "Standing with my mouth open and not attending, sir." "And what is curtsey-bobbing?" "Curtsey-ing to the centre of the earth,

please, sir." "Good girl; now you may go."

Annie became in time nurse, lady's maid, house-keeper, apothecary's assistant—for her master had often to doctor his parishioners—factotum, and friend. She was called into consultation on every family event, and proved herself, in the words of Lady Holland, her master's daughter, "a worthy oracle." Her counsels were delivered in the softest voice, with the sweetest smile, and in the broadest Yorkshire. She ended by nursing her old master through his long and painful illness, night and day. She was with him at his death; she followed him to his grave; she was remembered in his will; she survived him but two years, which she spent in his widow's house; and after a long and faithful service of thirty years was buried near her master, honoured and lamented by all his family.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 15.)

At the
age of
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"March, 1892. Funeral at St. Andrews. It was very touching to look down on the inscription on the coffin lid. Very brief: 'M.M., aged 101 years.' For I knew what humble cares had filled the mind of the centenarian to the very last. How eagerly anxious, a few days before, 'Was she to get her coals?' The answer, I need not say, 'Every earthly thing I could give her.'—*Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, of St. Andrews.*

101 **SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE** died twelve years ago. He was born at Leghorn in Italy in 1784. He was a Jew who loved his nation, and did many kind and beautiful things. He came of a family of bankers, was connected by marriage with the Rothschilds, and was himself a prosperous man. He was one of the twelve Jews who were allowed

At the
age of
101

to become members of the London Stock Exchange, each of them paying £1,200 for the privilege. One of the undertakings he founded, the Alliance Insurance Office, owed much of its success to the fact that many of his countrymen insured their lives in it, and Jews are proverbially long-lived. In 1824 he retired from business, his wife Judith saying to him on that occasion, "Thank God, and be content." In 1827 he set out on his first journey to Palestine. On his way, it is said, he left a little sum of money with the chief man of a village for the oldest inhabitant in the place, little dreaming of the great length of years God was to give him himself. Arriving at Jerusalem, he found that his countrymen had to pay £300 a year for permission to weep at the "Wailing Place," a small paved area outside the sacred enclosure of the Temple, where the Jews meet, especially on Friday afternoons at four o'clock, to repeat the seventy-ninth Psalm and lament the downfall of Zion and kiss the stones of the place they may not enter. Montefiore paid a sum of money to secure them the privilege for all time to come. His second visit to Jerusalem was made during a time of plague. He wished his wife to stay at home, but she answered in Ruth's words, "Where thou goest I will go." She died in 1862. His seventh and last visit to Palestine was made when he was ninety. Whole villages and cities came out to meet him on his way, singing hymns in his honour, for he had built them synagogues, and endowed hospitals, and fostered their agricultural and trading enterprises.

During his last illness he often asked his secretary, "Is there anything I ought to do?" and was repeatedly seen moving his hand in his usual circular manner as if he were going to sign a cheque. He is buried at Ramsgate beside his wife, the stones which cover them being alike in every detail, made out of one piece of red Aberdeen granite, cut into two by a saw. The tomb is a copy of Rachel's, which is on the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, dome-shaped, and overshadowed by a cedar of Lebanon. Inside it are these words in Hebrew, "Into Thy hand I commit my spirit, when I sleep and when I wake, and with my spirit also my body. The Lord is with me. I will not fear."

Proper Names that have become Common Nouns.

No. 3.—PINCHBECK.

BRASS is not a natural metal like gold or silver, but an artificial one, made by man, out of an alloy or mixture of two parts of copper with one part of zinc. Pinchbeck is a mixture of nine parts of copper with one of

zinc. Bronze, of which pennies and half-pennies and farthings are made, is a mixture of copper, zinc, and tin. The chief quality of brass is hardness; that of bronze is tenaciousness; but that of pinchbeck is pretentiousness, which is another name for falseness. Pinchbeck looks, and is meant to look, like gold. Many knick-knacks and toys were made of it a hundred years ago, but the word survives now chiefly in the sense of tinsel,

cheap imitation, sham, just as we talk of Brummagem or Birmingham jewellery. I hope you boys will remember that the less jewellery about a man the better; but if you find that you can't possibly do without it, make sure that it be *genuine*, and if *it* be genuine, be *you* genuine too. Don't wear it till you have paid for it, every penny, and you can honestly call it your own; and don't buy—don't dream of buying jewellery of any description as long as you owe any man in the world anything. And all this that I have said applies to girls as well. Even if you have the money by you, don't put on anything till you have paid for it. And if any shopkeeper tempts you to take things and says to you, "There is no hurry for the money, you can pay me by instalments," or "I'll get it again, some other time," note that man, and have no company with him. "Be not one of them that strike hands, or of them that are sureties for debts. If thou hast nothing to pay, why should he take away thy bed from under thee?"—*Prov. 22, 26.*

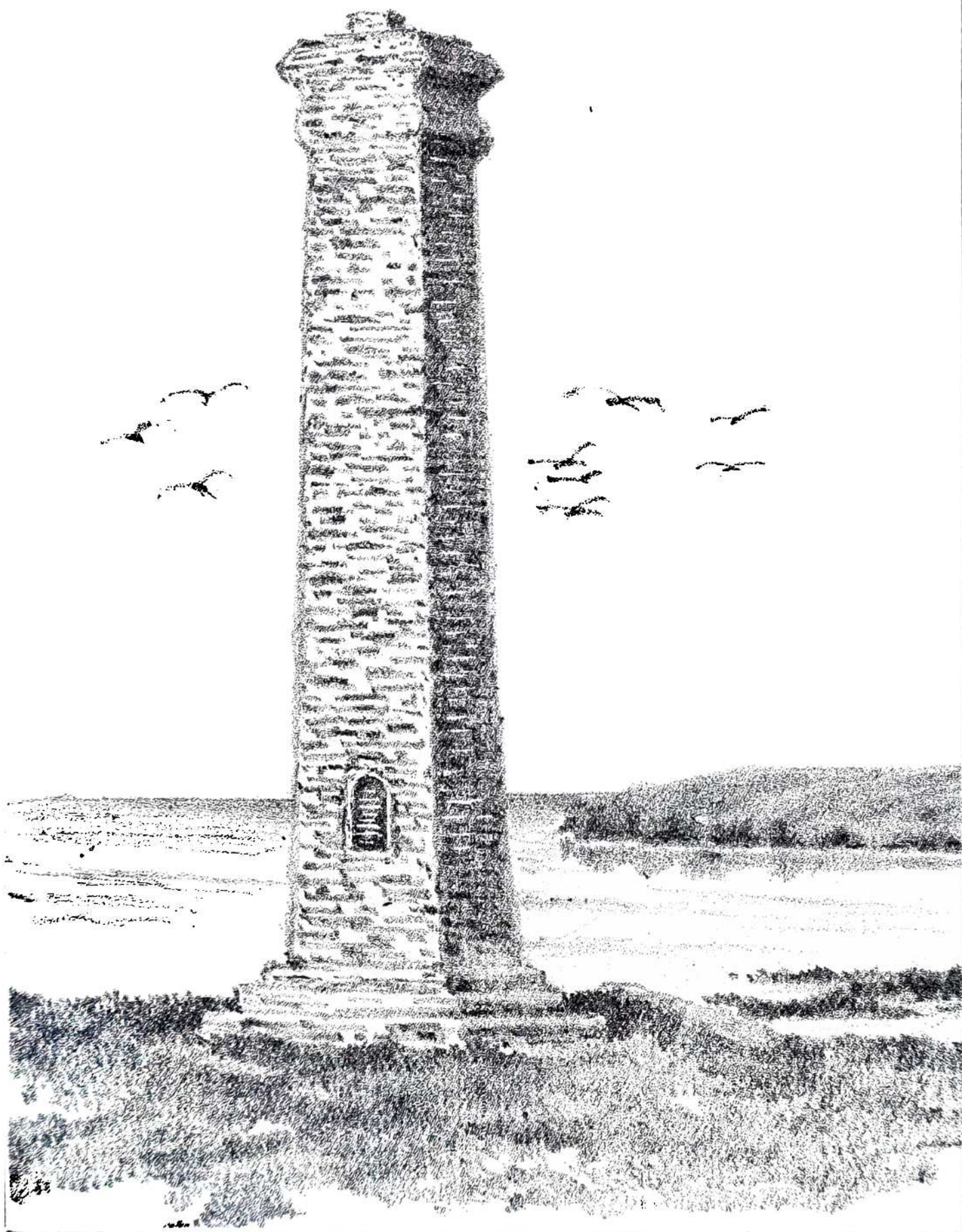
Christopher Pinchbeck, who invented and named the metal, was born in 1670 and died in 1732. He was a London clockmaker, and used to exhibit things he had made at country fairs. His second son, 1710-1783, also called Christopher, made a clock which is still to be seen in Buckingham Palace. He was a very able and ingenious man, and it seems hard that his name should only be remembered as a byword. But he had a far greater trial than that, for he was the father

of a son who brought him no joy. The following extract from his will is a touching illustration of Proverbs 17, 2—"A wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame, and shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren":—

"25th Dec., 1779. In the Name of God, Amen. Ruminating this morning in my bed on the glorious and virtuous precepts delivered to us poor mortals as our guide to a happy eternity, the following extempore ejaculation and determination of making this my will occurred to me :

Grant, Gracious God, on this auspicious day,
In mind most clear, in body sound, I may
With justice, prudence, fortitude, and skill,
Make this my last, my firm, and solemn will.

And though through the mercy of Almighty God I am at this present in the happy state of health both of body and mind above mentioned, yet sensible of the great uncertainty of human life and rather praying for and wishing a sudden and unexpected dissolution, I have made the following disposition of all my worldly effects." After leaving most of his fortune to his daughter, and £300 to his faithful servant, Mrs. Deborah Sharp, he goes on—"I do will, desire, and direct that one guinea per week be paid to my undutiful and afflicting son, Mr. William Pinchbeck, who, I am unhappy to say, *has never done one single thing to oblige me since his infancy*, and £20 to be immediately given him to buy mourning for himself and family, or to do what he pleases with it."



DURING the Persecution two centuries ago, about seventeen hundred Covenanters, men and women, were sentenced to be banished to America and there to be sold as slaves. Of that number, two hundred and fifty-seven were prisoners captured at Bothwell Bridge. In that battle, fought on Sabbath, 22nd June, 1679, and in the chase that followed it, more than four hundred perished, and upwards of twelve hundred surrendered. These, tied two and two, were taken to Edinburgh, ill-used, starved, insulted all the way. An old ballad, speaking of the fight, says—

Some were dead, and some were sick,
And some were sorely wounded ;
They drove them East like unto sheep
Before the dogs were hounded.

The Edinburgh mob met them at Corstorphine with cries of "Where's your God now?" As the prisons were too small to hold them, they were confined in the open air in Greyfriars Churchyard. The sentinels placed over them were warned that if anyone escaped they should have to throw the dice and answer body for body. Here the prisoners, or rather such of them as either did not escape at the risk of their lives over the wall, or refused to take an oath of non-resistance, lingered on for five months, standing all day, lying on the ground all night, maltreated, beaten, insufficiently fed. By November there were only two hundred and fifty-seven still unreleased, and these, without one word of warning, were marched early one morning down to Leith, and put on

board the *Crown* by one William Paterson, a merchant there. In the ship they had scarcely room to lie down. "Our uneasiness," wrote one of them, James Corson, "is beyond words. Yet the consolations of God overbalance all; and I hope we are near our port, and heaven is open for us." After setting sail the vessel met with stormy weather. Off the coast of Orkney the captain ran her close inshore and cast anchor, locking and chaining the hatches over the prisoners in the hold. At ten at night the vessel was dashed against the rocks and broken in two. The sailors made a bridge of the mast and escaped to shore, as did also, one way and another, nearly sixty of the prisoners. But the other two hundred were drowned. You will find the names of the whole company in the Appendix to the "Cloud of Witnesses," a book that every Presbyterian boy and girl ought to have.

Most of the fifty who escaped remained in Orkney, where their descendants live to this day. Some returned home, and one of them, we know, James Malcolm, a weaver, fought afterwards under Richard Cameron at Ayrsmoss, and "glorified God in the Grassmarket," 13th August, 1680. Only a few bodies were washed ashore, and these were buried at a place called Scarvating, where their graves are to be seen to this day.

The monument in the illustration was erected at Deerness, in the east of the Mainland of Orkney, ten years ago. It is forty feet high, and

was built of stones taken from the beach. The little erection on the top of the tower represents a crown. The monument does not strike one, perhaps, as being very beautiful, but you must remember that it was not built for beauty, but that it was meant to stand the storm and to serve as a landmark for the passing mariner and the fisherman far out at sea. And perhaps it may point some boy to Christ.

This is the inscription that is on it :

“For Christ, His Crown, and Covenant. Erected by Public Subscription to the Memory of 200 COVENANTERS, who were taken prisoners at Bothwell Bridge, and sentenced to Transportation for life, but who perished by shipwreck near this spot, 10th December, 1679.”



The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 3.—*Halibut Fishing.*

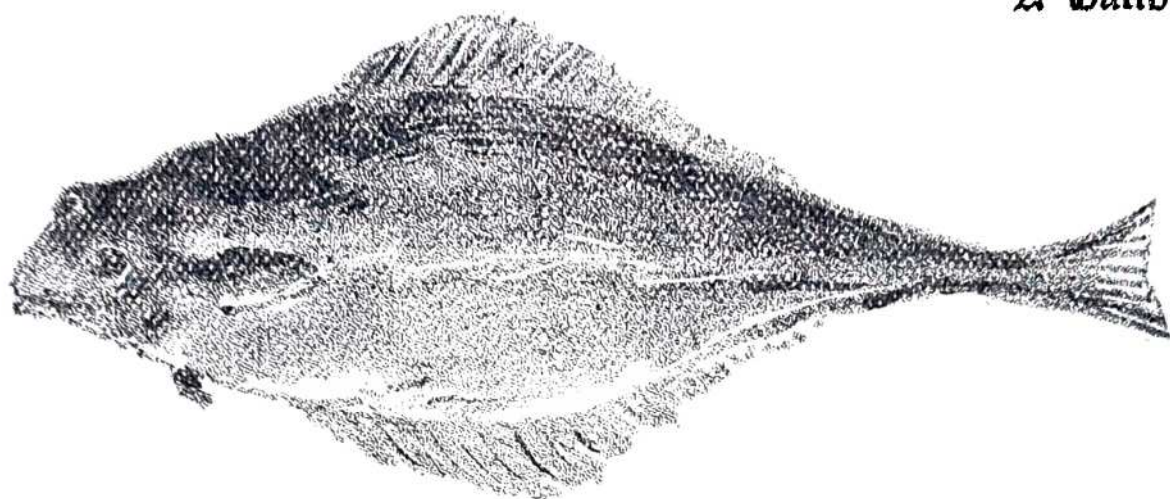
BETWEEN fifty and sixty years ago there lived in Boston, U.S.A., an old Dutchman named Nicholas Laund, who kept a boarding-house for sailors of all nations. The one thing he insisted on was that they should be strictly sober ; out in five minutes, otherwise ! He looked on sailors as the noblest race in the world. I have never known a boarding-house that was so clean and tidy and comfortable. He had a wife but no family—except his sailor-lodgers.

I found myself there with some

others one fine morning. Nicholas took the head of the table, and after he had asked a blessing in a way that would have done credit to a Scotch divine, we all partook of an excellent breakfast. As I was a new arrival, he told me some of the privileges he had received from the authorities for his boarders, such as free admission to certain libraries and museums, as also the right to attend a navigation school for nothing. He had taken such interest in sailors that the authorities thought they ought to do so too. He had been a sailor himself, but had settled down early. He also told us that if we wanted a ship, he would see that we got into one whose captain and officers had a good reputation, for he knew more about them than we did. He took charge also of sailors' watches, chests, and purses, and was known for the care and faithfulness with which he had sent home to friends the effects of sailors who had died. His house was really a home.

When I had been there a few days, he told me there was a berth to be got on board a schooner that was going from Salem to the halibut fishing, and advised me to take it. The men were paid by results, according to the fish they caught. He wanted me more as a sailor to assist in the navigation of the ship than as a fisherman. In half-an-hour I was in the train on my way to Salem, which is sixteen miles from Boston. I rather think that would be the first train I was ever in. On my arrival I was taken on board and introduced by the captain

A Halibut.



to the rest of the crew. The craft was of about 150 tons. I am sorry I cannot remember her name, though I have tried hard. She was fitted with several compartments, twelve feet square, fixed amidships in the hold. These were full of blocks of ice and the herring which was to be used for bait. When we got to the fishing banks, the ice was taken out and piled on deck; then the fish, as they were caught, were put in, one tier of fish, then ice, next another tier of fish, and so on, till the box was full. The crew consisted of seven men and the captain. Most of them claimed to be descendants of the old Puritans. I was known as "the stranger," and "the stranger" had the tiller most of the time. I could have done with a little less of it, for though the schooner was a rare little sea boat, we had a lumpy sea. The distance we had to go was about three hundred miles. When we got to the banks, the two oldest fishermen on board had the honour of casting their lines and trying for the first fish. It was a good old custom and they did well to keep it

up. A young fellow who doesn't pay all the honour he can to those who are older than himself will not come to any good.

The lines, which were made of a special kind of cord, would be about 200 fathoms long, and the depth of water from 70 to 120. Each line had two hooks. We used the legs of old stockings as gloves to keep our fingers from being cut by the strain when we hauled the lines in. The moment a fish was caught, we had to be careful to haul in the slack to keep the lines from fouling each other, for you see every man on board had one. Was there any prize for the first fish caught? No, just the honour. On this occasion the old men—I daresay they were not old after all, but I was only nineteen then and they would seem old to me—each hooked a fish and brought it to the surface, two beauties, nearly 3 cwt. each, so we were all sure we were to have good luck. We had "clips" on board, that is, a big hook with a wooden handle four feet long, and an eye at the end of it for fixing tackle to and so hoisting the fish on board. That

was the difficult bit of the work, for of course it was easy to haul in the line as long as the fish was in the water, swimming towards us and helping us.

When the deck was filled with fish a couple of hands were told off to gut them and put them in the boxes. But as long as daylight lasted, we never stopped working, not even for meals, just keeping a biscuit or two inside our jerseys and snatching a mouthful when we could. All this time, of course, we had our anchor down. When night came we lifted it and kept cruising about, for the banks extended for several miles, and many a narrow squeak we had of being run down by other schooners and sailing ships. When fish were plentiful, two days did us. Then back to Salem as hard as we could, where we landed our catch of over a hundred tons, and got such a good price that every one of us cleared about £20.

I thought I was on my way to a fortune, but on our next trip we were becalmed, the sun melted our ice, and our catch was ruined. In fact, we had to pay for the carting away of our fish, they were so bad.

Now I wish those who are in power would take note of this. It is a well-known fact that fifty or sixty miles to the west of Ireland, and also to the west of Lewis and Harris in Scotland, there are magnificent banks for halibut and cod and ling, and any amount of fish put there by God for the use of the country. Our fishermen have skill and courage enough, but they haven't the means to buy boats that

are big enough and fast enough. If a storm comes on, a little boat must run for it at once. A big strong ship could ride the storm out. Then, if Government would lend the fishermen some of our naval officers to assist them in navigating the ship—for fishermen can't be expected to be navigators; that is a science by itself—it would be good for the officers themselves. No man can become a great seaman by riding at anchor in a big man-of-war in a harbour. And it would be a good thing for our fishermen. It would rear as fine a race of sailors as the world ever saw. I don't want to make paupers of our fishermen. I only wish them to get such help as they really need. I am sure a fleet of schooners such as I have spoken of would do the country and the world as much good as some of these torpedo-catchers that I see flying about every day. And I think it is our duty to accept the gifts God offers us. The sea is a harvest-field where He does all the sowing and we do nothing but the reaping. We should do our best, so that when Christ says, "Children, have ye any meat?" we may at least be able to say, "Master, we have toiled all night, and done what we could."



*He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not
who shall gather them.—Ps. 39, 6.*

There is a house in the Main Street of Hawick which has this inscription on it :

ALL WAS OTHERS'.

ALL WILL BE OTHERS'.

1770.



" March Winds that toss the Shining Daffodils."

" Who emboldens the Daffodil to trust her flowering gold with inclement and treacherous skies ?"—Hervey's Meditations.

- 1 TU What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.—*Mark 11, 24.* "That verse saved me from madness one year. It is so simple and so wide—wide as eternity, simple as light, true as God Himself."—*Charles Kingsley.*
- 2 W No good thing will He withhold.—*Psalms 84, 11.*
- 3 TH Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.—*Matt. 6, 8.*
- 4 F The Lord pitieth them that fear Him.—*Psalms 103, 13.*
- 5 S For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.
-
- 6 S Jonah rose up to flee from the presence of the Lord.—*Jonah 1.*
- 7 M But the Lord sent out a great wind into the sea.
- 8 TU Then said the mariners unto him, What shall we do unto thee?
- 9 W And he said, Take me up, and cast me forth into the sea.—"He that takes himself out of God's hands into his own, by-and-by will not know what to do with himself."—*Benjamin Whitcote, 1609-1683, Provost of King's College, Cambridge.*
- 10 TH And Saul said, God is departed from me.—*1 Sam. 28, 7-15; 31, 4.*
- 11 F Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, that I may enquire of her.
- 12 S Then said Saul unto his armour-bearer, Draw thy sword, and thrust me through.
-
- 13 S The Lord upholdeth all that fall.—*Psalms 145, 14.*
- 14 M All my familiars watched for my halting.—*Jer. 20, 10.*
- 15 TU The wicked's mouth is full of cursing and deceit and fraud.—*Psalms 10, 7-14.*
- 16 W He lieth in wait secretly, as a lion in his den.
- 17 TH Arise, O Lord; O God, forget not the humble.
- 18 F Thou beholdest mischief and spite. For forty-two years some man wrote anonymous letters to Tennyson, abusing every volume he published. But all that the poet said was, "I am sorry for the man who has so much spite."
- 19 S Bless them that curse you.—*Luke 6, 28.*
-
- 20 S Love your enemies.—*Matt. 5, 44.*
- 21 M That ye may be the children of your Father:
- 22 TU For He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good.
- 23 W Jesus said unto Judas, Friend.—*Matt. 26, 50.* A Mr. Augustus Stafford had these words over the door of his cottage on the banks of the Shannon, "Amicis pateat omnibus etiam fictis"—Be it open to all friends, even to false ones.
- 24 TH A lawyer asked Jesus a question, tempting Him.—*Matt. 22, 35.*
- 25 F Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.
- 26 S Jesus said, Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do.—*Luke 23, 34.*
-
- 27 S Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.—*Rev. 5, 12.*
- 28 M I am Thine.—*Psalms 119, 94.* "I think men and women are for no use, but so far as they are for Christ."—*James Renwick.*
- 29 TU Whether we live, or die, we are the Lord's.—*Rom. 14, 8.*
- 30 W Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind;
- 31 TH And thy neighbour as thyself.—*Luke 10, 27.*

April, 1898.

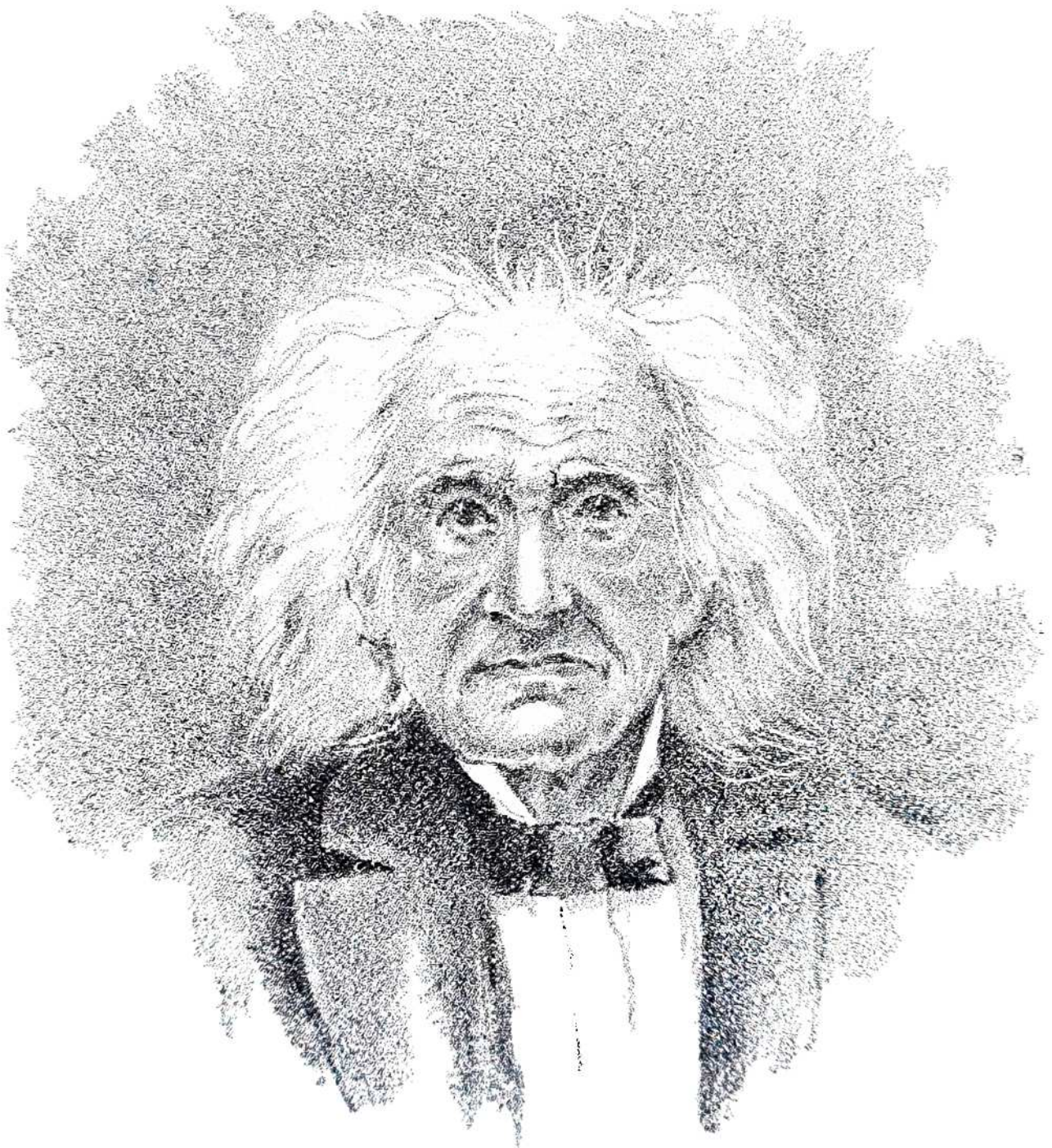
One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 4.



M. Chevreul,

Who died 9th April, 1889, aged 102 years and 8 months.

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The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 4.—*The bad look-out man.*

"Go, set a watchman, let him declare what he seeth. Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?—Isaiah 21, 6, 11.

I was once taking a British India steamer from the Clyde to London. On such occasions I was generally entrusted with the getting of the temporary crew of "runners," as they are called. But, this time, the captain, who was rather a bumptious man, thought he knew men better than I did and could get a crew in Glasgow to suit him. When I went on board at the Tail-of-the-Bank I could see at once that they were a miserable lot, and that we should have trouble with them. "Captain," I said, "please send a good hand to the wheel. I wish to test the ship's compasses on a few of the courses we have to sail on betwixt here and London." For, as I told you before, compasses may be all right in certain directions and a couple of points wrong in others. I soon found that there was not a sailor on board who could steer, and the

officers had to take the wheel themselves. One of the crew, I remember, threw off his coat and offered to teach the captain some of the latest scientific dodges in boxing! When we got down channel, the weather was somewhat hazy, with thick rain. The night was pitchy dark, and we had to act promptly when we saw either a light or a vessel.

I had occasion to find fault with the look-out man more than once for not reporting lights and vessels which we saw from the bridge. When the watch was relieved, it seems, he warned his successor that that old pilot was troublesome. "You'll need to keep your eyes about you, or he'll be down on you." "All right," was the reply, "I'll keep him going."

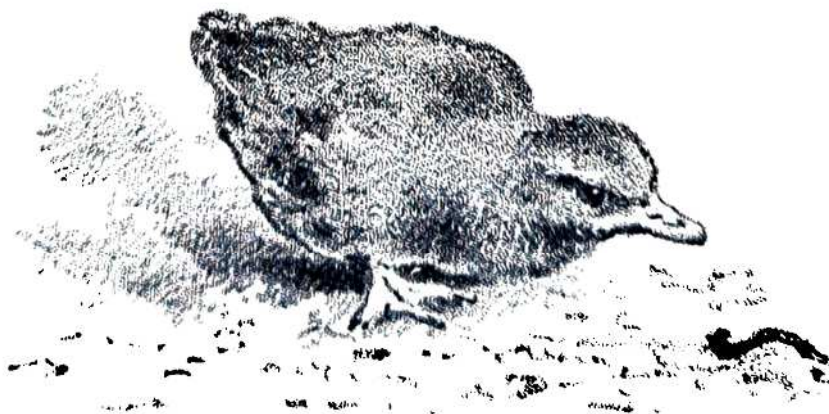
Immediately after he began to report all sorts of lights. "Steamer right ahead, sir!" "Green light on the port bow, sir!" "Red light on the starboard bow, sir!" "Sailing ship crossing from port to starboard, sir, close on board!" The chief officer and I were kept trotting with our binoculars from one side of the bridge to the other; more risk of collision between him and me than between our ship and any other.

At last I said to the officer, "Do you see any thing, for I can't? There must be something wrong with my eyes, and I used to be able to pick up a light with anybody." He could see nothing either, he said. "I'm afraid," I said at last, "that it's a dodge of the look-out man's, but I'll go and see, and you keep a good watch till I come back."

I went to the topgallant forecastle, and after seeing that the side-lights and masthead light were burning brightly, I went forward to see where the voice that reported the lights was coming from, but I could see nobody. At last I discovered the man rolled up in the topmast staysail, that is, the inner fore-and-aft sail that comes down close by the bow on the forecastle. The sail was wrapped up all round him, he was lying in a comfortable nest, so to speak, but able to see nothing either inside or outside the ship. As I had my oilskins and sou'-wester on, he didn't know me, but took me for one of his mates, and said, "I have been amusing that old beggar of a pilot this last half-hour, reporting all kinds of lights." "Oh, have you?" said I, "then it's the old pilot's turn to amuse you! Come out of that." Whereupon I fell on him, and, I must confess, amused him even more than I meant to do. I gave him such a drubbing as I never gave any other man before or since, pommelling him till my fists were sore, and right well he deserved it.

When the captain was made aware of it, he sent for the man, and made an entry in the log in his presence, reading it over to him, as the law enjoins. The man, of course, threatened that he would put his case in the hands of a lawyer as soon as he got to London. But when we got there, I sent for him, and showing him the Thames Police Boat I said, "I give you your choice. As soon as we get alongside the dock, I'll give you five minutes to clear out; and if you don't, into the hands of the police you go, and I'll be a witness against you to-morrow for neglect of duty. You'll be sorry for reporting it to police or lawyer before I'm done with you." Well, as soon as our bows were alongside the Royal Albert Dock, he jumped ashore and ran, ran at such a rate that I shouldn't wonder if he's running yet! At any rate, he never appeared again, never came even for his wages.

If you can't trust a look-out man, where are you? "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"



Eb!

What's

this?

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 28.)

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MRS. NANCY BALL died at Sidcot, Somersetshire, September, 1896, having served successive generations of the family in whose house she died for six and eighty years.

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THERE died, about four years ago, at Bridgebank, in the parish of Inch, near Stranraer, MISS JANE LAMB. On her hundredth birthday, when a number of girls called on her to ask her blessing, she gave them this text, "All the promises of God in Him are yea, and in Him amen."—2 Cor. I, 20.

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MICHEL EUGENE CHEVREUL died in Paris, 9th April, 1889. He was born, 31st August, 1786, at Angers, a town 220 miles south-west of Paris, at whose military college the Duke of Wellington received part of his training. At seventeen he entered the laboratory of a famous analytical chemist, named Vauquelin. Vauquelin, when a boy, had walked to Paris with six borrowed francs in his pocket, having run away from his master, an apothecary, who had cruelly burned the note-book in which the lad had recorded a number of chemical experiments he had made, telling him at the same time to make no further experiments, but confine himself to menial work. It was "A Nicolas Louis Vauquelin, mon Maître," "To my Master," that Chevreul afterwards dedicated his first book.

To Chevreul's researches into the nature and composition of fat, and his discovery of the principles which he named margarine, oleine, and stearine, we owe it that we have candles without "snuffs," and those who wish it can have butter without cows, and good butter, too! To him we owe the enormous development of the trade in soap in recent years, and as, if he did not discover glycerine, he at least gave it its name and investigated its nature, we may fairly regard him, margarine and all, as an apostle of "sweetness and light." Few men have given rise by their labours to more, or greater, industries. As professor, further, at Gobelins, the great tapestry and carpet manufactory named after a family of dyers, he made many discoveries in connection with colours.

Famous as a chemist, he became still more famous as a centenarian. His hundredth birthday was treated as a festival, and all Paris did him honour. Infantry troops, squadrons of cuirassiers, and massed bands, paraded before the old man to whom, doubtless, a grasshopper itself would have been a burden on such a solemn day. Unlike Ericsson, the great Swedish-American inventor, who in his old age refused even to look at the new Brooklyn Bridge, and would not ride on the elevated railway, Chevreul kept his mind open to the last, and drove every day, as long as he was able, to watch the building of the Eiffel Tower. His last great sorrow was the death of his son. They tried to hide it from him,

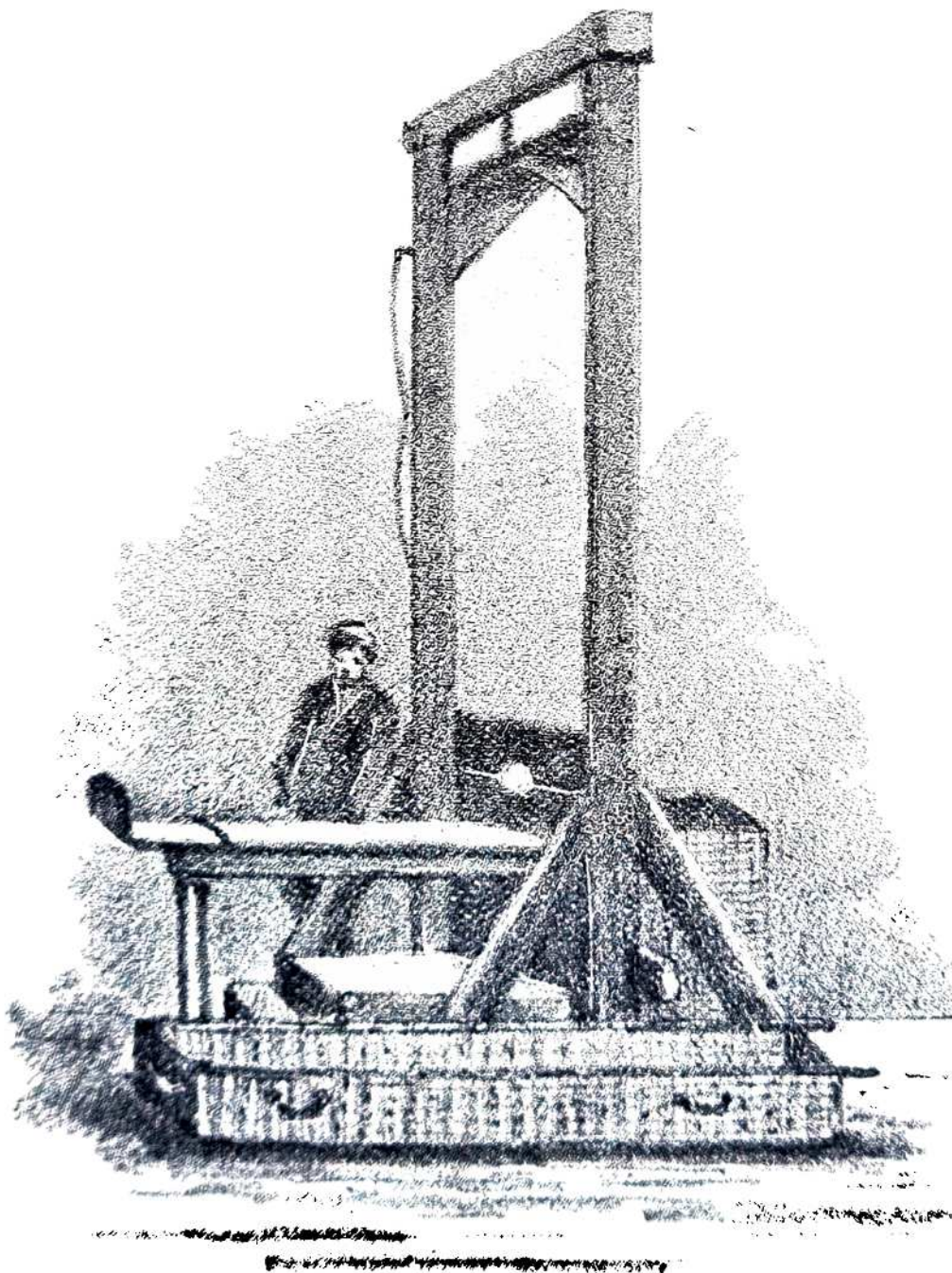
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but it was evident that he suspected something wrong. Every day, for a week, he put questions about him, but afterwards said no more. "His sons come to honour, but he knoweth it not; and they are brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them." On his death the French Assembly, two members dissenting, voted £400 for his funeral. Amongst the wreaths laid on his coffin was one from the Gobelins works, surrounded by a woollen fringe which his own hands had dyed many years before.

Proper Names
that have
become
Common Nouns.

NO. 4. GUILLOTINE.

ONE of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said that the French were a mixture of monkey and tiger. The story of the Guillotine proves that this witness is true. By it, during the Reign of Terror a hundred years ago, two thousand persons, men and women, old and young, were publicly beheaded. In one place in Paris alone over twelve hundred suffered in thirteen months. So blood-tainted did the spot become, that one day, when a theatrical procession came that way, the oxen that drew some of



the machines halted, and could not even by blows be forced to go further. But so demoralised had the people become, that women used to hire seats and knit and chat while they waited to see the executions. The poor victim was stretched upon a plank, his head being kept from moving by two boards which closed round his neck, a cord was pulled, and the heavily weighted knife fell down.

A similar instrument was used in Scotland long ago, called the *Maiden*. By it perished, as you may read in the *Scots' Worthies*, the good Marquis of Argyll, the first of the Covenanting Martyrs, in 1661. "After dining at twelve with great cheerfulness, he retired for a little. Upon his opening the door, a minister, a Mr. Hutcheson, said, 'What cheer, my Lord?' 'Good cheer, sir,' he answered, 'the Lord hath again confirmed and said to me from heaven, *Thy sins be forgiven thee.*' After a little, 'Get me my cloak,' he said, 'and let us go.' Then, having bidden good-bye to those who were not going to the scaffold with him, 'Come away, gentlemen, he that goes first goes cleanest.' When he was going to the maiden, Mr. Hutcheson said, 'My Lord, now hold your grip sicker' (sure.) He answered, 'You know what I said to you in the chamber. I am not afraid to be surprised with fear.' He kneeled down most cheerfully, and after he had prayed a little, gave the signal to the executioner, and his head was struck off."

It was a Dr. Guillotin, who died in 1814, who introduced this engine

into France, proposing its use in a speech that was closed by a burst of laughter, before the National Assembly in 1789. A few years later it was adopted, and named after him. *La Guillotine*, as if it had been his daughter, and so he was "condemned to everlasting fame."

The word is still used by book-binders as the name of a machine for cutting paper and paring the edges of books.



Ready! Aye Ready!

LD Grannie Wilkie always rose on Sabbath at half-past seven.

If the weather was settled and the day fine, she began to dress for church about ten, and was ready to start before the half-hour. If the weather was bad or threatening—for she was in poor health and could not go out in the rain—she was dressed and ready by half-past nine. She had often noticed, she said, that there were dry blinks even on the wettest days, and if it cleared up for a little, she was ready to start at a moment's notice. Her neighbours, on the other hand, if it was raining at nine o'clock, made up their minds that it would be wet all day, and as they had bad colds—here they coughed once or twice to convince themselves and their guardian angels that they really had colds, and everybody knew how annoying to a minister the sound of coughing was, and how distracting to the congregation—of course, it was a pity, but on the whole it would perhaps be advisable not to

go out in the forenoon. Mercy before sacrifice, the Bible said, and they had lots of good books in the house. If it cleared up about twenty minutes to eleven, and turned out a lovely day—well, it was a little awkward, but how were they to know that it was going to do that?

Rainy town though it was, old Grannie Wilkie affirmed that she almost always got to church without a drop of rain. But if no dry blink came before eleven, and that happened twice or thrice a year, it sometimes cleared up afterwards, and she would set out, arriving maybe half-an-hour, or even a whole hour, late. So people said she was a little “daft.” But she herself said, “If there is a special blessing to be had in the House of God on the Sabbath, and the Bible says there is, it is my duty, and it will be worth my while, to be there, though only for ten minutes, even if I should be in time to hear nothing but the blessing at the end.”

Sometimes she reasoned with the lads who lived near her. “You go to that footba’, as you call it, wet or dry, and you would rather see even ten minutes’ of the game than none at all, wouldn’t you?”

“Oh! but that’s a very different matter.”

“Indeed,” she would say, “and that is just what I am thinking!”

The Falconer children often came to see her, and many a time she told them always to be prepared to take advantage of any opportunity that might come in their way; “It’s

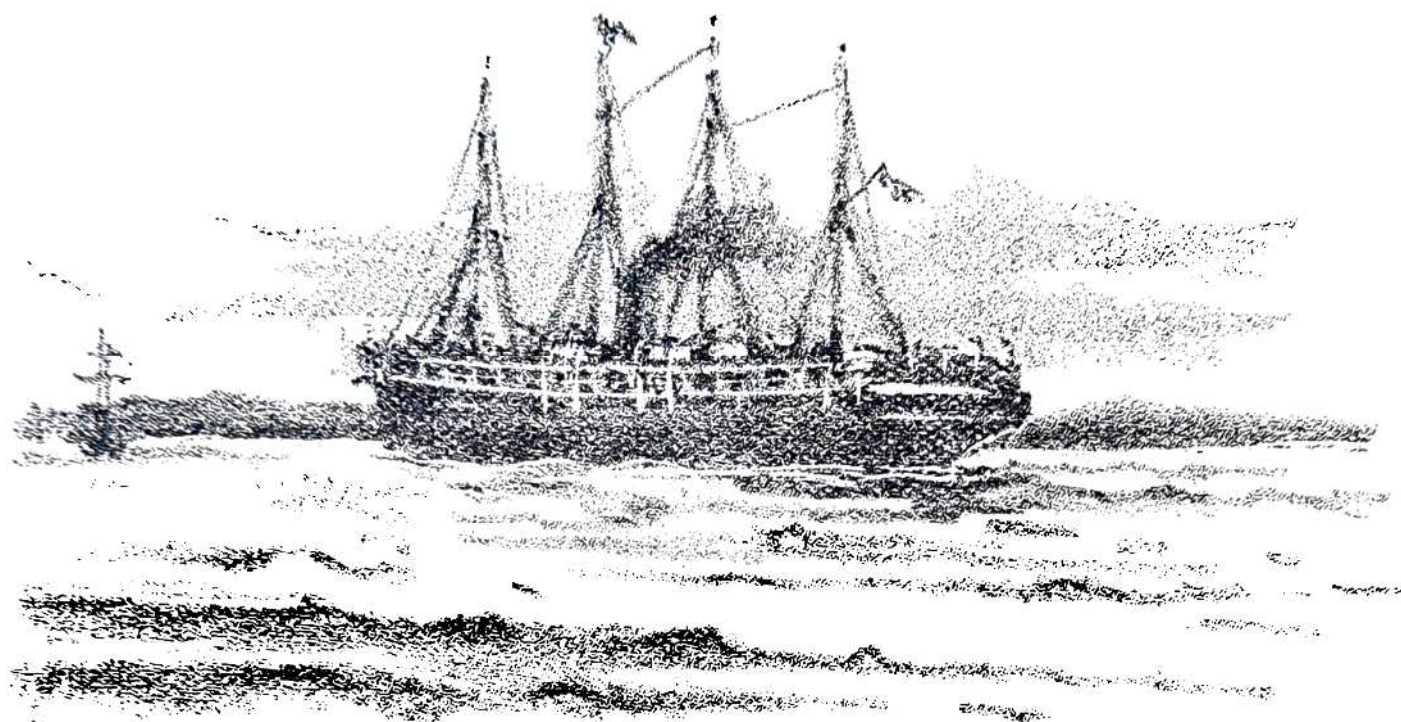
too late to begin to prepare after the opportunity has come; be you ready, and God will send the opportunity to you; a hewn stone won’t lie long idle.”

II.

When trade amongst the engineers became dull, Tom Falconer, like a good many of his companions, applied to a shipping company for a berth on one of their ocean-going steamers. The engineering superintendent liked his testimonials, which were very few and short but entirely to the point, and he liked the lad’s own letter, and the handwriting. Everything in it was neat and freshly put, and it had a look of energy. “I think that’s a likely fellow,” he said, and put a special mark opposite his name in his long list of applicants.

One Tuesday, some weeks later, when the men were still idle, Tom got a letter from the company, saying that an engineer’s berth might be vacant by that day week; there was a chance, but not much more, yet it might be as well for him to be ready; they would wire for him if they needed him.

Tom acknowledged the letter by return of post, and said he would be ready, and then packed his trunk. His mother did some washing and ironing for him, and on Wednesday morning he had his little bag, and what was to be put into it, all lying ready. Then he found out all about the trains and the different stations he might land at in London. Thursday, Friday, Saturday came, but no telegram. On Monday morning he packed



his bag, and put on the clothes he meant to travel in, if necessary. One, two, four, five o'clock came; no telegram. Then his mother said, "I think we may almost give up hope now, but lest a messenger should come, I'll make your 'piece' ready; there won't be much time to spare, and if it doesn't come, the 'piece' won't be lost." When six came, Tom said, "There wouldn't be time to get a cab, perhaps, so I'll watch if the tramway cars are running up to time." There was a train for Euston Station by the Caledonian at 9.30 p.m., and one for St. Pancras by the Midland at 9.31. The car at nine o'clock would catch either of them, with ten minutes to spare.

Eight o'clock came, and then half-past eight, and then a quarter to nine. But no telegram. "If it

comes now, it will just be touch and go; so I'll get quite ready, as old Grannie Wilkie used to tell me to do." And then he carried his trunk and bag to the door, put on his overcoat, with his 'piece' in the pocket, wrapped up the exact fare for the railway, 33s. 9d., in a bit of paper, and six pennies for himself and his luggage for the car, being 2d. for his fare, and 2d. each for the guard and driver. Then he sat down with his hat in his hand, laughing, "Well, mother, I'm all ready, but I don't think it's to be."

"There's time yet, if it's God's will, but whether or no, you've done all you can, and whatever happens is for the best."

Eleven minutes to nine, and then ten minutes, and the clock "warned" the hour.

"I think I'll take off my topcoat,"

he said, but at that moment there was a loud knock at the door, and there was the telegraph boy!

"Can you join the s.s. Guatemala here before ten to-morrow morning Answer prepaid Shippers London."

Tom wrote the answer instantly: "Thanks If all well will arrive Euston 7.10 to-morrow morning Falconer." Then, having given the boy a penny to himself, he shut the door, prayed with his mother for a moment, got her blessing, took his trunk and then his bag down stairs to the street, got the car two minutes after, and was in the train with nine minutes to spare!

And we shall see Tom a "chief" one of these days, I make no doubt.

III.

A fortnight after Tom left, one of the Baxter boys, Peter, who had got his name put, by influence, on a Liverpool company's superintendent's list, had word sent to him of a vacancy that might occur within a fortnight. "Would he hold himself in readiness?"

Mrs. Baxter instantly told all her neighbours, and Peter and his father went about bragging. His sisters ordered new bonnets, saying that their Peter had been appointed to a big steamer as chief engineer, and, as warrant, he would have at least £20 a month.

The last day of the fortnight had come, and no word. Mrs. Baxter's neighbours were laughing, though they pretended before her face to sympathise with her, coming and going all morning, and looking out

at their windows, and asking the children playing in the street, in a loud voice, Did they not see a telegraph boy with a message for Mrs. Baxter? Mr. Baxter asked his son "Whom," or to give his exact word, "*Who* he thought he had made a fool of?" The Misses Baxter, as they had begun to call themselves, were sitting crying over their unpaid new headgear, wishing they had never been born. And Peter in despair had gone out, and was playing at football in a field a mile away.

And then a telegram did come! "Can you be Exchange Station Liverpool 9.30 to-night If no answer before one o'clock situation will be given to another Reply Gentlemen Liverpool."

And now there was a pretty to-do! Peter, who thought at first a trick was being played on him, was sent for in hot haste. Five minutes lost scolding him for not being in the house when he knew what might happen. Did he think people would keep their boats waiting for him? My word, there are too many idle men going about, etc., etc. Then the trunk to be packed—never mind wiping it out just now—and things to be got to pack into it; and the key was not to be found, and then the lock was broken because the wrong key was put in; get a bit of rope; buy a bag and anything else you need at Liverpool. There's the cab waiting at the door nearly twenty minutes. "Goodbye." "Goodbye." "Good luck to you. So long!" "Mind and telegraph to them that I'm

coming. Keep back from the door. Do you want to be killed? Mind that telegram."

IV.

"My son Peter Macalister Baxter wishes me to tell you that he will be in Liverpool in plenty of time before half-past nine to-night."

That was what Mrs. Baxter told her youngest boy, Archibald, to put in the telegram. Peter had been named after her unmarried brother, who pretended to have money. (He died two years after, £31 in debt). And she put her son's full name in the telegram in case her brother should see it, and be angry, and alter his will. Half-an-hour afterwards the boy came back. "The telegraph girl said it would take other sevenpence to send the message." Off the boy set again, and though the telegram was twenty minutes late, the shipping people agreed to give Baxter the place, and sent word to the ship accordingly.

Now follow we the cab as it dashed along. Into the station two minutes before one. Half-a-crown to the driver. It's not every day one goes abroad, and he deserves it. But, alas! no train at 1 o'clock. There's one at 12.54, but it's gone! So poor Peter left his trunk at the station, and slunk home two hours afterwards, to the consternation of his mother, who showed him the telegram she had sent, and fondly explained why she had put his full name in it, though it had cost her sevenpence. "Ah well," he said, "I'll have to go and send another telegram to say that Peter Macalister Baxter isn't coming after all."

When he returned—his sisters had gone out to buy new dresses after the cab had started and he did not see them—his father met him at the door, saying, "You great blockhead, why didn't you go to the South-Western station when you found you had missed the train, and take the one there at 1.30?"

And now go we to Liverpool.

When the first telegram came, though they smiled at it, they were rather pleased, for they were in a difficulty. But when the second came, the Superintendent said, "That fool of an engineer missed his train. I think we are probably better without him. Score his name out of that list."

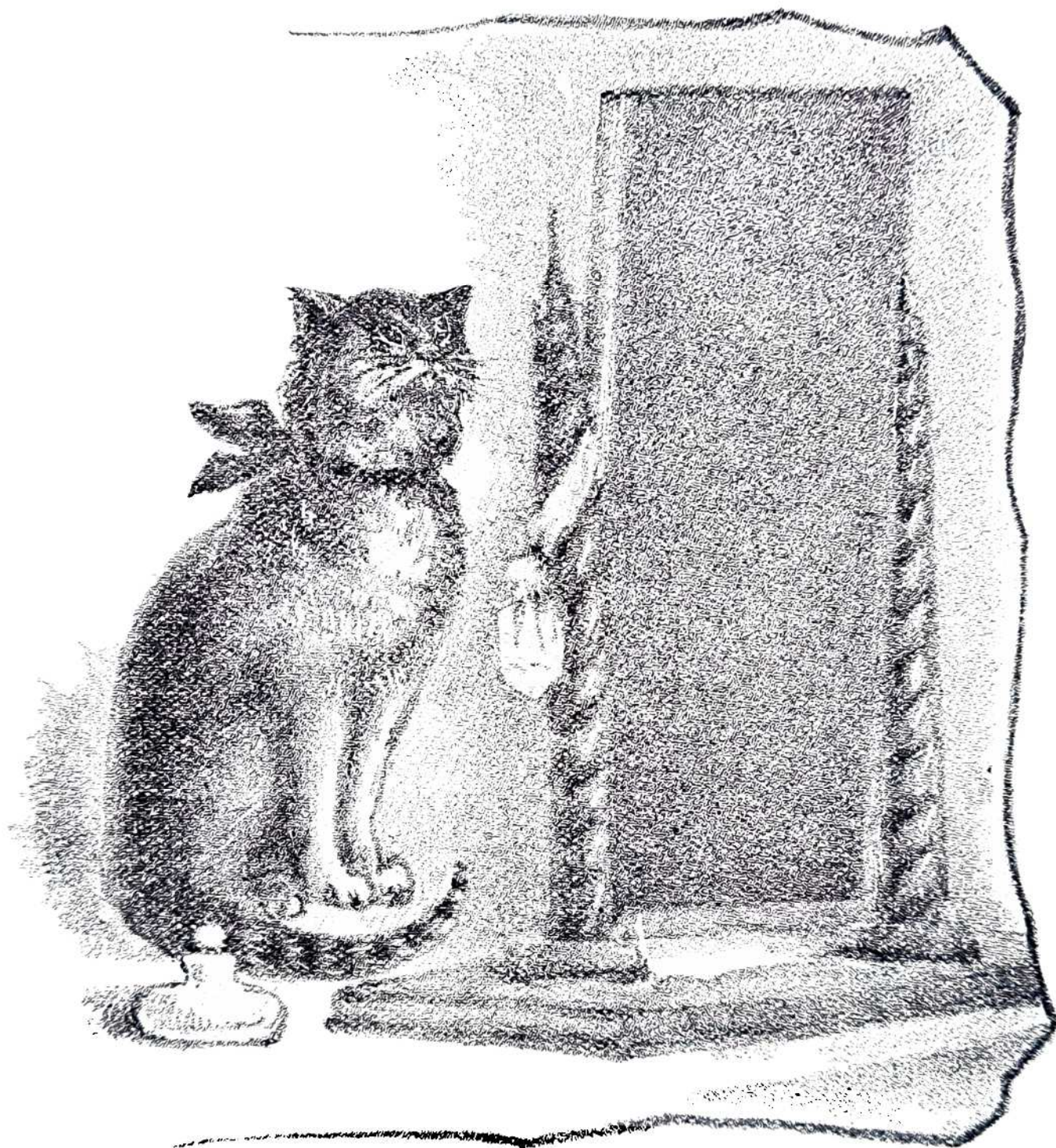
"And mind," said Peter's sisters to him when they came home and heard all, "mind, you'll have to pay for those dresses, for affronting us, so you will."



The Cat and the Looking-glass.

WHEN Rufus, then eight months old, first saw into a looking-glass, he was greatly elated. He thought it was a cat smiling, that had come to play with him. But when, after many vain attempts, he could neither find the cat nor discover where it went to—and yet, there it was again!—he became perplexed, and then angry, and then furious. And that other cat seemed just as mad as he.

At last he told his mother, and she said, "My dear, it is as great a mystery to me. Some cats I can



get a hold of but cannot influence, but, like you, there is one I *cannot* get a hold of, and yet it is always good when I am good, and invariably bad when I am bad. And so, for that cat's sake—for I never know when I may meet it—I have

determined always to be good, and my poor Rufus must do the same."

"Ay, Rufus, it is a mystery, but, do you know, at times I think it has got something to do with—'Know Thyself!'"

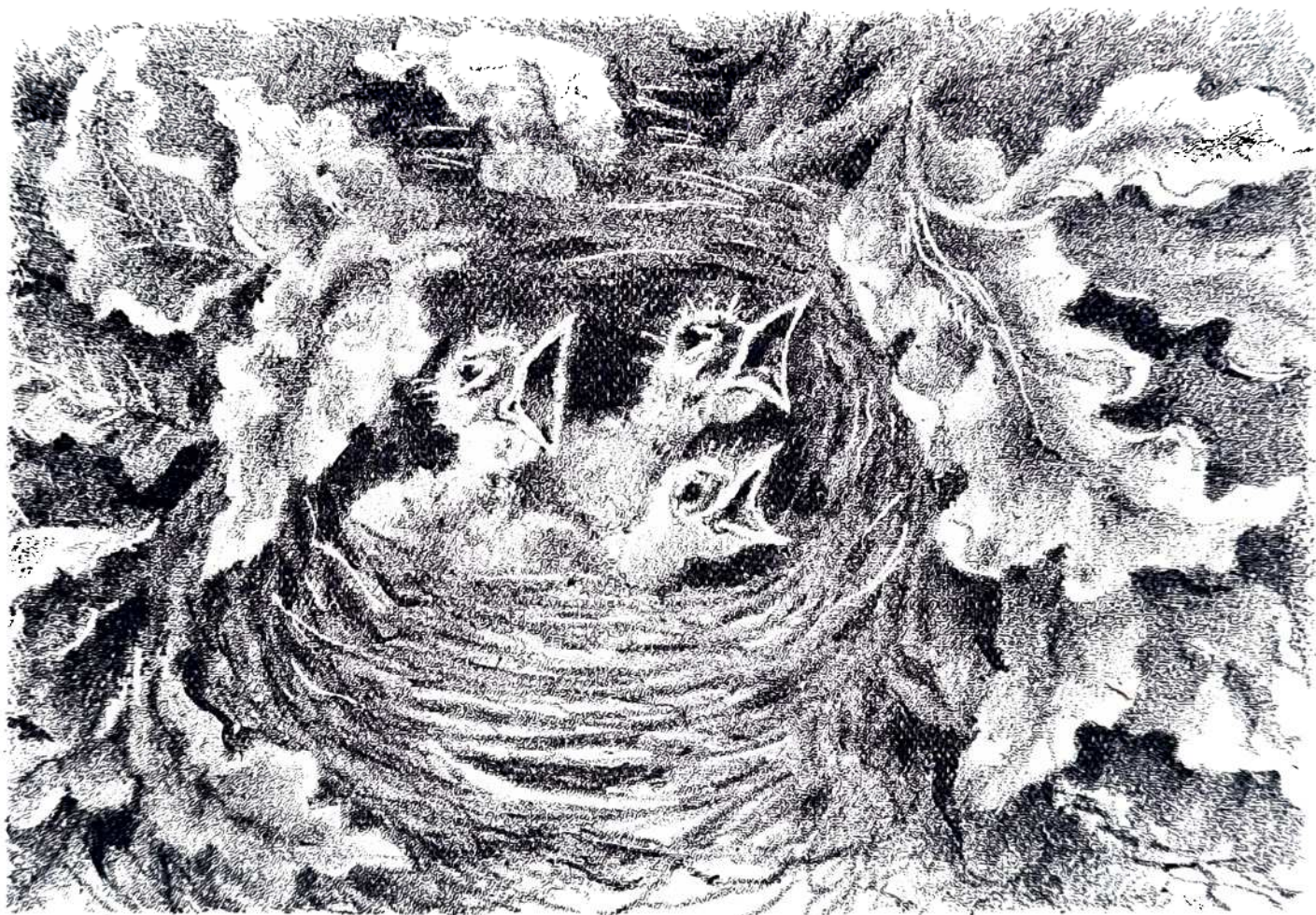
1	F	Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel,
2	S	And afterward receive me to glory.— <i>Ps. 73, 24.</i> “I saw such a sweetness and fulness in these words, they being an ample security both for time and eternity, that I was made to cry in my heart—‘O the plaster is as broad as the sore.’”— <i>Diary of Marion Laird, a Greenock servant, who died in 1770, aged 48.</i>
3	S	Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.
4	M	He that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith :
5	TU	For whatsoever is not of faith is sin.— <i>Rom. 14, 22.</i> Railway companies have a rule that if a signal is imperfectly displayed, that is, if an engine-driver is not sure whether it is “clear,” or “danger,” it is to be treated as if at danger.
6	W	A good conscience.— <i>1 Pet. 3, 21.</i>
7	TH	A conscience void of offence toward God and men.— <i>Acts 24, 16.</i>
8	F	My conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost.— <i>Rom. 9, 1.</i>
9	S	Teach me Thy way, O Lord ; and lead me in a plain path.— <i>Ps. 27, 11.</i>
10	S	Be kindly affectioned one to another.— <i>Rom. 12, 10.</i>
11	M	Be pitiful, be courteous.— <i>1 Peter 3, 8.</i>
12	TU	Servants, be obedient unto your masters, as unto Christ.
13	W	Ye masters, do the same things unto them. Gen. Sir James Outram, G.C.B., the “Bayard of India,” bought a repeater watch in his last illness, that he might not disturb his servant by asking the time during the weary hours of the night.
14	TH	Knowing that your Master also is in heaven ;
15	F	Neither is there respect of persons with Him.— <i>Eph. 6, 5-9.</i>
16	S	I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet.— <i>John 13, 14.</i>
17	S	Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world ?
18	M	Are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matters ?
19	TU	Know ye not that we shall judge angels ?
20	W	Brother goeth to law with brother. “After an hospital, what uglier piece is there in civilisation than a court of law ?”— <i>R. L. Stevenson’s Picturesque Edinburgh.</i>
21	TH	Why do ye not rather suffer yourselves to be defrauded ?— <i>1 Cor. 6.</i>
22	F	Blessed are the peacemakers :
23	S	For they shall be called the children of God.— <i>Matt. 5, 9.</i>
24	S	Thieves shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.— <i>1 Cor. 6, 10.</i>
25	M	Let him that stole steal no more.— <i>Eph. 4, 28.</i>
26	TU	We take thought for things honourable.— <i>2 Cor. 8, 21 (R. V.)</i>
27	W	Pay thy debt.— <i>2 Kings 4, 7.</i> The Rev. Dr. W. A. Scott, of the Church of Scotland Mission, Blantyre, who died in 1895, aged 33, once, when a boy, on a walking tour in Arran, got milk at a cottage. When he had gone on two or three miles he remembered that he had forgotten to pay the woman. His companions proposed to send her stamps. “No,” said Scott, “she may be needing the money,” and having so said, trudged back alone and paid her.
28	TH	Tribute to whom tribute.— <i>Rom. 13, 7.</i>
29	F	The hire of the labourers which is kept back crieth.— <i>James 5, 4.</i>
30	S	The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.— <i>Ps. 57, 21.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 5.



Behold the fowls of the air.—Matthew 6, 26.

*Lord, according to Thy words,
I have considered Thy birds ;
And I find their life good,
And better the better understood ;
Sowing neither corn nor wheat,
They have all that they can eat ;
Reaping no more than they sow,
They have all they can stow ;
Having neither barn nor store,
Hungry again, they eat more.
But next I see, in my endeavour,
That birds here do not live for ever ;
That cold or hunger, sickness or age,
Finishes their earthly stage ;
The rook drops without a stroke,*

*And never gives another croak ;
Birds lie here, and birds lie there,
With little feathers all astare ;
And in Thy own sermon, Thou
That the sparrow falls dost allow.
It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, Thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed ;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace.
It cometh therefore to this, Lord,
I have considered Thy word,
And henceforth will be Thy bird.*

GEORGE MACDONALD.

IN April, 1498, when Alexander VI., perjurer, murderer, poisoner, was Pope, Fra Girolamo Savonarola was condemned to die. He was a Florentine monk, a fearless preacher of righteousness, who wished, like our Scottish Covenanters, to see his country a holy Commonwealth whose King was Christ. He spent his last days in prison writing a meditation on the 51st Psalm. On the 23rd of May, in his forty-sixth year, he was led forth to die. As

they stripped him of his vestments, the Bishop, whom the Pope had sent to degrade him, used the words, "I separate you from the Church militant and triumphant." "Militant, but not triumphant," said Savonarola; "that is not in your power." He and two others were then strangled, and their bodies burned. 23rd May, 1498; so that he has been already almost four hundred years in glory! And there is all eternity to come.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 41.)

At the
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MRS. JANE T FULLARTON died at 19 Woodside Place, Glasgow, on the 22nd December, 1893. She was born on the 27th October, 1791. Through the kindness of her grandson and my own old school fellow, the Rev. A. F. Murray, M.A., Free Church Manse, Torphichen, I am able to give you a fac-simile of parts of two letters written by her. The first extract—"if all's well I hope to see you all on the 27th. I wish it were over"--refers to the gathering of her children and friends that was to be held on her hundredth birthday in 1891. The second extract is from a letter written a few

I hope to see you all on the 27
I wish it were over —

Glasgow 6 Nov

1891.

I am a signed
instance
"of good goodness and patience
and with the hope of salvation
through my blessed Saviour in
my dear Aggie's breast in Jesus
and live to him and for him

Your loving friend & mother

Janet Fullerton

6 Chapter Numbers 24-25-26 are
I am not used to send them

At the
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days after, to her great-grand-daughter, then studying abroad: "I am a signal instance of God's goodness and patience, and with the hope of salvation through my blessed Saviour. Oh my dear Aggie trust in Jesus and live to *Him* and for *Him*. Your loving grandmother, Janet Fullarton. 6th chapter Numbers 24-25-26 verses. I am ashamed to send this."

The writing, and the words written, tell their own story.

The Chapters of the Bible.

THE Bible was first divided into its present chapters in the thirteenth century, and into its present verses by Robert Stephens, the Printer, in the middle of the sixteenth.

In the Old Testament there are 929 chapters, and 23,214 verses, or an average of about 25 to each chapter. In the New Testament the numbers are 260, and 7,959, being an average of a little over 30.

The Revised Version of the Bible, of which the New Testament portion was issued on the 17th May, 1881, and the Old Testament on the 17th May, 1885, is divided, on the other hand, like every other book, into paragraphs, of which in the Old Testament there are about 2,250, and in the New about 950.

In the Authorised Version there are in the

OLD TEST. NEW TEST.

OLD TEST.	NEW TEST.	(Brot. forward.)
164	13	having 14 verses.
27 chapters	7	15 "
25 "	6	16 "
22 "	6	17 "
37 "	8	18 "
32 "	14	19 "
20 "	3	20 "
31 "	9	21 "
32 "	17	22 "
53 "	5	23 "
39 "	7	24 "
27 "	7	25 "
32 "	14	26 "
21 "	6	27 "
32 "	8	28 "
26 "	7	29 "
27 "	7	30 "
21 "	6	31 "
34 "	8	32 "
21 "	4	33 "
23 "	7	34 "
23 "	5	35 "
21 "	5	36 "
14 "	3	37 "
12 "	4	38 "
12 "	6	39 "
5 "	5	40 "
11 "	7	41 "
4 "	4	42 "
3 "	5	43 "
11 "	3	44 "
6 "	3	45 "
4 "	1	46 "
7 "	3	47 "
4 "	4	48 "
2 "	3	49 "
6 "	1	50 "
2 "	4	51 "
5 "	2	52 "
3 "	3	53 "
2 "	2	54 "
3 "	2	55 "
3 "	—	56 "
1 "	3	57 "
3 "	1	58 "
1 "	2	59 "
1 "	2	60 "

915

252

OLD TEST. NEW TEST.

OLD TEST.	NEW TEST.	having	2 verses.
1 chapter	—	—	3
4 chapters	—	—	4
1 chapter	—	—	5
9 chapters	—	—	6
12 "	—	—	7
10 "	—	—	8
16 "	1	—	9
17 "	—	—	10
19 "	2	—	11
20 "	2	—	12
24 "	1	—	13
31 "	7	—	—

164

13

OLD TEST.	NEW TEST.		(Brot. forward.)
915	252	having	60 verses.
— chapters	1	”	61 ”
— ”	1	”	62 ”
2 ”	—	”	63 ”
1 ”	—	”	64 ”
1 ”	—	”	65 ”
2 ”	1	”	66 ”
1 ”	—	”	67 ”
1 ”	—	”	68 ”
— ”	—	”	69 ”
1 ”	—	”	70 ”
— ”	2	”	71 ”
1 ”	1	”	72 ”
1 ”	—	”	73 ”
— ”	1	”	75 ”
— ”	1	”	80 ”
1 ”	—	”	81 ”
1 ”	—	”	89 ”
1 ”	—	”	176 ”
929	260	(Total)	

Most of us, I fear, have reason, like the famous Thomas Fuller, to confess with shame before God, that the first thing we do when we begin to read a chapter, either at home or in the Church, is to look at the end of it to see whether it is a long one or not, and if it is a short one we are greatly pleased.

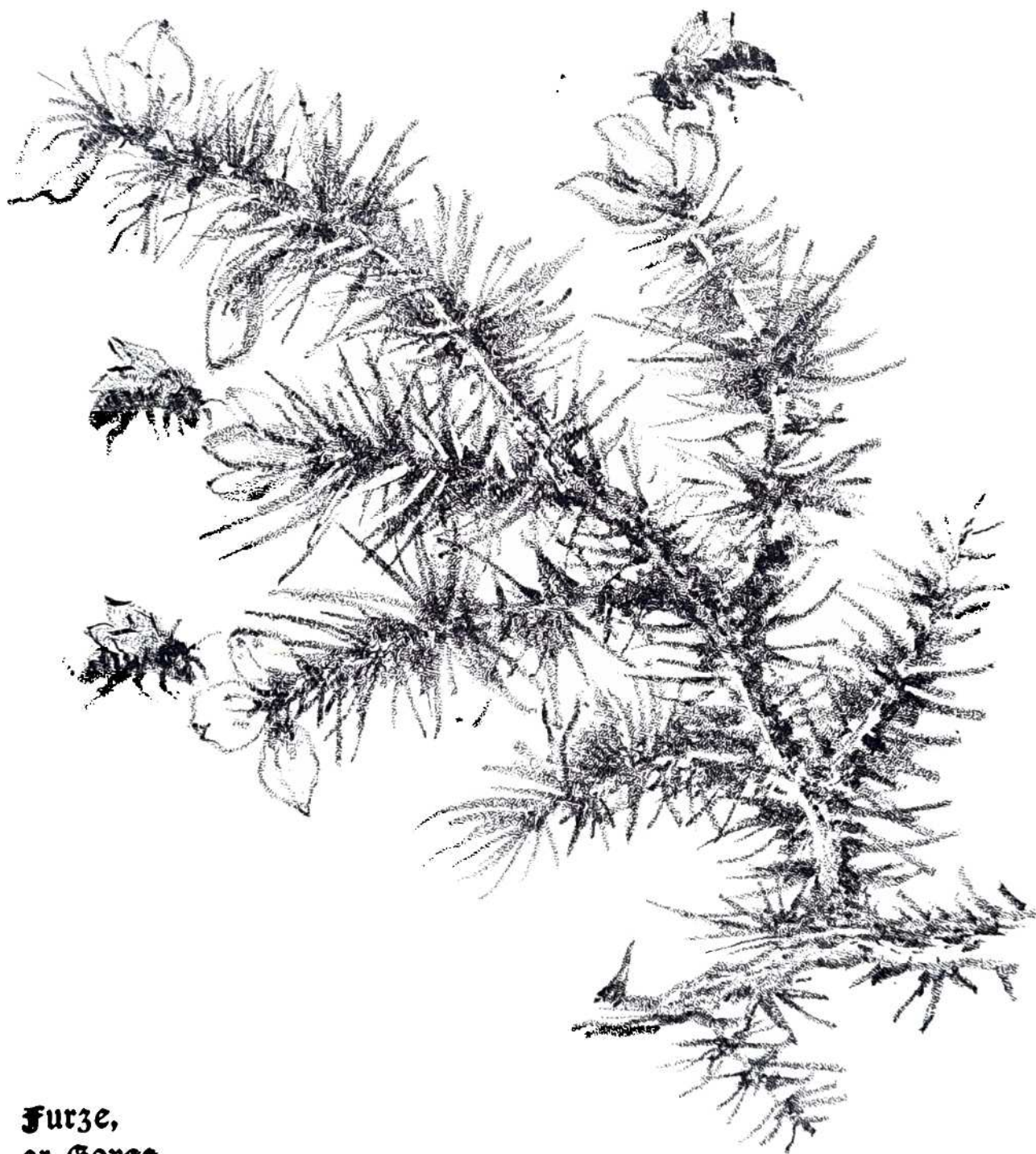
Now the list given above shows this at least, that there are far more short chapters in the Bible than long ones. More than half of those in the Old Testament have under 24 verses; one half of those in the New have under 28. In the Old Testament there are only 38, and in the New 29, which have 50 or more verses; and of these there are only 6 in the Old Testament and 5 in the New which have 70 or more. These eleven are Ezra 2; Psalm 78; Nehemiah 7; 1 Chronicles 6; Numbers 7; Psalm 119; John 6; Luke 22; Mark 14; Matthew 26; and Luke 1.

And who that reads them would wish any one of these to be one whit shorter? For of the six in the Old Testament, one gives the names and dwelling-places of the Priests and Levites, who were dear to God's heart because they were the types of His well-beloved Son Who dwelt in His bosom from all eternity; two give the names of the captives who came from exile at His bidding, and the very numbers of their cattle; one describes what God did for His people in the wilderness; and one, with strange reiteration, tells how much they did for Him. Of the five in the New Testament, one is that in which Christ calls Himself the bread of life, which closes with the solemn words, "will ye also go away?" Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life;" one describes the story of our Saviour's birth; and three tell the story of His agony in the garden and His trial before Pilate. And as if to make us ashamed of our unwillingness to listen to our Father's voice, the longest of all chapters in the Bible, the 119th Psalm, is one asseveration, a hundred and three-score and sixteen times repeated, of the sweetness and preciousness of the Word of God.

The London officials of the National Bank of Scotland were proud a few weeks ago because in one delivery they received 18,000 letters, a number unequalled in this country in the history of any firm. And shall we be most happy when God says least to us? The men who laid the first Atlantic

Cable in 1858 were glad in heart when it spoke its first message—"Europe and America are united by telegraphic communication. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." And shall we grudge to listen to the voice that binds heaven to earth?

There is not a single *word*, not a single *letter*, in the Bible, if we rightly looked at it, that does not bring glad tidings of great joy to us, for it proves beyond all doubt that there is no gulf as yet between us and God; He and we are still on speaking terms.



**Furze,
or Gorse.**

"The gorsy common swells a golden sea."—Christina Rossetti.

WHEN Linnæus, the Swedish botanist, visited England in 1736, and on Wimbledon Common saw furze bushes for the first time in his life, he was so overcome by the sight of their golden bloom, that he fell upon his knees and thanked God for having created a plant of such wondrous beauty.

The prickles which God has so lavishly given to the plant serve two purposes at least. They are combs for the rabbits' fur, and they are defences for little birds, so that the gorse may be called a burning bush and a wall of fire.



Proper Names that have become Common Nouns.

No. V.—Silhouette.

OUR shadows prove two things—first, God's goodness, and secondly, our badness, or at least our imperfection. His sun shines *on* us, but not *through* us. There are shadows on earth, for it is the place of hope as well as of sin, but there are none in the outer darkness, and there will be none in Heaven. When we become like the Father of Lights, there will be no shadow cast by turning.

We are not fit as yet to be seen through and through. Our present bodies are bodies of humiliation, of the earth earthy. But when all that is temporal and humbling shall have passed away, then we shall be sons of the light, and no more children of darkness. And there

will be no shadows in Heaven because there will be not only light, but the source of light, on every side of us.

Now, a silhouette is just the portrait of a person's shadow, only we make the shadow much blacker than God does.

When Alexander the Great asked Diogenes, the ill-natured philosopher, you remember, who lived in a tub, if there was anything he could do for him, he replied, "Yes, if you will get out of my light." But in the New Testament we read that people brought the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, "that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them." That is to say, if a falling shadow implies that something has come between us and the sun, it may mean also that, by God's grace, there is something better than the sun. The ship that carries Paul is safe, though neither sun nor stars appear for many days.

A shadow, further, is God's way of showing us that it is our duty to make portraits of our friends. When one asked "Rabbi" Duncan if portrait-painting was not included in the commandment, "Love one another," "Yes," he said, "it is right that I should remember not only the sayings of my friend, but also the countenance God gave him." The person who refuses to be photographed, or who does not care to have people's photographs, has either no love for others, or else has no faith in others' love for him.

A silhouette is the easiest and



cheapest kind of portrait one can make. One has only to fasten a sheet of paper on the wall, get the shadow of a face to fall on it, draw the outline with a pencil, and then cut it out with scissors.

The cheapness with which such a picture can be made is the reason of its name. A hundred-and-forty years ago, when the French treasury was exhausted by the war it had entered into in the hope of destroying Prussia and Protestantism, and by the riotous living of Louis XV. and the ungodly women who lived at his court, a certain M. Etienne de Silhouette became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He found extravagance and waste in every department of Government, and set himself to put an end to them. But the wits of Paris ridiculed him. They put away their gold snuff-boxes and used wooden ones, cut bits off the tails and sleeves of their coats, and instead of having their portraits painted on canvas or ivory, had them cut out in paper. "All in the way of saving, economising," they said, "doing things à la

Silhouette, after the manner of the Chancellor!"

We had a statesman in our own country twenty-five years ago who fared the same way, Mr. Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke. In the Government offices, for example, he found that the clerks not only always wrote with quills, which are much dearer than steel nibs, but that, when a quill was spoilt, instead of mending it as they could easily have done in a few moments, they threw it aside and took another. In that one way hundreds of pounds were wasted every year. The clerks and their friends and the newspapers that were opposed to the Government made a great outcry, of course, against Mr. Lowe. What were a few gross of quills to the mightiest empire on earth! They forgot that he that is faithless in that which is least is faithless also in much, and that waste, whether in little things or big, is a sin against God.

You should always remember that the Lord Jesus Christ, after multiplying the loaves and the fishes,

bade the disciples gather up the fragments "that nothing be lost." Remember that all your money, and every other body's money, belongs to God. Willingly give Him all He asks; give Him all you have, if need be, without a grudge, but never waste, or spend thoughtlessly, even one farthing, either of your own or another's money. Don't throw away a crust of bread; don't leave a light burning for a second needlessly in any room; don't even waste a match. People, of course, will call you mean, and miserly, and skinflint, and many other names, but wait a little! You shall have a fine revenge when, in days to come, they will come to your door, year after year, saying, "Friend, lend me three pounds, for the landlord on his journey is come to me, and I have nothing to set before him."

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 5.—"*A wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame.*"—*Prov. 17, 2.*

©NCE, when I was taking a ship down the Channel, the captain told me that a gentleman from the office in Glasgow, who was on board, wished to land at Lamlash in the ship's boat. "Now," he added, "if we do that, we shall have to let go the anchor and wait till it suits his convenience to send the boat back. That will put us to a lot of trouble; and besides, we have a cargo going out on speculation, and

there's another ship sailing from London this week with the same kind of cargo in opposition to us, and whichever ship gets to Dunedin first will get the market and make a good thing of it; so you are to help me out of this difficulty."

"I'll manage that," I said. Then, a little after, I said, "We don't want the tug any further, as the ship will lie her course, and we can land him with the tug much more safely and easily, and with less inconvenience both to him and us."

So we hauled in the towing hawser, had all sail set, got the tug alongside, and then I told the steward to tell the gentleman who was going to land at Lamlash that now was his chance. It was flood tide and the tug would get nicely alongside the pier and he would be home with his friends in a short time. The captain meanwhile was keeping out of sight, having left word that he had lain down for a nap as long as he had the pilot with him.

"I don't care for the captain, pilot, or tugboat either," he replied; "they must do as I tell them. I'm to be rowed ashore in the ship's boat, and you are to cast anchor, and not to set sail till I tell you."

"If you don't go ashore with the tug," I said, "you'll have to stay with me and go ashore when I do at Rathlin Island or Inishtrahull, and you can stop all night on deck, and it will do you a world of good. I wouldn't take the ship into Lamlash for the owner himself, let alone you," I added, not knowing who he was, but taking him to be a clerk or something of that sort.

He was in such a passion that he couldn't speak, and so the tug went away without him, and we sailed on beautifully, with all sail set. The captain kept out of sight till the last moment, and only then explained the necessity there was for our carrying on as hard as we could to make a good passage and catch the market.

That afternoon, just before it was dark, we landed at Rathlin Island on the north of Ireland, about forty-five miles from Lamlash. He never spoke to me in the boat, nor I to him, but when we landed, and he was going the wrong road, I told him to follow me unless he wanted to break his neck. We went on to Churchbay over the moor and heather for four or five miles, and stopped there for the night; crossed in a little boat to Ballycastle in the morning, got a car to Ballymoney, then the train to Belfast, and so home. He never opened his mouth the whole way.

When I went with the "Return List" to the office in Glasgow the next day, I was told that the owner wanted to see me. I peeped in through the open door, and there was my taciturn friend! He eyed me from head to foot, and then, "Come in here," he said, pushing the door to with a bang. As I went in I could see that the young clerks in the office were looking forward to enjoyment. Then he caught me by the throat, and said, speaking roughly, "Why didn't you land me where I wanted?" twisting my necktie as he spoke.

"What is sauce for the goose is

sauce for the gander," I said; "two can play at that game," and with that I tripped him and laid him all his length on the floor. Two or three of the clerks now came in—the present manager of one of our big lines was one of them—and picked him up. One of them said, "Give us your account, and say nothing, and we'll settle it."

"Oh, if he pays his accounts that way," I said, "he owes me nothing." I was in as big a hurry as he was, and was only too thankful to get away without my money. I thought, being a young pilot, that it was rather a serious scrape I had got into.

Some months after, I was sent for to see him. I had never expected to enter the office again. As I went in, I said to the head clerk, "If this is to be an interview like the last, I'll take my coat off before I go in; and you'll leave the door open."

"It's all right this time," he said, smiling.

"Pilot," said the owner as I went in, "I'm very glad you didn't take the ship into Lamlash that day. I have had a letter from the captain which I wish you to read. How much did it cost you coming home that time? for I want to pay you for it."

In the captain's letter there was something to this effect: "Thanks to Pilot Lee we reached Dunedin before the other ship, and got our own price for all our cargo. If we had gone into Lamlash, it is quite possible we should have missed the

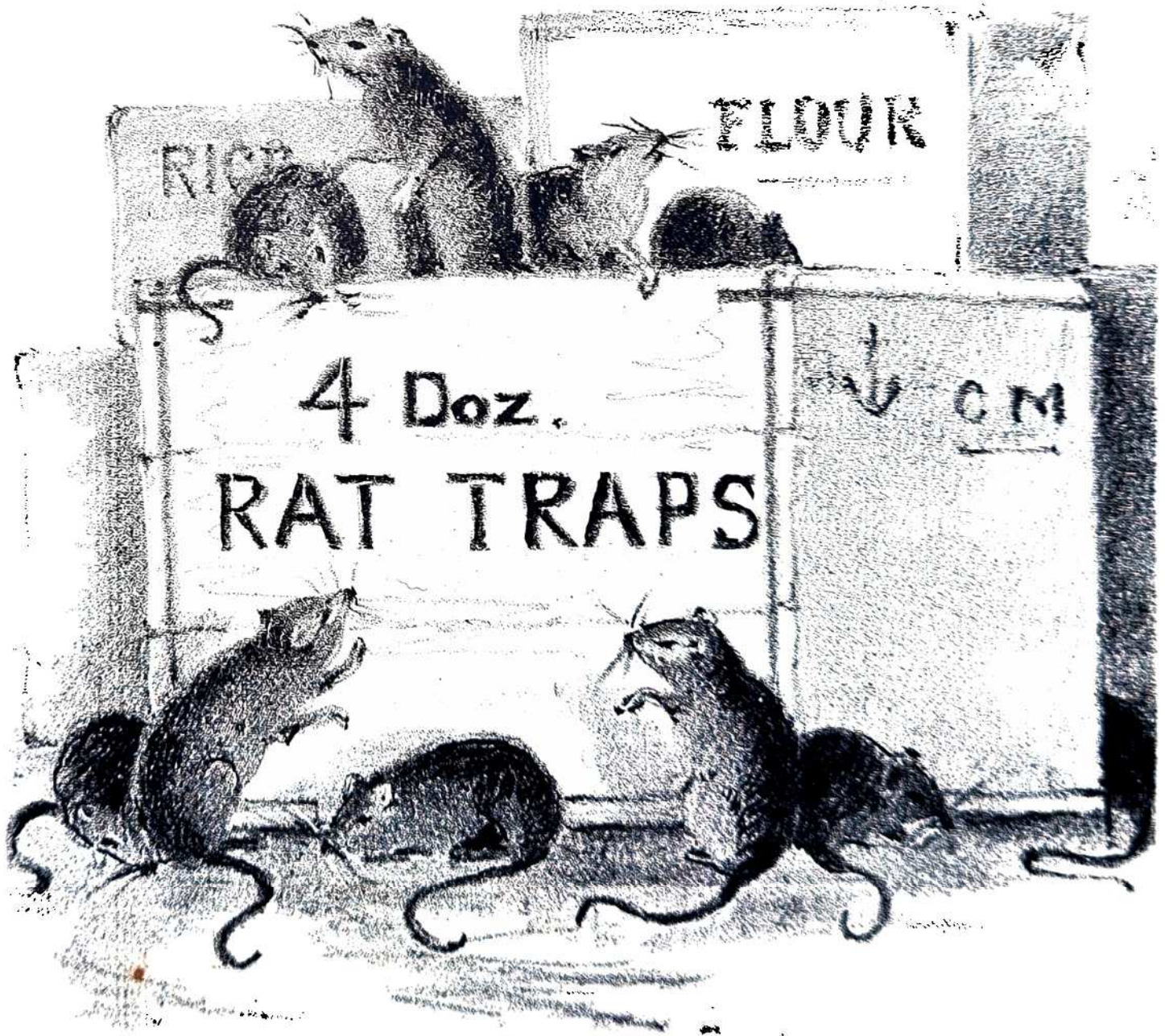
market, the other ship being a very few hours behind us."

For many a year afterwards he and his firm were good friends to me. "Why had he been so anxious to go ashore in the ship's boat?" Well, I suppose, being young, and only recently an owner he was a little anxious to show off a bit before his friends and the natives on shore.

"I DON'T like the look of that big box," said one of the rats; "I had a brother who——"

"Oh yes," said the others, "we have heard often enough about him, but we are not fools; we know what we are doing."

And neither they were fools; yet within a week five of them were caught!



1	S	Thou hast made summer and winter.— <i>Psalm 74, 17.</i>
2	M	Bless the Lord, all ye His works.— <i>Psalm 103, 22.</i>
3	TU	The sea is His.— <i>Psalm 95, 5.</i> “I hear that there are larger waves at Bude in Ireland than on any other part of the British coast. I must go thither and be alone with God.”— <i>Tennyson writing to a friend, 1848.</i>
4	W	Who hath begotten the drops of dew?— <i>Job 38, 28.</i>
5	TH	The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars.— <i>Psalm 29, 5.</i>
6	F	The trees of the Lord are satisfied.— <i>Psalm 104, 16 (R. V.)</i>
7	S	He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle.— <i>Psalm 104, 14.</i>
8	S	The Captain of their salvation.— <i>Heb. 2, 10.</i>
9	M	I have given Him for a leader to the people.— <i>Isaiah 55, 4.</i>
10	TU	Fear not.— <i>Isaiah 43, 1.</i> In 1857, in a battle near Delhi, the water was over the artillery horses' backs, and the men were losing heart, but when they looked ahead and saw the giant form of Brigadier Nicholson riding steadily on as if nothing was the matter, they plucked up courage, feeling sure that all was right.
11	W	When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ;
12	TH	And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.
13	F	When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ;
14	S	Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.
15	S	And thou, my son, know thou the God of thy father ;— <i>1 Chron. 28, 9.</i>
16	M	If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee ;
17	TU	But if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever.
18	W	Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head,— <i>Lev. 19, 32.</i>
19	TH	And honour the face of the old man. The Lord Advocate of Scotland has, or used to have, the right of pleading before the Supreme Court with his hat on, because Sir Thomas Hope, who was Advocate in 1628, had three sons who were Judges, and it was thought unseemly for him when he was pleading to stand uncovered before his sons.
20	F	Shall I and thy mother come to bow down to thee?— <i>Gen. 37, 10.</i>
21	S	A joyful mother of children.— <i>Psalm 113, 9.</i> The mother of the late Right Hon. J. A. Roebuck—her maiden name was Zipporah Tickell!—had six sons. Whenever she entered the room, they all rose up.
22	S	A vessel unto honour, meet for the Master's use.— <i>2 Tim. 2, 21.</i>
23	M	Every man that striveth in the games is temperate in all things. Mr. George Giffen, in his <i>With Bat and Ball</i> , says that when the famous Australian Cricket Eleven of 1884 were on their way to England, several of the team went down to the engine-room day after day and stoked coal to keep themselves “in condition.”
24	TU	Now they do it to receive a corruptible crown ;
25	W	But we an incorruptible.— <i>1 Cor. 9, 25. R. V.</i>
26	TH	A perfect man, able to bridle the whole body.— <i>James 3, 2.</i>
27	F	A man given to appetite.— <i>Prov. 23, 2.</i>
28	S	The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.— <i>Prov. 23, 21.</i>
29	S	Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity.— <i>1 Cor. 13, 6.</i>
30	M	Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer.— <i>Lev. 19, 16.</i>
31	TU	Whoso privily slandereth his neighbour, him will I cut off.— <i>Psalm 101, 5.</i> “Babbling curs never want sore ears.”— <i>George Herbert.</i>

June, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 6.



"A Queen's Carry."

The Morning Watch for 1897, being Vol. X., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '91, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1889, '90, '92, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

Saluting the Flag.

IT is Saturday morning, 14th May, and eight o'clock is just being struck on the rich-sounding gong-like bells of the German Squadron now anchored in our roadstead. Six hundred yards from my window, two sailors on board the *Brandenburg*, who have been standing, waiting, at the stern flagstaff for some minutes, taking their time from the Admiral's ship, which I cannot see for the branch of a tree, are slowly, one might almost say solemnly, hoisting a great German ensign, with its black iron cross in the corner and its black Prussian eagle in the centre. For in the German navy, as on all British ships, every flag is hauled down at sunset. And as the two

men haul the ensign up, their comrades, who a moment ago were washing the deck and the outside of the turret, from which one of Krupp's big guns projects almost twenty feet, drop their brushes and stand at "attention." That is called "saluting the flag," and it is done by every man on deck every morning. Even those who are up aloft, in the fighting-tops, stop their work for a few moments and face the flag. It is, so to speak, an act of homage to their Emperor, and a renewal of their oath of allegiance to him.

So should we, every morning, display our banners in the name of the Lord, and give ourselves afresh to Him.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

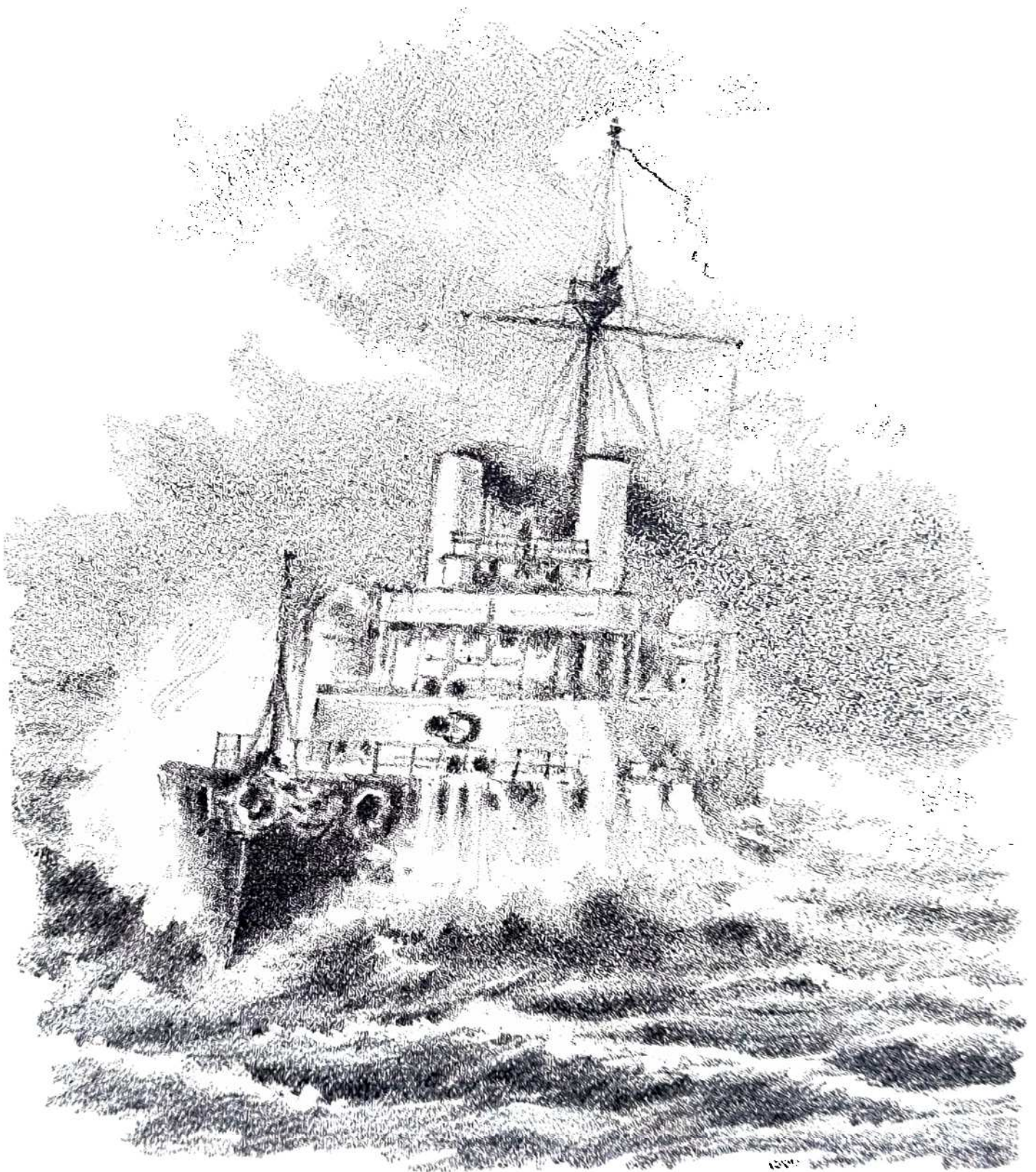
How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 52.)

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LAWRENCE CHADERTON died in 1640. He was born in Lancashire of ancient and wealthy parentage, but, Thomas Fuller says, "much nuzzled," that is, nursed or nourished, "in Popish superstition." "He was intended for a lawyer; and brought up some time in the Inns of Court, till he changed his profession and went to Christ's College in Cambridge. His father, hearing that he had altered his place, studies, and religion, sent him a poke with a groat therein, for him to go a-begging therewith; disinheriting him of that fair estate

A Battleship.



"The English sea power was the legitimate child of the Reformation. It grew directly out of Protestantism, during our wars with Spain."

—Froude's English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.

1	W	Jesus of Nazareth went about doing good.— <i>Acts 10, 38.</i>
2	TH	This is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually.— <i>2 Kings 4, 9.</i>
3	F	A man sowed good seed. An English philosopher, sixty years ago, used to fill his pockets with sweet violet seed to scatter in the hedges as he went along.
4	S	But while men slept, his enemy sowed tares.— <i>Matt. 13, 24.</i>
5	S	I saw the Spirit descending like a dove.— <i>John 1, 32.</i>
6	M	The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace,
7	TU	Long-suffering, gentleness.— <i>Gal. 5, 22.</i>
8	W	Wrath is cruel.— <i>Prov. 27, 4.</i>
9	TH	And anger is outrageous. "My father, in baby fury, once threw a fine handkerchief that had been given him into the fire, and then, seeing the flames, started forward to rescue it. 'No, Jack,' said his grandfather, 'let it burn; the loss of a handkerchief is little, the loss of temper is much; watch it burning, and try to remember what irremediable mischief an uncontrolled temper works.' My father said the memory of this checked many a fit of passion.— <i>Memoirs of a Highland Lady.</i>
10	F	Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.— <i>1 John 3, 15.</i>
11	S	He is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter.— <i>Is. 53, 7.</i>
12	S	Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth ;
13	M	Therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty :
14	TU	For he maketh sore, and bindeth up ;
15	W	He woundeth, and His hands make whole.
16	TH	He shall deliver thee in six troubles ;
17	F	Yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.— <i>Job 5, 17.</i>
18	S	Robert Fergusson, the poet, 1750-1774, when a child, burst in on his mother one day sobbing, and implored her to whip him, and when asked what he meant, cried, "O mother, mother, 'He that spareth the rod hateth his son.'"— <i>Prov. 13, 24.</i>
19	S	Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts.— <i>Is. 6, 5.</i>
20	M	Before whose eyes Christ hath been set forth crucified.— <i>Gal. 3, 1.</i>
21	TU	Eyes that cannot cease from sin.— <i>2 Pet. 2, 14.</i> "Threatened with the loss of my eyesight. I acknowledge the justice of God in it. My eyes have been employed to behold vanity and look on objects to satisfy my lust."— <i>Brodie of Brodie's Diary (1617-1680).</i>
22	W	Thou God seest me.— <i>Gen. 16, 13.</i>
23	TH	His eyelids try the children of men.— <i>Pss. 11, 4.</i>
24	F	If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out.— <i>Matt. 18, 9.</i>
25	S	Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes.— <i>Pss. 123, 1.</i>
26	S	The serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty.— <i>2 Cor. 11, 3.</i>
27	M	I will put enmity between thy seed, and her seed ;— <i>Gen. 3, 15.</i>
28	TU	It shall bruise thy head,
29	W	And thou shalt bruise his heel. When Josias Welsh of Templepatrick was in darkness for a time on his deathbed, some one said, "See how Satan is offering to nibble at his heels before he enter into glory." But a little after, he clapped his hands, crying, "Victory, victory, victory for evermore !" and then died.
30	TH	Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder.— <i>Pss. 91, 13.</i>

July, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 7.



A Mystery. "What can it be?"

I press on towards the goal.

—*Phil. 3, 14 (R. V.)*

A good many years ago there was a Walking Competition at our Scottish Inter-University Sports. A man knows himself whether he is walking or running, but it is not always easy for a looker on to know, and that particular kind of contest has accordingly gone a little out of fashion of late. The distance, I think, was two miles, or eight times round the course. Three students competed, one from Aberdeen, one from Edinburgh, and one from Glasgow. The two former looked like experts; they were very lightly clad, and they wore racing shoes. The Glasgow student was as evidently a novice at the sport, a lad who had perhaps tried to beat a companion walking on a country road, but had never seen what walking meant at public games. He was a fresh coloured, cheery, modest looking Ayrshire lad—I think I see him yet. He wore his ordinary boots and clothes, and when he came up to the starting post simply threw off his coat.

The signal was given and the three set off together. Three seconds had not passed till the Aberdeen and Edinburgh men were far ahead, and we Glasgow students were heartily ashamed of our champion! He looked astonished himself when he saw them already in the distance, and discovered for the first time in his life what walking was. We wished and expected him to stop, but as

he pushed on with his seemingly slow but honest strides, having barely entered on his third round when they passed him on their fourth, we got angry at him and began to jeer and hoot. But on he went, blushing and perspiring, and then we began to laugh. Each time he was passed, now by the Aberdonian, now by the Edinburgh man, we laughed the louder, and he blushed the more, but still on he went. In less than fifteen minutes—the “record” time for a two-mile walk is thirteen minutes fourteen seconds—the two foremost had finished their last round amid some applause. The Glasgow man was almost three laps behind, and we were certain he would stop now. But no! Whether he thought their walking was not walking, or he was simply too plucky to give in, I cannot tell. But there he was, walking all alone, as hard as he could, blushing more than ever, and yet with a sweet honest look on his face. And at last his good nature and his perseverance overcame us all; the crowd began to cheer, and then to cheer louder, till his last round was finished amidst a continuous roar of shouting.

There were many whom we admired that day, but none was so much admired as he.

Are there any of you who have done your best this year at school, and yet have got no prize? Remember that there are other and better prizes in life than those which can be gained at school, and that the biggest half of any prize is the striving for it.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 63.)

At the
age of
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HIPPOCRATES. "the Father of Medicine," the greatest, and next to the Evangelist Luke the best known physician of ancient times, died in Thessaly in Greece, B.C. 357. He was born in the Island of Cos, off the coast of Asia Minor, and lived in the noblest period of Grecian history. He was like every great doctor and surgeon, a deep thinker. Many of his sayings are still used amongst ourselves, such as, "Life is short, and Art is long," one of the meanings of which is, that we receive the torch of knowledge from those who go before us, and we have to carry it on in our brief term of life as far as we can, and then pass it on to others, who themselves in turn must give way to their successors; and then by God's grace at the end all who have worked in the same field will reap and rejoice together.

105 "And SETH lived an hundred and five years, and to him also there was born a son; and he called his name Enos: then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." Enos was Adam and Eve's first grandchild, or, at least, apparently the first they saw, for Cain was now away from them, a fugitive and vagabond; and with the birth of a grandchild Adam and Eve felt, as they had never done before, the need and the joy of prayer. For the birth of a grandchild opens up, as even the birth of a first-born cannot do, a view of the awful possibilities of life. Witness Tennyson's lines to his grandchild Alfred:

Golden-haired Ally whose name is one with mine,
Crazy with laughter and babble and earth's new wine,
Now that the flower of a year and a half is thine,
O little blossom, O mine, and mine of mine,
Glorious poet who never hast written a line,
Laugh, for the name at the head of my verse is thine,
May'st thou never be wrong'd by the name that is mine!

105 AUSONIUS, a Latin poet who lived and died at Bordeaux, 309-392 A.D., tells of a ROMAN MATRON, who, if her epitaph is to be believed, lived to be a hundred and five years old, yet never needed staff, and was survived by all her family, though they numbered nine-and-twenty sons and daughters!

I have myself known a family of nine sons and daughters, and the first death in the household was that of their father, a godly man, at the age of ninety. But an unbroken family, and especially an unbroken large family, is one of the rarest things. There is generally at least one little one in heaven, that has gone on ahead to show the way and to beckon the others on. And next to the command of Christ, what stronger invitation could a parent have? What mother would not like to see her babe again?

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

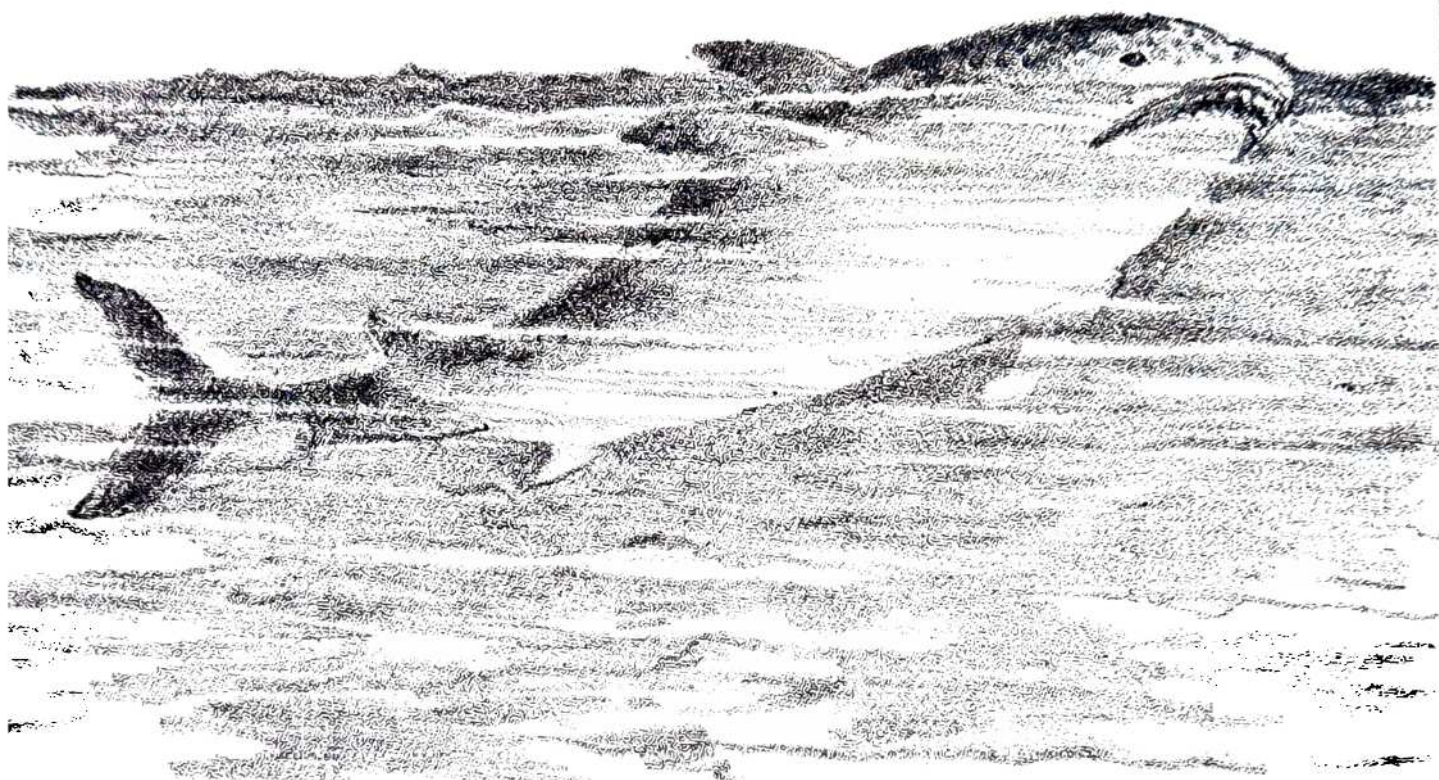
No. 7.—Sharks.

*Yonder is the sea, great and wide,
Wherein are creeping things innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships;
There is leviathan, whom Thou hast formed
to take his pastime therein.—Psalm 104,
25-26 R. V.*

DID I see any sharks when I was in the Havana waters long ago? Oh yes; plenty. The Gulf of Mexico was supposed to be alive with them, and Havana harbour was reckoned their headquarters. Quite a number of sailors who were foolish enough to go overboard for a swim lost their lives through them. There was one shark that was called the "Harbour Master," a very big one, the largest known in those waters. You see, when the fever season was coming on, that is, July, August, and September, sailors, whose ships were detained in port for any reason, would forfeit wages and leave everything in order to get away. If they heard that a ship was going to sail to any of the American ports, they would jump overboard and swim to her. Captains, who had paid off their own crews on arrival, were very glad to have these men, as they could be got on very reasonable terms, sometimes even for no wages at all. No doubt many a sailor was kept on board the ship he was on through fear of that big shark, and perhaps the shark got a worse name from captains and agents than he deserved. Did I ever fish for

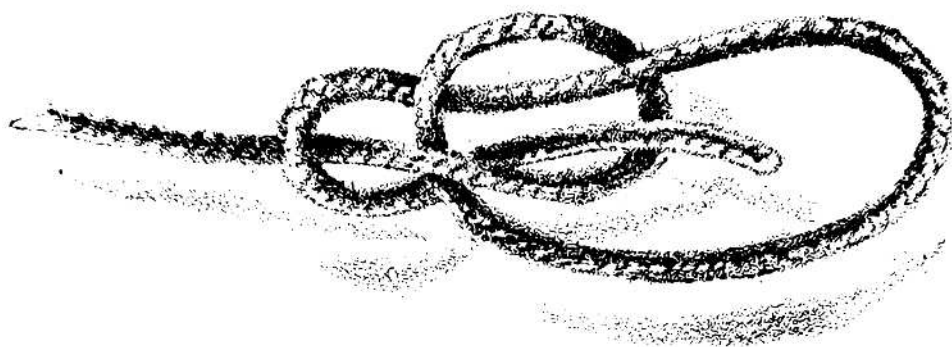
sharks in Havana? No, but I have done it at Trinidad—not the island of that name off the coast of Venezuela which belongs to Britain—but a town on the southern side of the Island of Cuba, about 150 miles in a direct line from Havana.

We were lying at anchor in the *Macinroy* brig, belonging to Mr. Rankine of Gourock. There were quite a number of large sharks swimming about. We got a piece of pork and fixed it on a sharp hook, one specially made for catching sharks, a foot long at least, with two or three feet of chain attached to it. It would not have done to have a piece of rope next the hook; a shark could so easily bite through it. For a line, we used the studding-sail halyards, an eighteen-strand rope. We soon hooked one, and then there was a job to get him on board. He made a good deal of commotion in the water. We had harpoons ready to use whenever we had hauled him in close to the stern, but he was too clever for us, running away with the line and dragging half-a-dozen men who had a hold of it along the deck. One of the ship's boats had been newly painted inside and was lying astern, as we were taking in cargo at the time and wished to keep the boat out of the way. The second mate at last said, "Give me the harpoon and I'll get into the boat, and we'll have no more of this nonsense." All hands were greatly excited by this time, and tailed on to the rope and began to haul the shark up to the brig's stern. The mate was standing in the boat all ready. The



only thing we could see of the shark was his mouth above water. Then the captain sang out, "Now's your time." There had been a slight shower of rain before that and the boat's thwarts, or seats, were slippery. The mate was standing on the top of one of them, barefoot, ready to strike home, and was just in the act of doing so, when his feet slipped, and down he went over the side into the water close alongside the shark. Though he was a good swimmer he was so excited that he could hardly make the least movement, but in a few seconds he got plenty of assistance. Of course the shark hadn't time to do anything even if it had been able in the circumstances. But the mate was very thankful to get on board again,

and the moment we had him on deck, "Hold on, boys," he said, "till I see if all my legs are on." We kept that up against him for many a day. Then we got a line with a running bowline knot from the spanker-boom end, threw the loop over the shark's tail, and soon had him on deck. He was so strong and struck the decks with such force and fury that we were afraid he would stave in some of the planks. Then the carpenter had to come along with his axe and cut the tail off, and that wasn't very easily managed either I can tell you. The cook as usual fried us a steak, and if I remember rightly, I think we rather enjoyed it, or pretended at least to do so, fresh provisions not being quite so plentiful on



board ship in those days as they are now. The captain got a nice walking stick made of its backbone, and the mate got the jaws, which were counted a great treasure. They say that snails have got more than a hundred rows of teeth, and more than a hundred teeth in each row. Sharks haven't got as many rows as the snails, but they have at least three or four, and that is more than we have. We have a very good specimen of a shark's jaws in our own Greenock Museum. You can see the triangular teeth with their edges fuller of notches than the finest saw or comb you could buy. And close behind the front row of teeth that stand up so erect and business like, you can see three rows lying flat, each half-covering the row that lies underneath it, and all of them ready for work whenever they are needed.

Sailors don't like sharks, and we can hardly blame them. But sometimes they torture them when they catch them. I have heard it said—I never saw it done—that engineers have been known to drop fire-bricks overboard, heated till they were white, when sharks were hanging about. Of course, if a shark gets one of these

into its mouth, the brick will burn its way through its body, and the shark will die in fearful agony. But that I consider to be cruelty. There are creatures, just as there are men, that deserve to die, but there should be no such thing as inflicting needless pain or gloating over suffering.



Proper Names that have become Common Nouns.

No. VI.—Macintosh.

The people sat in the street trembling for the great rain.—Ezra 10, 9.

“DO you not know that I am THE MACINTOSH?” the head of a Scottish clan is reported, in a well known story, to have said to a London cabman.

“I don't care though you were THE UMBRELLA, but you have got to pay me another sixpence,” the man answered with a wit that must surely have gone far to disarm his own anger.

The Macintosh, in the cabman's meaning of the word, if any man has a right to be called *The*, which is the greatest of all adjectives, was a Mr. Charles Macintosh, who was

born in Glasgow in 1766 and died near it in 1843. He was the son of George Macintosh and Mary Moore, the cousin of General Sir John Moore of Corunna fame, who also was born in Glasgow. After spending a short time in the counting-house of a Mr. Glasford, he devoted himself to the study of chemistry. In 1786 he introduced from Holland the manufacture of sugar of lead, and in 1797 he started the first alum works in Scotland. Later on he became connected with the St. Rollox works, whose chimney, 455 feet high, 50 feet wide at the bottom, and 13 feet 6 inches at the top, is one of the wonders of Glasgow. Mr. Macintosh is said to have been the actual inventor of the method of making chloride of lime or bleaching powder. Before that discovery, fabrics which had to be whitened had to lie for months on grass fields and be kept moist all the time. So to this day we speak of fine linen as *lawn*; and of a kind of unbleached linen as *holland*, because linen goods were sent in those days to Holland to be bleached.

Mr. Macintosh was also interested in the manufacture of iron and steel, and had a three-tenths interest in the profits and also in the many law-pleas—in one of which, with the Bairds of Gartsherrie, the costs were £40,000—arising from Mr. Neilson's invention of the hot-blast.

It was while he was trying to find some use for the naphtha that was produced in the distillation of tar—for God blesses the man that hates

waste—that he thought of making *Waterproof* cloth.

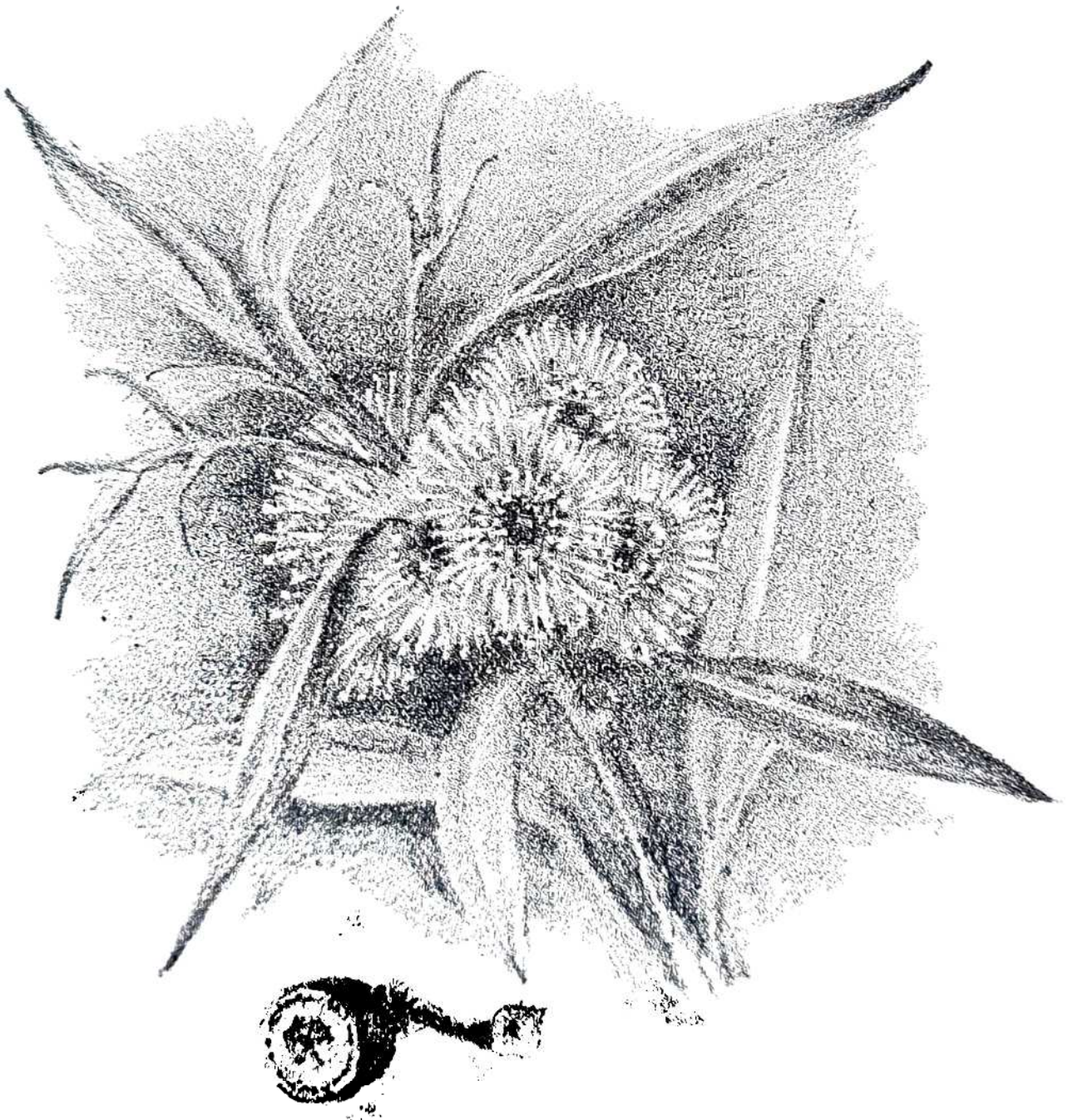
Caoutchouc, or Gum Elastic, or India Rubber as it was called, from its use in rubbing out pencil marks, when it was first brought into this country about 1770, is the milky juice of a tropical plant. When Columbus in 1492 discovered Hayti, or San Domingo, next to Cuba the largest of the West India Islands, he noticed that the natives had balls made of the gum of a tree which bounced higher than the air-balls of Castile. God, you see, was thinking of children and their games when He made that tree.

Mr. Macintosh, learning that naphtha dissolved or melted india rubber, thought of spreading some of the solution on cloth, and then putting another piece of cloth on the top of it, and that was the origin of the great waterproof industry. They say that one coating of this melted india rubber is only one ninety-sixth part of an inch thick.

Before waterproofs were invented, people, of course, depended on umbrellas. In some Eastern countries none but kings were allowed to use umbrellas; hence, they say, the canopies, or what we sometimes call sounding-boards, over pulpits and thrones. The first in this country to use an umbrella to keep off rain was Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786. For thirty years he braved the hatred and ridicule of the London hackney-coachmen, who thought he wished to spoil their trade. He is another of that great army of men in whose debt we are and we do not know it.

God rains both on the just and the unjust, but a great many just people are unjust to themselves, and to their friends who have to nurse and attend to them, and to the world, and to God Who gave them their being and gave them His Son for their salvation, in getting need-

lessly wet. Then they dry themselves at the fire, and that brings on rheumatism, and rheumatism takes ten years, at least ten, off their lives, and then they say that affliction and death were sent by God, while all the time they should blame their own laziness and stubbornness.



Flower of the Eucalyptus, an Australian tree introduced into Europe in 1854. Its leaves turn their edges vertically to the sun, and so cast no shadow. It is of great use in draining unhealthy marshy land.

The Bowline Knot.

SOME of you when you read about this knot on page 78 would glance at the illustration for a moment and then pass on and think no more about it. Others would look at it for a little and come to the conclusion that it was rather a confused looking thing. Two or three boys perhaps, though I hope they will not do that on the Sabbath day, will get a long piece of string, and after trying to follow the illustration and failing, will be annoyed and give it up as a bad job, and even speak disrespectfully of the knot. Two or three others, but they will be wise ones, will try and try and try again, using each time a shorter and thicker bit of string, or better still a little piece of rope if they can get it; and after they have managed to make the knot with the illustration before them, they will try to do it off by heart, and will succeed after an attempt or two. That will be something new that they have learned, and it will come of use to them, in God's Own time and way, it maybe ten years after this.

And perhaps one boy will try to reason the whole thing out, to see the principle of it, and discover wherein the great strength of this knot lies. And that boy, if God spare him, will be an inventor some day, or a great engineer, or perhaps only a working-man, but, whatever he be, he will be a workman with a head on him, one who takes delight in his work, not always crying for a rise of wages, or looking at the

clock, or having another smoke to put off the time, but a workman such as Christ was in His carpenter's shop at Nazareth, glorifying God and not needing to be ashamed.

There was a godly man, and a great man, one of the greatest men of the century, who died in 1879, Professor Clerk Maxwell of Cambridge, of whom it is told that, when he was a boy and anything new was shown to him, he would say, "And what's the *go* of that?" And if they tried to put him off with a vague answer, he would say, "But what's the *particular* go of it?" That is the kind of boy one likes to see, the boy who understands things, who can lace his own boots and does not need his mother or his sister to put his tie on for him as if he were a big doll.

Next to making a knot, there is nothing better for testing and strengthening one's patience than untying one. You have heard of the Gordian Knot? It was made by a peasant named Gordius, who, when he was made King of the Phrygians, dedicated his ox-cart to the gods and tied the knot that fastened the wooden collar, that went over the bullock's necks, to the pole of the cart so skilfully that an oracle declared that whoever should unloose it would become ruler of all Asia. Alexander the Great afterwards visited the city and cut the knot with his sword. Well, there is a time to cut knots, but there is far more often a time to untie them. So the next one you come to, don't get angry and impatient, but go at it gently and

yet perseveringly, and when you have opened it up and your lace or your thread or your piece of string is whole and uninjured, you will almost fancy it is looking at you and smiling gratefully.

How to Spend the Holidays.

“**P**UT by all your books, and don't touch one of them till school reopens in August.”

That is what I heard a Doctor say at a distribution of prizes last week. But I think I could give you better advice than that.

Every evening, after you have read a few verses of the Bible and said your prayers, and your father has conducted family worship, and you have washed your hands and face—for when you lie down to sleep you are going in a very special manner into the presence of God—you will take off your clothes and fold them neatly, and then lie down and sleep with all your might.

In the morning you will jump up the moment you are called, not needing two tellings. Having washed and dressed—and I hope your parents will let you go barefooted, but, if not, you are not to take more than eight minutes to put on each stocking—you will say your morning prayer and read a little bit of the Bible. After breakfast and worship you are to run errands for your mother and do anything else you can to help her, for it is only fair that her work too should be a little lighter in the summer time. Then, if there is no old or ailing neighbour you can run

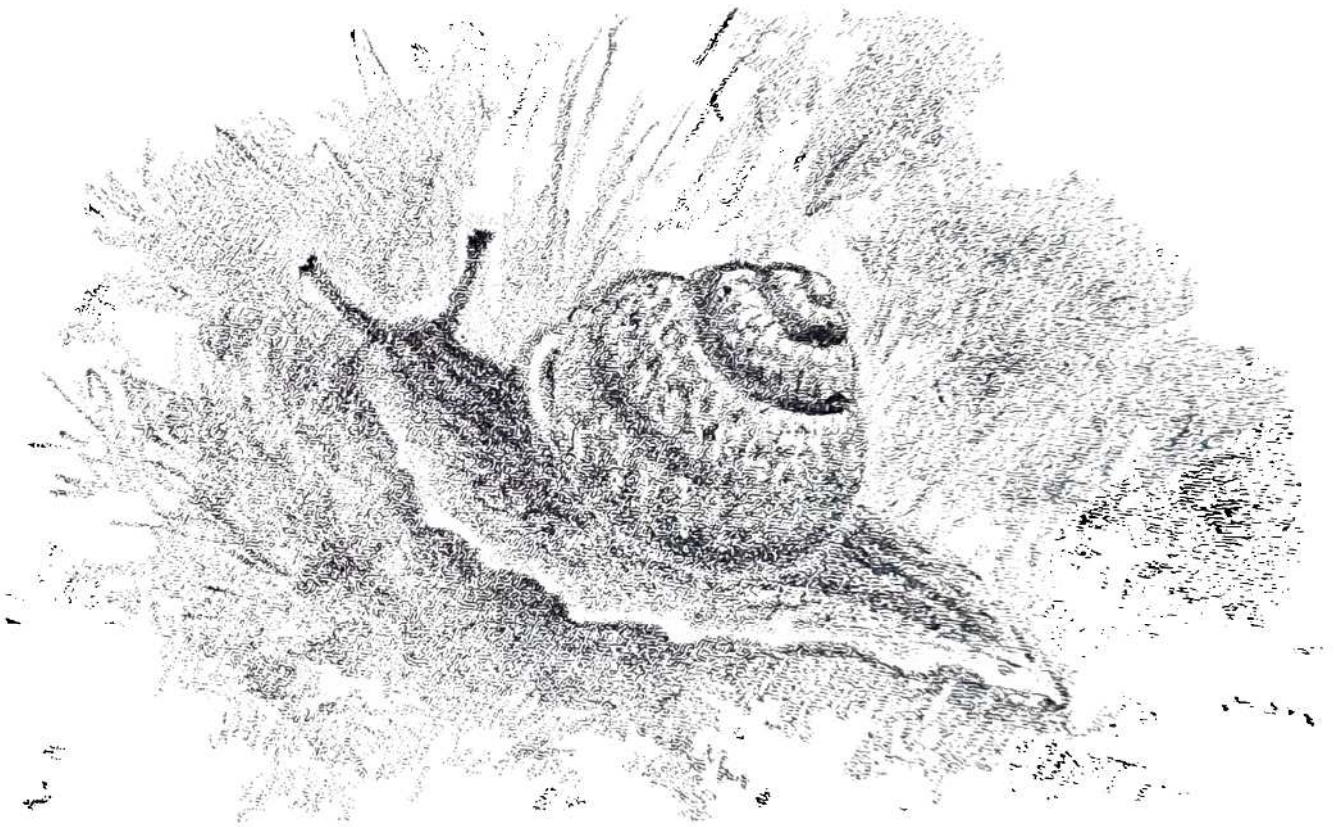
a message for, you will do one sum on your slate of the kind you were busy with when the school broke up. That will be part of your father's work and pleasure every night to examine your sum and mark *C* on it for *correct*, and to give you a new one for next day. Meantime boys will be coming to the door every five minutes to ask if you are coming out to play. But having done your sum, you will next write three or four lines on your copy book, doing them slowly and as beautifully as you can. If you can get one or two other boys to join you, that will do both them and you good. Having finished your writing, you will shew it to your mother, and then say, “May I get out to play now?” And when she says, “Yes,” you will take your cap off the pin at the door—an untidy boy would have to search the whole house for his—and fly out, giving a great whoop of delight as you reach the street. You will enjoy your play all the more for your twenty minutes' or half-hour's work, and when you go back to school on the first day after the holidays, and the other boys have all to be turned back to where they were in the month of May, you will find that you have forgotten nothing, and the master will be pleased, and your lessons at night will be as easy as anything.

After dinner every day you will, of course, hold yourselves in readiness to do anything your mother tells you, and in any case you will never think of going out to play without asking her leave.

Now, I know you won't do what I have asked you ; so I may as well give you one advice more. Before you go out to play in the afternoon, you should learn one question in the Shorter Catechism, and one verse of a Psalm, the 20th, or the 25th, or the 51st, or any other that

your mother may choose.

And so may God keep you, and your parents, and your teachers, and all your friends, from all sin and all harm, and give you, if it be His will, a fine holiday, good weather, and lots of fun.



*The frugal Snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him, where'er he goes ;
Peeps out--and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn--'tis well--
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant ; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges ; both invites
And feasts himself ; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels : himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will--he's sure to be at home.*

—Charles Lamb.

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- 1 F Having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a shew of them openly.
—*Col. 2, 15.*
- 2 S Thou hast led captivity captive.—*Ps. 68, 18.* Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, had a massive gold bracelet, given her by the Duchess of Sutherland, made in the form of a slave's shackle, on the links and clasp of which were the dates of the abolition of slavery in Britain and the United States.
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- 3 S "Remember, many go far on, and can find tears, as Esau did, *Gen. 27, 38*;
4 M And suffer hunger for the truth, as Judas did, *Mark 2, 23*;
5 TU And desire the end of the righteous, as Balaam did, *Num. 23, 10*;
6 W And fight for the Lord, as Saul did, *1 Sam. 15, 13*;
7 TH And ask saints to pray for them, as Pharaoh and Simon Magus did, *Ex. 9, 27*;
Acts 8, 24;
8 F And prophesy and speak of Christ, as Caiaphas did, *John 18, 14*;
9 S And walk softly for fear of judgment, as Ahab did, *1 Kings 21, 7*;
10 S And put away gross sins, as Jehu did, *2 Kings 10, 30*;
11 M And hear the word of God gladly, as Herod did, *Mark 6, 20*;
12 TU And say, Master, I will follow thee, whithersoever Thou goest, *Matt. 8, 19*;
13 W And may taste of the virtues of the life to come, *Heb. 6, 5*; and yet all these are but like gold in chink and colour, and watered brass, and base metal."—*Rutherford's letter to Gordon of Risco.*
- 14 TH What lack I yet?—*Matt. 19, 20.*
- 15 F Because they had no root, they withered away.—*Matt. 13, 6.*
- 16 S Create in me a clean heart, O God.—*Ps. 51, 10.*
-
- 17 S Lead us not into temptation.—*Matt. 6, 13.*
- 18 M Seek first the Kingdom of God.—*v. 33.* Viscount Kenmure, when dying, 1634, made his coachman hold up his hand and promise before God, to choose a godly man for his next master, though he should get less wages, "because his calling was subject to drunkenness and company."
- 9 TU Godliness with contentment is great gain.—*1 Tim. 6, 6.*
- 10 W I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.—*Ps. 119, 63.*
- 21 TH We walked unto the house of God in company.—*Ps. 55, 14.*
- 22 F Boaz said unto the reapers, the Lord be with you.
- 23 S And they answered him, the Lord bless thee.—*Ruth 2, 4.*
-
- 24 S Jesus saith unto them, Children, have ye any meat?—*John 21, 5.*
- 25 M Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.—*Matt. 6, 32.*
- 26 TU He was known of them in breaking of bread.—*Luke 24, 35.*
- 27 W The Lord giveth food to the hungry.—*Ps. 146, 7.*
- 28 TH Having food and raiment let us be content.—*1 Tim. 6, 8.*
- 29 F They did eat their meat with gladness.—*Acts 2, 46.* Master Patrick Simson, 1556-1618, took a piece and blessed it this way: "O Lord, fill our hearts with Thy love, and our mouths with Thy praises. Amen."
- 30 S Gather up the fragments that remain.—*John 6, 12.*
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- 31 S Then cometh harvest.—*John 4, 35.*
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The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 8.



This lad, doing seventy miles in six hours, cycles on Sabbath, because—1. The church is a full mile from his house and is draughty, and he catches cold readily: 2. He claims Christian liberty, judging no man, and refusing to be judged: 3. He likes the Jewish idea of a "day of rest": 4. He prefers quietly studying nature to listening to illogical talk in a stuffy church, "bowing his head like a bulrush," with a set of old hypocrites.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 75.)

The
age of
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IN the series of articles under this heading we have gone, I hope I may say with the good hand of our God upon us, from the age of *one* right onwards, year by year, till we have come to the age of *a hundred and five*. Beyond that it is hardly necessary for us to go with our present end in view. A hundred and five is an age that few in modern times have reached, and it is one, we may say with certainty, that not one of all who may read these words will reach, or in all likelihood even come near. There are in some European countries, where the people are badly educated, great numbers of persons who are reputed to have out-lived this age, but there is reason to believe that the great age of most of these so-called centenarians is a proof rather of the vigour of their imaginations than of the strength of their constitutions. A hundred and five is the age with which the Compiler of the last census returns for Scotland closes his tables. Out of a population of 4,025,647, there were living in 1891 forty-four persons—thirteen men, and thirty-one women—who were over a hundred years old, and of these forty-four there were only three, all women, who were a hundred and five.

If all is well I propose to close this series of articles in the present volume, and I shall therefore in the remaining numbers give only a few more instances of great length of life, no longer following the years in regular order, but taking one here and there, and chiefly from the Bible.

108 IN Tennyson's Memoir reference is made to one PHŒBE HESSEL, on whose tombstone in Brighton there was this inscription:—

Phoebe Hessel.

WHO WAS BORN AT STEPNEY, IN THE YEAR 1713.

SHE SERVED FOR MANY YEARS AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER IN THE
FIFTH REGIMENT OF FOOT IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF EUROPE,

AND IN THE YEAR 1745 FOUGHT UNDER THE COMMAND OF THE
DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, AT THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY,

WHERE SHE RECEIVED A BAYONET WOUND IN HER ARM.

HER LONG LIFE WHICH COMMENCED IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANN
EXTENDED TO THAT OF KING GEORGE IV.,

BY WHOSE MUNIFICENCE SHE RECEIVED COMFORT AND SUPPORT
IN HER LATTER DAYS. SHE DIED AT BRIGHTON,

WHERE SHE HAD LONG RESIDED,

DECEMBER 12TH, 1821, AGED 108.

The words in the fourth last line, "By whose munificence," no doubt mean "At whose tradesmen's expense." King George paid none but gambling debts and rarely, if ever, had a penny which he could honestly call his own. And when old Phœbe told him that the half-guinea which he gave, or said he would give her every

At the
age of
108

week, was too much, that she could live on half that sum, I half suspect she felt that like Sir Philip Sidney she should have said, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." After the death of her husband, William Hessel, some friends, most likely her poor neighbours, bought her a donkey, and with it she travelled, selling fish and other commodities in the villages near Brighton. It was on one of these journeys that she got information which led to the arrest and execution of two men, Rooke and Howell, for robbing the mails. It was the story of what Rooke's mother did in gathering at nights the bones of her boy, as they fell one by one out of the chains on the gallows-tree, that she might bury them reverently in the churchyard, that led Tennyson to write the poem called *Rizpah*.

Proper Names that have become Common Words.

No. VII.—Burke.

EVERY now and then some great criminal makes not only himself, but his very name, hateful for a whole generation. We read in the Bible, for example, in 1st Chronicles 4, 9, of a man called Jabez, who was "more honourable than his brethren, and he called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldest keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me! And God granted him that which he requested." But a few years ago an English Member of Parliament whose first name was Jabez, a great pretender to religion, robbed many thousands of men and women and children, and so odious has that name become that a few months ago a man raised an action for damages for defamation of character in the Law Courts in Edinburgh against another, one of the grounds being that he had called him Jabez!

We should all of us bless God,

not only for keeping us ourselves from open sin, but for keeping others from bringing disgrace on our names

That are the symbols of ourselves.

And so far from taunting them, we should have a great compassion for any whose names have been dishonoured through no fault of theirs.

There lived in Edinburgh seventy years ago two men called Burke and Hare. People still hush their voices when they speak of them. They kept a lodging-house, and having only too easily received £8 or so for the body of one of their lodgers who had died, they conceived the idea of murdering people and so getting more bodies and more money. And this is what they did. They enticed unknown travellers into their house, made them drunk, and then smothered them. When they had done this to fifteen or sixteen people, the suspicions of their neighbours were aroused, and their sin was found out. Hare, the worse of the two, turned King's evidence—

So vanish friendships made in sin—

and Burke, being tried and found guilty, was hanged on the 28th

January, 1829, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. The scene at the execution was a very terrible one. One of his victims had been a poor harmless idiot known all over the town as "Daft Jamie," and as Burke stood on the scaffold, above the loud cries of "*Burke him, Burke him,*" one voice was heard uttering these awful words: "You will see daft Jamie in a minute."

Oh girls and boys, ask God to keep you from committing presumptuous sin, and so dishonouring not only your father's and mother's name but the Name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, into which in your infancy you were baptized. Ask Him specially to keep you from wishing to win money easily. Earn it honestly, and in an honourable calling, with the sweat of your brow. As you love your own souls, avoid all betting, and all lucky-bags, and all guessing competitions for prizes, and all raffles at bazaars, and every other form of gambling. For the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil: which some reaching after have pierced themselves through with many sorrows.



Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.—Luke 12, 6.

ONE day in December, 1892, Rudolph Slatin Pasha—the word is pronounced as if it were Slahtin—the Austrian officer who escaped from the Soudan in 1895 after sixteen years' captivity,

was summoned into the presence of the Khalifa whose prisoner he was, and rudely ordered to take a seat. "Take this thing," said the Khalifa in a severe tone after a short pause, "and see what it contains." The Pasha at once rose and took the object in his hands, and then sat down again. It was a little brass ring with a metal case attached to it. An attempt had been made to open it, and he could plainly see that it contained a paper. It was an anxious moment for him. Could it be a letter from his friends in Europe, or from the Egyptian Government; and had the messenger been captured? As he was opening the case with a knife which had been given him, he turned over in his mind how he should act and what he should say. Happily he had no need to dissemble, for on opening the two pieces of paper which the case contained, he found the following words in German, French, English, and Russian:—

"This crane has been bred and brought up on my estate at Ascania Nova, in the Province of Tauride, in Southern Russia. Whoever catches or kills this bird is requested to write to me and tell me where it occurred.

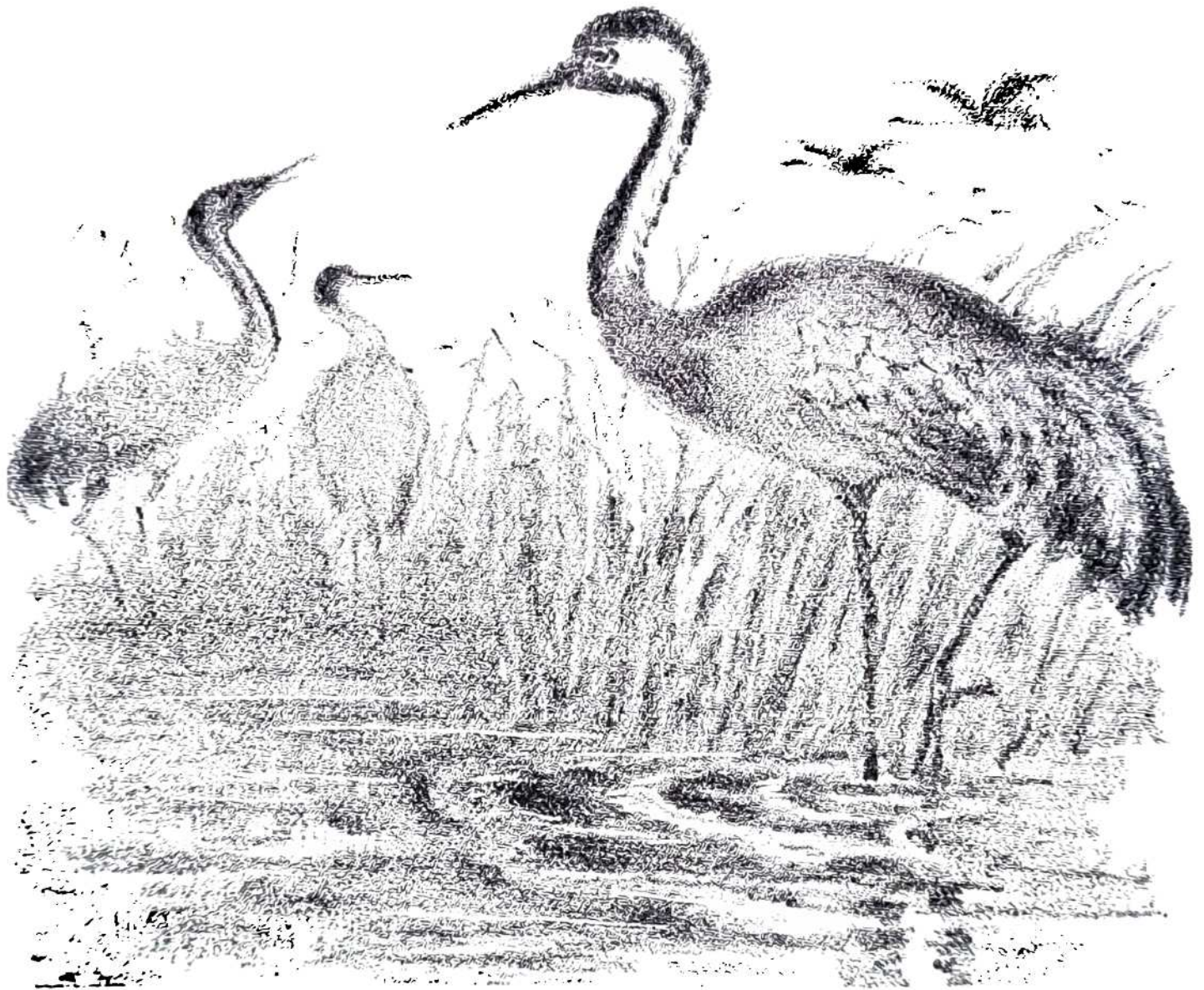
F. R. FALZ-FEIN.

September, 1892."

The Pasha now raised his head which hitherto he had kept closely bent down. "Well," said the Khalifa, "what do the papers say?"

"Sire," he replied, "this case must have been fastened to the neck of a bird which has been

Cranes.



killed. Its owner asks that anyone who finds the bird should let him know where it was caught or killed."

"You have spoken the truth," said the Khalifa, "the bird was killed near Dongola, and the case was found attached to its neck. But no one could read the writing of the Christian. Tell me now what is written on the paper."

Slatin read it, and then tried at the Khalifa's command to describe the geographical position of the country from which the bird had come, and the distance it had travelled before

it was killed. "This is one of the many wickednesses of those unbelievers," the Khalifa replied, "who waste their time in such useless nonsense. A Mohammedan would never have done that."

Slatin was then ordered to lay down the case and withdraw, but before he did so he took one more hurried glance at the paper, and repeated the address over and over again to imprint it on his memory. On his way back to his house he determined that if Providence should ever grant him his freedom,

he would not fail to let its owner know the fate of his bird.

Two and a half years afterwards, a few days after he had succeeded in escaping to Cairo, he noticed in a garden a tame heron stalking across the flower beds. Instantly he thought of Falz-Fein, Ascania Nova, Tauride, South Russia; and, hurrying to his room, wrote him then and there a full account of all that had happened to his crane. Soon afterwards he received in reply a hearty letter of thanks and an invitation to visit the Crimea.

Though Slatin Pasha does not say so, I have no doubt that the finding of that dead crane's body would seem to him like a promise of deliverance. The God Who had led it over two thousand miles of land and sea, and stood by it while it died, had not forgotten and would not forget the captive to whom he had so strangely committed its history and message.

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not: but unless God send His hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In some time, His good time, I shall arrive:

He guides me and the bird. In His good time!

The Battle of the Nile.

1st August, 1798.

They forgot God their Saviour Who had done great things in Egypt.

—Psalm 106, 21.

†T is exactly a hundred years ago on the first of this month since Sir Horatio Nelson, then only thirty-nine years of age, fought the

battle which made him Baron Nelson of the Nile. In the month of May he had been sent from Cadiz with a squadron of observation up the Mediterranean. The French, it was known, had a fleet preparing at Toulon. To Nelson was given the task of watching it and finding out where it meant to go and what it meant to do. Towards the end of the month, however, a violent gale was sent, he says in a letter to his wife, "by the Almighty's goodness to check my consummate vanity. Figure to yourself a vain man, on Sabbath evening at sunset, walking in his cabin with a squadron about him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom this chief placed the firmest reliance, that the proudest ships, in equal numbers, belonging to France would have bowed their flags, and with a very rich prize lying by him. Figure to yourself this proud, conceited man when the sun rose on Monday morning, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been a very unwelcome guest." Hastily refitting his ships off Sardinia, he set off to seek the French fleet which, meantime, had left Toulon with Napoleon Bonaparte on board. For seven weeks he scoured the Mediterranean, but all in vain, though the two fleets, as was afterwards found out, were for several days within a hundred miles of each other. Hearing at last that the French had gone East, he set out once more for Egypt.

Napoleon had landed at Alexandria a month before, and, after several victories, was now in Cairo.

It was a quarter to three in the afternoon when the look-out at the masthead of the *Zealous* announced the discovery of the French fleet in Aboukir Bay, fifteen miles east of Alexandria. The finding out of an enemy's whereabouts, especially at sea, has been always reckoned, in the words of a famous captain, "a feather in a man's cap;" and it is interesting to know that that honour on this occasion rightly belonged to a boy, who was celebrating his fourteenth birthday, George, afterwards Sir George Elliot, the younger son of the Lord Minto who was Governor-General of India in 1806. Young George was Signal Midshipman of the *Goliath*, and, while sweeping the horizon with his telescope from his perch on the royal-yard, discovered the French at anchor. The *Zealous*, however, was so close to the *Goliath* that if he had cried down to the deck of his own ship her people would have heard him, and he, therefore, slid down by the backstay, a rope which helps to support the mast, and reported what he had seen. The *Goliath* instantly hoisted the signal, but the toggel, or little wooden pin under the upper flag, coming off, the lower flag came down before the signal had been completed; and, before the flag could be recovered, the *Zealous* had made the signal, though whether from the observation of its own look-out, or from his noticing what was happening on board the *Goliath*, was never

known. It was the *Zealous*, however, that got all the credit.

The same little fellow, strange to say, led the British a second time before that eventful day was done.

The French fleet had been anchored in a straight line across the bay, in shoal water, as near the shore as they could go. The wind was blowing right along the line, so that, as there were no steamships in those days, the vessels at the far end could not come to the help of those in front of them. Nelson, coming with the wind, attacked the weather end of the French fleet, and crushed it by superior force. The *Goliath* and *Zealous* were the two leading ships. Before they encountered the enemy, it occurred to Captain Foley that the French were probably less prepared for fighting on the side next the shore, and that it would be a great advantage to the British if they could get in and attack the French on the inner side. Little Elliot, who was aide to Foley, hearing him wonder if there would be sufficient depth of water to risk the experiment, ran up the rigging to look where the buoys were that marked where the French anchors had been let down, and seeing that they were at the usual distance of a cable's length, that is 200 yards off, concluded that, as there was all that radius for the French ships to swing in as the tide ebbed and flowed, there must be room for the British ships to get in and pass them, and so reported to his Captain. It was this manœuvre, by which the French ships were attacked at once

both on their prepared and unprepared sides, that made the victory one of the greatest on record.

The British fleet consisted of fourteen ships, with 1,012 guns and 8,068 men, of whom 218 were killed and 677 were wounded. The French had 19 ships, 3 of them little ones, with 1,196 guns, and 11,230 men. The battle began at twenty-eight minutes past six, just at sunset, and continued all that night, and all the next morning, till about ten o'clock. By that time almost the whole French fleet had been burnt or taken. Two of the smaller vessels and two of the larger ones—the *Généreux* and the *Guillaume Tell*—escaped. They were both captured some time afterwards, but not till the *Généreux* had itself captured the *Leander*, one of Nelson's fleet, which had been chosen to take to England the despatches which announced the victory. It was two months before the news of the battle reached home. Now-a-days we can go from London to Port Said, by train and ship, in four days, and can send a message and have an answer by telegraph in less than one hour.

There are two other incidents connected with the battle that must be told. About eight o'clock in the evening Nelson was wounded in the head. In 1794, at the siege of Calvi, he had lost the sight of his right eye, a piece of gravel being driven into it by a shot. In 1797 he lost his right arm while attacking the Spanish town of Santa Cruz, or Teneriffe, in the Canary Islands. This third wound he expected to prove fatal. He sent a loving

message to his wife, and then, while the blood streamed down his face, wrote the beginning of a letter to the King:—"God Almighty has blessed his Majesty's arms."

The escape of the two French ships was a great grief to him afterwards. He was a man, it has been said, who hankered after completeness in all that he did. He would never call a thing well done that might have been better done. "If it had pleased God that I had not been wounded," he wrote, "I do not think a boat would have escaped to tell the tale."

The other incident was the blowing up of the *Orient*, the flagship of the French Admiral, de Brueys, who was killed early in the action. She took on fire a little before nine. The British captains, seeing this—for terrible things have to be done in war—concentrated their guns on her to thwart the efforts her crew were making to extinguish the flames. When her destruction was seen to be inevitable, the news was told to Nelson, who staggered up on deck, and gave orders to launch the only boat his ship, the *Vanguard*, had that was fit for use, to help to save the unhappy crew. At a quarter before ten, the *Orient* blew up with a tremendous explosion. After an awful pause and death-like silence, which lasted for some time, the wreckage of her masts and spars, which had been carried to a vast height, fell all over the surrounding ships, and then the moon rose, "and from her tranquil path looked down, through the clear Egyptian air, upon the scene of devastation." Her crew had

numbered one thousand and ten. Of these, the British saved only about seventy. Amongst the lost were Captain Casabianca and his little boy, but ten years old, who stood to the last beside his father on the burning deck.

Nine months after the battle, one of Nelson's captains, Benjamin Hallowell of the *Swiftsure*, fearing, it is said, the effect of the praise and flattery that were being lavished on his chief, sent him a strange gift—a coffin which he had caused to be made of wood and iron picked up by his men from the wreckage of the *Orient*. With it there came this letter:—

“My Lord,

Herewith, I send you a coffin made of part of *L' Orient's* mainmast, that when you are tired of this life you may be buried in one of your own trophies—but may that period be far distant is the sincere wish of your obedient and much obliged servant,

BEN. HALLOWELL.

Swiftsure, May 23rd, 1799.”

The sailors on Nelson's ship were not too well pleased when the coffin came on board. They took it as a sign that they should have hot work, “for you see,” said they, “the Admiral intends to fight till he is killed, and there he is to be buried.” Nelson himself, however, highly appreciated the gift, and caused it to be set behind the chair on which he sat at dinner, and there it remained for some days, till at length he was prevailed on by the entreaties of an old servant to allow it to be carried below. But it

followed him in his wanderings till he was killed at Trafalgar, on the 21st October, 1805; and in it his body now rests in the crypt of St. Paul's, amidst the roar of London.



Let us not be vain-glorious.—Gal. 5, 26. R.V.

ONE day a youth, who was desirous of becoming an engineer, called on George Stephenson, the man to whom we owe the locomotive, flourishing a gold-headed cane in his hand.

“Put by that stick, my man,” said Mr. Stephenson to him, “and then I will speak to you.”



The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 8.—Collisions at Sea.

WHEN I visited our Old Pilot the other day I found him confined to his room, or, to use his own words, “with both anchors down,” suffering great pain in his limbs, the effect of many a long anxious stand on the Bridge in fog, and storm, and snow. The pain is most severe above his right ankle, where he was badly hurt, over fifty years ago, by falling down the main-hatch, through the slipping of a plank, into the hold of the *Miramichi* barque at Quebec. Fifty years since that fall, and only now are its full effects coming to light! May God keep you all in youth from those worse falls which tell both on body and soul all one's life, and never more so than in old age.

Our conversation turned naturally on the recent loss of the French steamship *Bourgogne*. The Old Pilot, as might be expected in one who knows the sea and loves seafaring men, was most unwilling to take up an ill report. One should be very cautious, he said, about believing what is said as to the cowardice or cruelty of sailors, no matter to what nation they belong. When a collision occurs, one may be sure that very few persons remain calm enough to observe anything accurately. An order shouted loudly might easily be mistaken for a threat, and a sailor pushing his way to the post of duty might quite readily find himself charged with thrusting women and other passengers cruelly aside.

I thank God with all my heart, he continued, that I cannot speak on this matter from experience, but I have seen enough to make me very slow to judge another man. My nearest experience to a collision at sea occurred many years ago while I was taking a large steamer from the Clyde round to London. We had stopped to take soundings to find out our exact position, on account of fog. We were near the Lizard, in Cornwall, at the time. When we stopped I sent word to the chief engineer to stand by and be ready to go ahead or astern in a moment if necessary, for I knew that sometimes when a ship is stopped that way an engineer takes advantage of the halt to tighten some bolt that has got loose, or do something else of that kind, if he is not made aware of the danger the

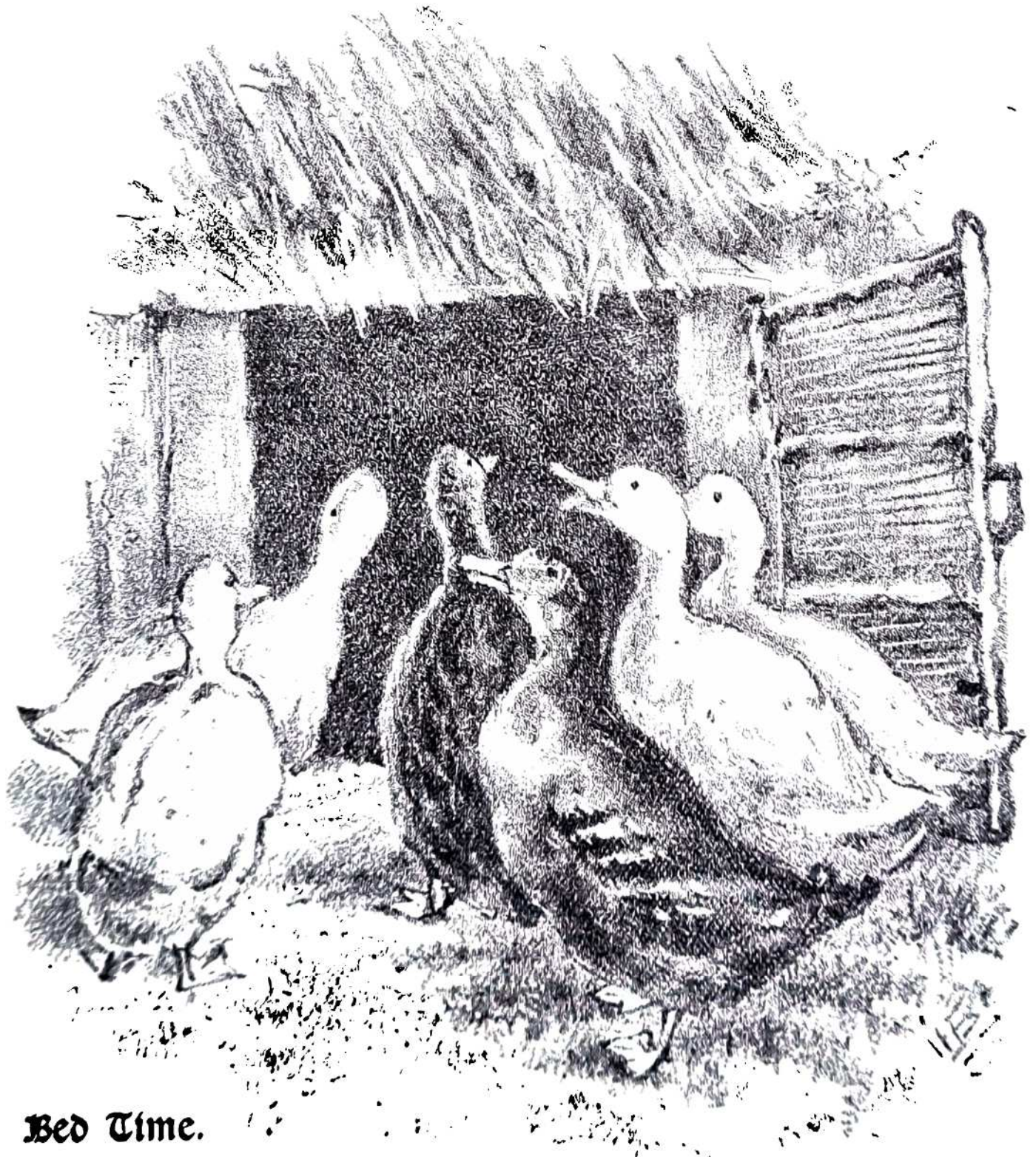
ship is in. Just as the lead was hauling in we heard a steamer's fog-horn coming directly towards us. Above the fog we could see her four mastheads. The angle at which they were showed that she would come very close to our stern. I signalled to the engine-room, "Full speed ahead." The signal was attended to at once, and well it was so, for the next minute the steamer went past so close that one of our men who was standing aft affirmed that there was not room for a cork fender between the two ships. The prompt action of our engineer had saved our ship, no doubt of that. A moment, a fraction of a moment, is a big thing at sea, and on dry land too.

Another time, in April, 1878, I was taking a yacht round to Portsmouth to get in her guns. She was a present from the British Government to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and was named the *Glasgow*. We had thick weather most of the way round. Off St. Catherine's Point, in the Isle of Wight, the fog got still denser. All of a sudden we heard a sailing ship's fog-horn and a steamer's whistle on our starboard bow. We altered our course a little to keep clear of them. The next moment we heard a crash; the two vessels had collided. We ported our helm and ran as close in their direction as we could. I gave orders to have the boats ready for lowering to pick up any men who might be in the water. We couldn't see one another, but I cried out to the master of the

steamer, "Do you want any help?" I was greatly relieved the next moment when I heard him answer, "No, the schooner's down but we have saved all hands."

I am afraid these incidents are

hardly worth telling, but for my own part I am glad for once that, so far as collisions at sea are concerned, I have no story to tell, and for that I again wish most humbly to thank God.



Bed Time.

1	M	My Lord delayeth His coming.— <i>Matt. 24, 48.</i>
2	TU	He prophesieth of the times that are far off.— <i>Ezek. 12, 27.</i> Dr. Maclaren of Manchester calls this "a common mistake and lame excuse."
3	W	Ye that put far away the evil day.— <i>Amos 6, 3.</i>
4	TH	Yet a very little while.— <i>Heb. 10, 37 (R. V.)</i>
5	F	In such an hour as ye think not.— <i>Matt. 24, 44.</i>
6	S	The Lord is not slack, but is longsuffering.— <i>2 Pet. 3, 9.</i>
7	S	Who can find a virtuous woman?— <i>Prov. 31, 10.</i>
8	M	For her price is far above rubies.
9	TU	The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.
10	W	She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.
11	TH	She openeth her mouth with wisdom;
12	F	And in her tongue is the law of kindness.
13	S	Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised. The wife of Dr. S. C. Malan, a great linguist, wrote these verses in her Bible on her marriage day, 14th April, 1834. After them Dr. Malan wrote <i>Προσωπυλισθη ναὺς</i> , <i>prosormisthe naus</i> , <i>The ship has found an anchorage</i> , an allusion to a seal which his father gave him when he left Geneva for England, whose motto, under a ship on a stormy sea, was, <i>Jacter dum appellem</i> , <i>Let me be tossed about if only I reach land.</i>
14	S	The boy Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem.— <i>Luke 2, 43-47 (R. V.)</i>
15	M	They found Him in the temple,
16	TU	Sitting in the midst of the doctors,
17	W	Both hearing them, and asking them questions.
18	TH	A fool hath no delight in understanding.— <i>Prov. 18, 2.</i>
19	F	The Athenians spent their time on nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing.— <i>Acts 17, 21.</i>
20	S	In understanding be men.— <i>1 Cor. 14, 20.</i> "My light young nature was giffen mair to be superficial nor solid, circumferential nor centrik, desiring to hear and to have the names of many things, but never weel digesting nor ryping out the nature of any, soon liking and soon lothing everie thing."— <i>James Melville's Diary.</i>
21	S	This is His Commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son,
22	M	And love one another.— <i>1 John 3, 23.</i>
23	TU	Look not every man on his own things,
24	W	But every man also on the things of others.— <i>Phil. 2, 4.</i>
25	TH	The royal law.— <i>James 2, 8.</i> Mr. Henry Whitehead, an English minister who died in 1896, gave up playing on the cornet, of which he was very fond, when he left Oxford to live in London, saying, "Many poor neighbours might object and not like to tell me."
26	F	If we love one another, God dwelleth in us,
27	S	And His love is perfected in us.— <i>1 John 4, 12.</i>
28	S	Unus pro omnibus, One (died) for all.— <i>2 Cor. 5, 14.</i>
29	M	Remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt,
30	TU	And the Lord thy God redeemed thee.— <i>Deut. 15, 15.</i>
31	W	Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee.— <i>Is. 43, 4.</i> The Rev. John Newton of Olney, the friend of Cowper, and author of the hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," had these three texts in large letters on his study wall. He was mate of a slave-ship in his youth.

September, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

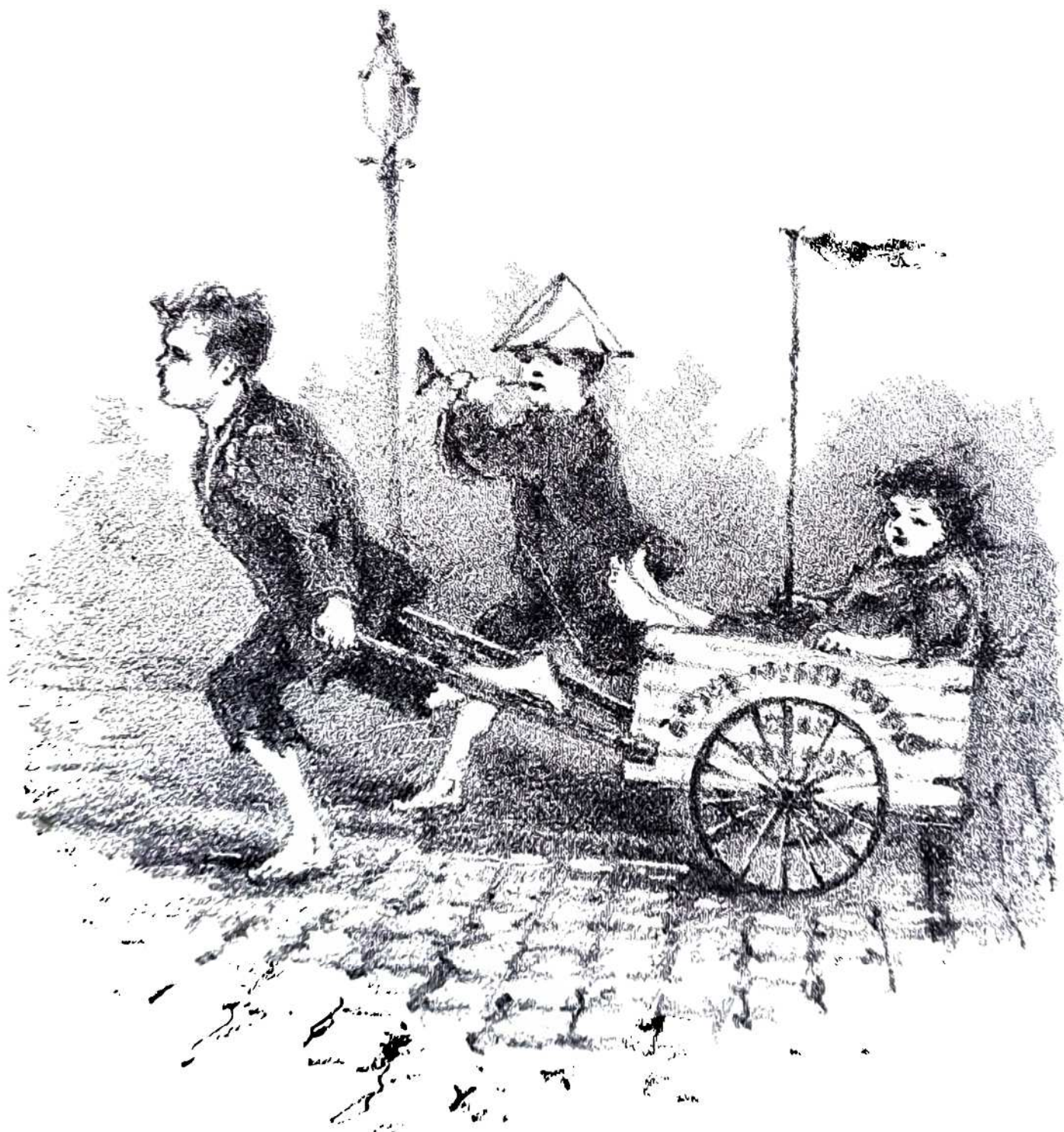
The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

No. 9.

A Royal Progress.



The Morning Watch for 1897, being Vol. X., is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

The Volumes of the Morning Watch for 1888, '89, '91, '92, '93, and '94, are now out of print; but those for 1890, '95, and '96, may still be had. Price, One Shilling.

Greenock: Jas. M'Kelvie & Sons.

Philip II. of Spain.

ON the 13th of September, 1598, three hundred years ago this month, Philip II. of Spain died in the seventy-second year of his age. He was one of the most devoted servants the Church of Rome ever had, and one of the worst men that ever lived. "If he possessed a single virtue," says Mr. Motley the historian, "it has eluded my conscientious research. If there are vices—as possibly there are—from which he was exempt, it is because it is not permitted to human nature to attain perfection even in evil." It was he who in 1588 sent the Armada against Britain. Protestantism never had a fiercer

enemy. In 1568 he sentenced, by an edict, every man, woman, and child in the Netherlands to death, and by means of the Roman Catholic Inquisition actually burned, or hanged, or beheaded, or buried alive, at least fifty thousand human creatures. He died like Herod, eaten up of worms, suffering torment that cannot be described. Yet, a short time before his death, he declared that in all his life he had never consciously done wrong to any one. When he ascended the throne in 1556, he became King of Spain, Naples, Sicily, and the Netherlands, Duke of Milan, ruler of Tunis and the Barbary Coast, of the Canaries and Cape de Verde Islands, the Philippines and Spice Islands, of large colonies in the West Indies, and the vast territories of Mexico and Peru. When he died, he left to his successor only Cuba and the Canaries and the Philippine Islands. To his teaching and example Spain owes, in great measure, her pride, her indolence, her bankruptcy, and all that has ended in her present degradation.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 87.)

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There was living in Northumberland in 1657 an OLD MINISTER, of whom Mr. Thomas Atkin, the son of a Lord Mayor of London of that time, gives this account in a letter to Thomas Fuller: "It fortuned, in my journey to Scotland, I lay at Alnwick one Sabbath by the way; and understanding from the host of the house where I lodged that this Minister lived within three miles of that place, I took my horse after dinner, and rode thither, to hear him preach, for

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my own satisfaction. I found him in the Desk, where he read unto us some of Holy David's Psalms, and two chapters, one out of the Old, the other out of the New Testament, without the use of spectacles. The Bible out of which he read the Chapters was a very small printed Bible. He went afterwards into his Pulpit, where he prayed and preached to us about an hour-and-a-half. His text was, "*Seek ye the Kingdom of God, and all things shall be added unto you.*" In my poor judgment he made an excellent good sermon, and went cleverly through without the help of any notes. After sermon I went with him to his house, where I proposed these several following questions to him: Whether it was true what was reported of him concerning his Hair? whether or no he had a new set of Teeth come? whether or no his Eyesight ever failed him? and whether in any measure he found his Strength renewed unto him? He answered me distinctly to all these; and told me he understood the News-book reported his Hair to be come a dark brown again; but that is false: he took his cap off and shewed me it. It is come again like a child's, but rather flaxen than either brown or grey. For his Teeth, he hath three come within these two years, not yet to their perfection; while he bred them he was very ill. Forty years since he could not read the biggest Print without Spectacles, and now, he blesseth God, there is no Print so small but he can read it without them. For his Strength, he thinks himself as strong now as he hath been these twenty years. Not long since he walked to Alnwick to dinner and back again, six north-country miles. He is now an hundred and ten years of age, and, ever since last May, a hearty body, very cheerful, but stoops very much. He writes himself **MACHELL VIVAN**. He is a Scottish man, born near Aberdeen. I forget the town's name where he is now Pastor; he hath been there fifty years."

Whether it was the old man's writing, or the young man's reading, that was at fault--and Mr. Thomas Atkin would not be the first worthy of that name who has been a poor scholar—I know not, but **MACHELL VIVAN** undoubtedly stands for **MACILWAIN**.

The whole story is an interesting illustration of what Dr. Wendell Holmes once wrote to the poet Whittier: "At seventy we are objects of veneration; at eighty, of curiosity; at ninety, of wonder; and if we reach a hundred, we are candidates for a side show attached to Barnum's Exhibition." It is a striking example, also, of what happens every Sabbath day. We go to church like Mr. Atkin for "our own satisfaction," and we come away criticising the minister's look, his manner, his voice; we find fault with some expressions which he used, or perhaps pronounce his sermon to be "an excellent good one," and are then done with it. We forget that the preacher has a *message for us* that demands an *explicit answer*. That was the mistake that King Agrippa made. The question he had to settle that day he heard Paul preach was not about Paul's appeal to Cæsar, but God's appeal to *him*, "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets?" Then said Agrippa unto Festus, this man

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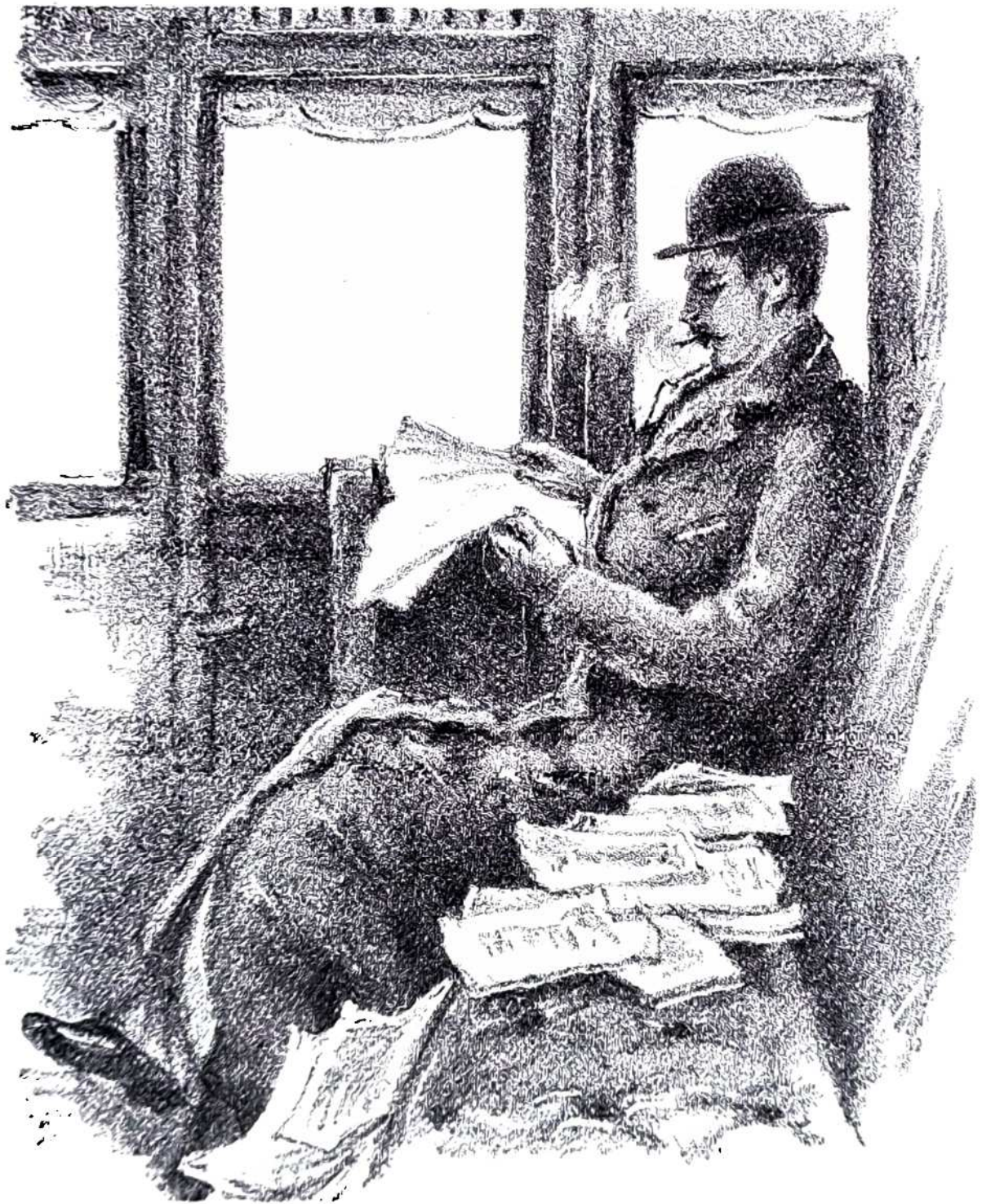
might have been set at liberty, if he had not appealed unto Cæsar." What he should have said was this: "*Sir, what must I do to be saved?*"

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"JOSEPH said unto his brethren, I die: and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which He sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob. And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." "And the children of Israel"—two hundred years afterwards—"went up armed out of the land of Egypt. And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him." "And the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up"—forty years before—"out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem."—*Gen. 50, 24; Exod. 13, 19; Josh. 24, 32.*

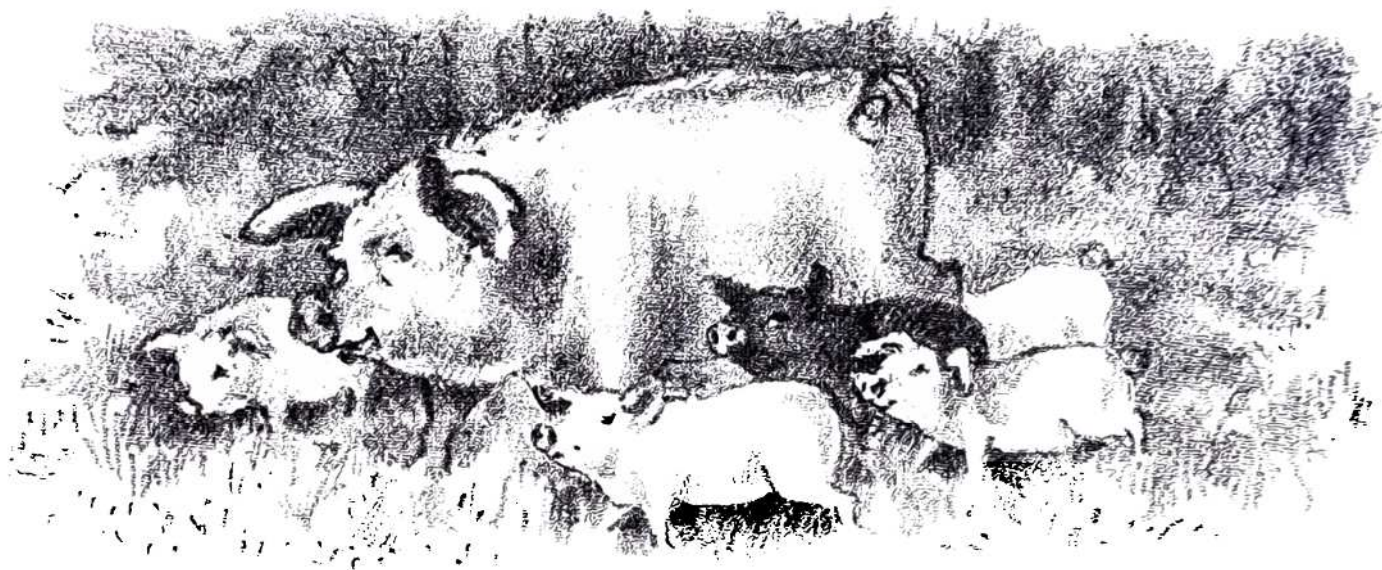
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At the same age, a hundred and ten years, died Joseph's greatest descendant, JOSHUA. When we first read of him he was one of Moses' "young men." The name Joshua is the Hebrew form of the Greek name Jesus, as we see in *Hebrews 4, 8*, where the words, "If Jesus had given them rest," are rightly given in the Revised Version, "If Joshua had given them rest." Joshua's name was originally Oshea, but God changed it because He loved the name of Jesus above all others. The coming of His Own Son in the flesh was the one thing He wished the world to know. It was a secret, however, hid from eternal ages, which He could not tell till the fulness of the time was come, when men would be able to receive it. But He came as near telling it as He could. Joshua, like Caleb, and like many another person, apparently lost forty years of his life through the sin of other people. Yet, in reality, these lost years were the making of him, and he got them all back at the end. At eighty-five he was as strong as a man of forty-five, with twenty-five years of glorious work before him. The two things in his life that I think the most beautiful are: 1. His interview with the Captain of the Lord's host close by Jericho. Christ appeared to him in visible form, the first person that Joshua spoke to on Canaanitish soil. Even then our Lord could have said, "I go to prepare a place for you." And Joshua went unto Him, and said unto Him, "Art Thou for us or for our adversaries?" What a question to put to Him Who had sworn to give Israel that land hundreds of years before! And, above all, what a question to put to Him Who, fourteen hundred years after, was to stand in the flesh on that very spot, and pass that way as He went to Jerusalem to be crucified for us! 2. Joshua's word to poor Achan, while still unrepentant, who had by his sin brought a great affront on God in the eyes of all the inhabitants of the land, and had caused the death of six-and-thirty Israelites—"My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him." Surely no criminal in the world's history was ever spoken to more tenderly or graciously.



This young man, who is travelling from Edinburgh to York on legal business, has taken with him to read on the way, in addition to a bag of documents, two Newspapers, three Illustrated Weeklies, and the following Magazines: the "Contemporary," the "Nineteenth Century," the "Fortnightly," "Blackwood," "Macmillan's," and "Scribner's Monthly;" "because," he says, "a man on a journey needs food for his mind as well as for his body."

And this same young man never goes to church more than once, "because he believes that one sermon of fifteen or twenty minutes' length is as much as any man can properly digest in one week."



An Acorn Party.

It is two hundred years ago—see how things are remembered!—since these five young hogs were turned out with their mother into an oak forest in Hampshire. Ever since they could understand anything, she had been telling them about the feast of acorns they would have when they were a little older. Every strange thing they found they brought to her saying, “Is this an acorn, mother? Is an acorn bigger than this?”

But at last the eventful day came. With great difficulty, for they were much excited and everybody was speaking and capering, she gave her final instructions. They were not to eat more than five times five and three other fives—that is, forty, for that is the way they counted—the first day; two more fives the next day; and so on. Oh but it was a happy week! Feasting all day, and such delicious dreams all night. They thought they had the cleverest mother and the prettiest and the

kindest that ever was. But on the eighth day a fox turned up on the scene. It had come seven miles to rob a poor widow’s henroost, and had come a day too late. The chickens had been all sold and taken away the day before. So Master Reynard was in a bad mood.

“Well, well!” he said, when he saw our young friends and their mother, “of all the greedy, selfish creatures I ever saw—! Do you know what you are doing? You are eating at least four thousand acorns a week. It takes two thousand oak trees to build a seventy-four gun ship; that is to say, you are eating two men-of-war every week, or eight every moon! Before I would do a thing like that, I would rather—I would rather—” “rob widows’ houses!” said the hogs’ mother.

“It is not for you,” said the fox loftily, “to bandy words with me,” but it slunk away, all the same, humiliated at being beaten in repartee by a—Pig. “What was that robbing red beast saying,

mother?" asked the little ones.

"He says we are eating men-of-war, but I don't know what men-of-war are. Never mind what he says, my dears. Eat you away at your hearts of oak, and grow as big and as strong as you can."

There was no doubt, however, that the hogs' mother was a good deal put about by what the fox had said. Many a night she tossed and tumbled about, and many a day she roamed up and down in the oak glades, thinking. She was trying to comprehend what men-of-war were, but no one could tell her.

But at last she was greatly comforted by what she heard a forester say one day to some man who was with him. "Is it not a

mistake," said the man, "to allow these swine to eat up the acorns that way? These acorns would be men-of-war in a hundred years."

"No," said the forester, "these creatures are the best friends the navy has. There are many hundreds of acorns on every tree, and an acre of land can only grow forty oaks. If it weren't for the hogs, the ground would be choked with little saplings that would come to nothing; besides, they are all the time planting acorns by running hither and thither and trampling them under foot. No, no; they are doing no harm. Whether it be corn or acorn, God's law holds true; the earth brings forth both seed to the sower and bread to the eater."



My First Ship.

[Our Old Pilot has been very ill. He is now, I am glad to say, much better, but I have not thought it right to trouble him for any Reminiscences this month. I give instead the story of a young officer who knows already in his brief career at sea what it is to be wrecked.]

IT had long been my wish to go to sea, and it was sore against my will that I was sent to an office. I am glad now, though, for I learned a great deal there every way. I was a good while in it, but my love for the sea continued all the time. I would scarcely say I *love* it now, though I have a *great respect* for the sea; it's my work, and I have got to stick to it, but it was *love* then without a doubt. I had, like many boys, romantic ideas of what the sea was—a region of tropical wonders that led to lands where there were cocoanuts “beyond the dreams of avarice.” I had seen pictures, too, on teaboxes, of palm trees and catamarans, and I wished to get away where I could see them.

When a boy becomes an apprentice, a premium is usually charged, ranging from £10 to £30. If his parents are able and willing to pay more, the shipowner of course does not object. An apprentice sometimes gets no wages, even though he pays a premium; in other cases he gets it all back in wages, and maybe a little more. I signed articles on a Monday forenoon, binding myself for four years, my wages to be £6, £7, £8, £9, and

ten shillings each year instead of washing; that is, I was to pay my own washing-bill whenever we came to a port.

My ship was at Glasgow. Curiously, it never entered my head to ask what size she was, and when I went to join her on the Wednesday, I was pleasantly surprised to see a big four-masted barque of 2,400 tons, in all the glory of new paint, getting ready for her first voyage. I often wished afterwards that she had been smaller. There were so many men on board, thirty-five all told, that a boy had not the same chance of learning things.

I went up in my office clothes, not knowing what I should get to do. I expected to sleep on board if I did not get home at night. I went up the gangway ladder, with my letter of introduction in my hand, shaking a little at the thought of meeting the Captain. Some one directed me to the cabin, and there I saw him. He opened the letter, read it, looked at me up and down, and then told me to go on deck and wait till he came out, and he would take me to the Sailors' Home, where I was to board and lodge till the ship sailed. While I was waiting I asked one of the riggers' boys, a very little fellow, if he knew anything about the other apprentices. “Don't you put yourself about,” he said, “they're as green as yourself. I had to show them how to put on a timber hitch.” That made me feel quite cheery.

In a little the Captain came out. On our way to the Home he told me about other boys he had had.

"No doubt," he said, "you'll all be running away when you get to Singapore." I assured him I would not do that. He smiled, and said, "We'll see."

I got my room and a ticket entitling me to meals at the restaurant at the dock, and then I found my way back to the ship alone. The rigger boy took me along to the fore-peak, a small hold right forward, where the third mate and other four apprentices were putting in stores. "Hie," he cried, "here's another of your apprentices." I had seen the mate somewhere or other before, and that also cheered me. They were carrying in big tins of preserved meat that were lying on the quay, so I set to and joined them. That went on till five o'clock, and then home, or rather to the Home. There's a big difference there! The watchman wakened me at 5.30 next morning; and then to the ship. More stores to be carried in, bags of meal and flour and biscuit, till we were as tired as cab-horses. I was so white with dust that a sailor at the Home that night asked me if I was a baker. As my other clothes had not arrived yet, I could not go out in the evening, and I just watched the sailors playing draughts and cards. My chest was brought up on the Saturday, and then at 3 p.m. I got away and came home to Greenock to spend my last Sabbath with my people. We sailed on the Monday forenoon, came down the river, adjusted compasses up the Gareloch; and were then towed round to Barry Docks in Wales,

putting into Lamlash on the way, windbound, for a day and a night. My first work as we left Glasgow was coiling some ropes, and then I was sent to help a rigger at the wheel. When we were opposite Greenock, I saw my grandfather on the quay, and felt cut up a bit. Then I saw my father on the Esplanade, and one of his workmen whom I knew waved his shovel to me. The donkeyman, that's the man that worked the donkey-engine on board, came up at that moment and said, "Man, wouldn't you like to be ashore in Greenock now?" I said nothing, but I felt as if I could have cried.

Of the other four apprentices, one is still at sea and doing well. One left us after we arrived at New York from Singapore. He died a good while ago, and I am sorry to say, I fear, poor fellow, he shortened his own days. The third also left the sea, and was at Boston when I last heard of him. The fourth, the one I liked best of all and that everybody liked, fell overboard one day after we had been two years away. He was loosening a sail, and fell from the mainyard. I had just gone below at the time, when I heard that awful cry, "Man overboard!" I rushed on deck at once. For some time I thought it was one of the sailors, till, happening to ask one of the other boys where the "Captain" was—that was the nickname we had given him, the real Captain of course being always known as "the old man"—I was told, "It's him that's overboard." The ship was at once run up into

the wind and a boat put out, the lashings being cut. A life-buoy had been thrown to him, which he was seen to swim to and catch hold of. But as the boat could not find him—and it searched for eight hours, and there were men up aloft all that time, too, scanning the water—the only conclusion we could come to was that he had been caught by a shark. Our comrade was a Highlander, and a fine fellow, who could stand any amount of chaff, and was always in the best of humour.

What about the cocoanuts? Have I ever got any? Lots! But the first I got were in the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java. A boat had come out from the shore laden with them and pineapples and bananas and eggs. I had no money that the man would take, so I gave him one of my shirts for two dozen of the cocoanuts. The mate having demanded one of them, and the very best of them, I took it up to the poop to him. The Captain, who had seen the transaction, gave me a fatherly word. "What did that shirt cost you?" he asked. "I don't know, sir," I said; "I never bought a shirt." "Well," he answered, "I'm sure it cost a great deal more than the cocoanuts are worth!"

And what about the palm trees and the catamarans? Yes, I've seen them, too, and though they didn't look quite the same to me as they had done on the teaboxes, they are very wonderful and very beautiful all the same. Some of the glamour, of course, goes off a sea-faring life, but it goes off every trade. I

imagine I'm as happy as if I had been a farmer's boy. You know that's what we say in dirty weather, speaking sarcastically, "Who wouldn't leave a farm and go to sea?" But if a man says, "Are you not sorry you became a sailor?" I find it silences him if I say, "Are you never sorry you became a joiner?" Every calling has its drawbacks and its dangers, and maybe following the sea has more than most, but the God Who made the dry land made the sea, too, and a sailor can serve Him and get His blessing as well as a farmer, every bit.



Richard Cameron's Monument at Airmoss.

Here Lyes the Corps of that famous and faithful

Halt, curious passenger, come here
and read
Our souls triumph with Christ our
glorious head
In self defence we murder'd here
do Ly
To wittness against this Nations
perjury.

M
R. C.

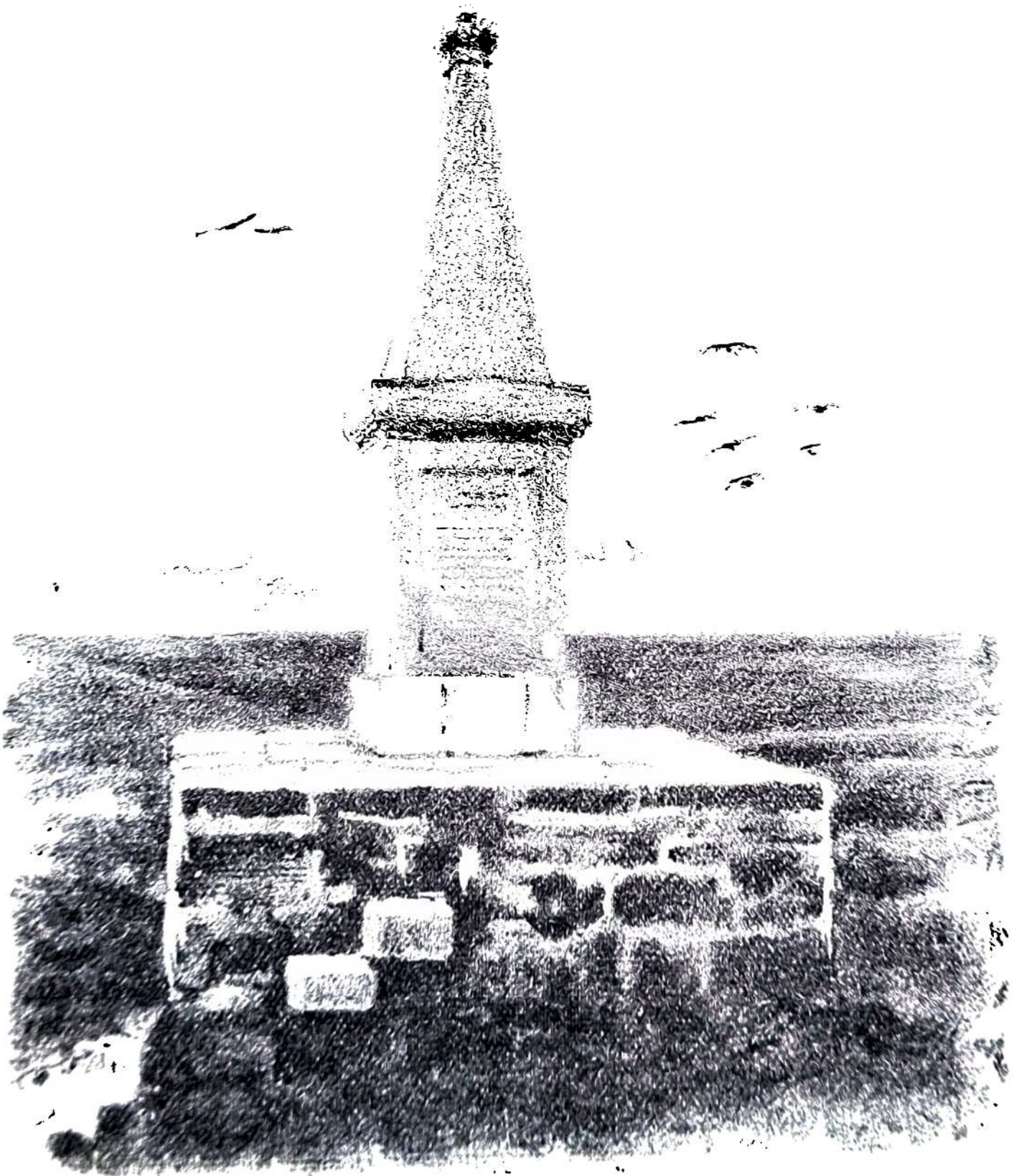
Michael Cameron	Robert Dick
John Hamilton	Cap. John Fuller
John Gemmel	Robert Paterson
James Gray	Thomas Watson

of Truth and Godliness July 20 Anno 1680

Preacher of the Gospel Mr Richard Cameron who with several others fell

here in an encounter with the bloody enemies

*"In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorland of mist, where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."*



1	TH	Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness ; and let him reprove me, it shall be as oil upon the head ; let not my head refuse it.— <i>Ps. 141, 5 (R. V.)</i> . “The best mirror is an old friend.”— <i>George Herbert</i> .
2	F	I withstood Peter to the face, because he was to be blamed.— <i>Gal. 2, 11</i> .
3	S	Evil company doth corrupt good manners.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 33</i> .
4	S	Be ye not stiff-necked, as your fathers were.— <i>2 Chron. 30, 8</i> .
5	M	Your fathers tempted Me.— <i>Ps. 95, 9</i> .
6	TU	Ye are risen up in your fathers' stead, an increase of sinful men.— <i>Num. 32, 14</i> . “Next unto the special favour of God, nothing stood me in mair stead than the early embracing of unbocht (unbought) experience by the stombling errours of others.”— <i>Letter of Sir James Melville, 1549-1593, to his Son</i> .
7	W	Ye consent unto the works of your fathers.— <i>Luke 11, 48 (R. V.)</i> .
8	TH	Ye have done worse than your fathers.— <i>Jer. 16, 12</i> ,
9	F	Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost : as your fathers did, so do ye.— <i>Acts 7, 51</i> .
10	S	Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers.— <i>Matt. 23, 32</i> .
11	S	Thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass.— <i>Matt. 21, 5</i> .
12	M	The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them. It is not, or, at least, till lately was not etiquette to have finger-glasses on the table when a Prince was present. “Nobody ever washed before Royalty.”
13	TU	But I am among you as he that serveth.— <i>Luke 22, 27</i> .
14	W	I, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet.— <i>John 13, 14</i> .
15	TH	Learn of Me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart.— <i>Matt. 11, 29</i> .
16	F	He took the blind man by the hand.— <i>Mark 8, 23</i> .
17	S	Christ died for our sins.— <i>1 Cor. 15, 3</i> .
18	S	When ye pray, use not vain repetitions.— <i>Matt. 6, 7</i> .
19	M	God is in heaven ; therefore, let thy words be few.— <i>Eccl. 5, 2</i> .
20	TU	They be many that fight against me, O Thou Most High.— <i>Ps. 56, 2</i> .
21	W	Hear me speedily, O Lord ; my spirit faileth.— <i>Ps. 143, 7</i> .
22	TH	Help, Lord.— <i>Ps. 12, 1</i> . “Matters looked so serious that we decided to send an urgent appeal for help, but owing to the difficulty and danger of signalling, we could not send a long message, and made it as short as possible, merely sending two words, ‘Help. us.’”— <i>The Defence of Chakdara, 1897 ; by Lieutenant Spencer Churchill</i> .
23	F	It is time for the Lord to work.— <i>Ps. 119, 126 (R. V.)</i> .
24	S	Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God?— <i>Ps. 79, 10</i> .
25	S	What meanest thou, O sleeper?— <i>Jonah 1, 6</i> . When Lady Stewart of Coltness was dying, at the age of thirty-seven, in 1675, she was entreated to sleep and not to waste her weak and wearied spirit. “What?” she said. “shall I sleep now when I am going to die?”
26	M	They gave Him vinegar to drink, mingled with gall (to stupefy Him) :
27	TU	And when He had tasted thereof, He would not drink.— <i>Matt. 27, 34</i> .
28	W	I must work, while it is day.
29	TH	The night cometh, when no man can work.— <i>John 9, 4</i> .
30	F	He said, It is finished : and He bowed His head.— <i>John 19, 30</i> .

October, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

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NO. 10.



Holland.

The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you, because ye were more in number than any people; for ye were the fewest of all people.—Deut. 7, 7.

THE kingdom of The Netherlands is three times the size of Inverness-shire, or twice that of Yorkshire, or a little more than twice that of Ulster. A great part of it lies more than twenty feet under the level of the sea, from whose inroads it has to be protected by huge and costly dykes and ramparts—

“Where the broad ocean leans against the land.”

Hence the name Holland, *Hollow-land*. Much of the country has even been reclaimed from the sea. Its people, as Goldsmith says, have “scooped out an empire,” or, to use the words of Andrew Marvell, the friend of Milton—words which the present Lord Tennyson tells us his father and Thomas Carlyle once laughed at very heartily—

“They with mad labour fished the land to shore.”

Yet this little amphibious kingdom has done more than its own share of the world's work. Its story, says the late Professor Thorold Rogers, is more romantic and instructive than that of the famous stand which

Greece made against Persia, twenty-four hundred years ago. The debt which civilisation and liberty owe to the Dutch is as great as that which is due to any other race. The Dutch were the first printers of cheap editions in an age when books were what the world needed most. “From Holland came the first optical instruments, the best mathematicians, the most original thinkers, the first scientific medical men. Her people taught modern Europe navigation. They were the first to explore the unknown seas, and many an island and cape which their captains discovered has been renamed after some one who got all his knowledge by their research, and appropriated the fruit of his predecessors' labours. The Dutch have also taught the Western nations finance, and commercial honour, free trade, and international law, and their country, alone in Europe, has always been an asylum for the persecuted.”

But to none should the Netherlands be dearer than to those who love the Scottish Covenanters. For it was by the church in Holland that Richard Cameron was ordained, at Rotterdam, in 1679, and James Renwick, at Groningen, in 1683.

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 100.)

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SARAH died in Hebron three thousand and seven hundred years ago, about as many years before the coming of our Lord as we live after it. Isaac was thirty-six when she died, and sixty-six years had passed since she and Abraham had left Haran, where they seem to

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have dwelt for a time on their way from Ur of the Chaldees to that Promised Land for which they set out, not knowing whither they went. Sarah is one of the few women distinctly referred to, and the only one expressly named, in that great chapter to the *Hebrews* in which "every verse is a hero's monument." She is one of the outstanding witnesses to all times that with God *nothing* is impossible, and therefore it is that we are told more about her than about any other woman in the Old Testament. We see her in every variety of circumstance; in her years of faith and in her hours of danger and temptation; guarded, even when not guided, by God. She is the most travelled of all women, yet the most stay-at-home; most beautiful in form and feature, yet most simple in her dress; at times imperious in her way, yet habitually of a meek and quiet spirit, calling her husband 'lord.' Every secret of her life is known to us; sorrowful wife, proud mother; we see her receiving guests, dismissing her maid; we see her laughing, fretting, scolding, baking, nursing; and, last of all, we see her dying, and we can be present at the purchase of her grave. "And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Heth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you: give me a possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of my sight. . . . And Abraham weighed to Ephron the silver which he had named, four hundred shekels of silver, current money with the merchant."

Oh, what is a handmaid,
Or what is a queen?
All must lie down together
Where the turf is green;
The foulest face hidden,
The fairest not seen,
Gone as if never
They had breathed or been.

It is a very remarkable thing that Sarah is the only woman in the Bible whose age at death is told us. We read of the daughter of Jairus that she was twelve years of age when our Lord restored her to life; and Luke tells us of a woman who had a spirit of infirmity for eighteen years, and could in no wise lift up herself; and we know that Anna the prophetess must have been over a hundred, for after a brief married life of seven years she was a widow for fourscore and four; but of Sarah alone do we know exactly how long she lived. Every one of us, as we get older, may well be ashamed to tell his age, for our years have been wasted and misspent; they are like talents that were entrusted to us of which we can give no account. But God evidently wishes women to be even more modest and reticent than men. A woman has a right to refuse to tell her age to anyone whose object is only curiosity. But, if she does tell it, or if she has to tell it, in a court of justice, or at her marriage, or in a census paper, or in any other document, let her tell it truly, not misstating it even by one year. The temptation to do so is often, God knows, very great, great beyond words; but trying times are gracious times. A year may mean, or seem to mean, all the world to us, but what will it profit us even if we gain the world, and lose

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the favour and love of God? Remember, He knows how short our time is, and all that that implies. He knows our frailty. He is full of pity. He is also full of power. One day with Him is as a thousand years; in one day, one literal day, He can do for anyone of us, and with anyone of us, that which would seem impossible even in a thousand years. And the Lord Who gave His Son for us, will not withhold *any* good thing from us if we walk uprightly.

William the Silent.

I exhort, therefore, first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, thanksgivings be made for all men; for kings and all that are in high place.—1 Tim. 2, 1.

WILHELMINA, who was crowned Queen of Holland last month on the completion of her eighteenth year, is the tenth, as Queen Victoria is the ninth, in direct descent from William of Orange the Silent—the one through a son, the other through a daughter. He is styled “of Orange,” from a little municipality of that name in France, which was ruled by his ancestors; and he was called “the Silent” because, when Henry II. of France told him one day, while they were hunting, that he and Philip of Spain meant to put all the Protestants in France and Holland to death, he received the news with apparent calmness, and said nothing. From that hour, however, he made up his mind to do what he could for the liberties of the Netherlands. He was at that time a Roman Catholic, but shortly afterwards, by the grace of God, became a Protestant. There have been few greater men in history.

In 1580, Philip issued a document, drawn up by a Cardinal of the Church of Rome, known as “The Ban,” in which he offered a reward of 25,000 crowns and a title

of nobility, as also a free pardon for any crime he might have committed, to the man that would murder William. William answered “The Ban” in a noble letter addressed to the civilised world, in which, after exposing the tyranny and wickedness of Philip and the cruelty of the Inquisition, and defending his own character and aims, he said: “I am in the hand of God; my life and all I have were long since devoted to His service. He will dispose of them as seems best for His glory and my salvation.”

During the next four years five different attempts were made on William’s life. On 12th July, 1584, there was a sixth, and it, alas! succeeded. The assassin was one Balthasar Gerard, a Roman Catholic, who had consulted the Jesuits as to the best means for carrying out his plan. He gained access to William by pretending to be the son of a martyred Protestant, and got money from him to buy shoes and stockings to enable him to go to church. With this money he bought a pair of pistols on the Monday, and on the Tuesday shot the Prince on a staircase, which may still be seen, in the town of Delft. The Prince fell, pierced by three bullets, exclaiming—“O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people.” One

The Queen of Holland.



other word only did he utter before he died. His sister having asked him if he commended his soul to Christ, he faintly answered "Yes."

Four days afterwards the murderer was put to death. His parents, as a reward for their son's deed, received large estates from Philip, and were enrolled amongst the aristocracy. Their heirs claimed and enjoyed exemption from taxes for many a

day, till a French officer, in holy indignation, tore in pieces the documents on which they based their claim.

— — — — —
And He said unto me, Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak unto thee.—Ezek. 2, 1.

THERE was a man who used to go in all his troubles to the late Dr. Andrew Bonar, and was always cheered by him.

In process of time Dr. Bonar died. The man was much discouraged and wondered who would help him now. In this mood he was going along the Great Western Road in Glasgow, when he passed a nurse with twins seated side by side in a perambulator. One of the children was hanging over across the other; and just as the man passed, the nurse stopped, straightened the child up, and said to it, "Don't lean on Andrew Bonar," Andrew Bonar, very curiously, being part of the other child's name!

The nurse did not know that she was a messenger from God to the man who was passing.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 8.—*Lighthouses.*

If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness.—Matt. 6, 23.

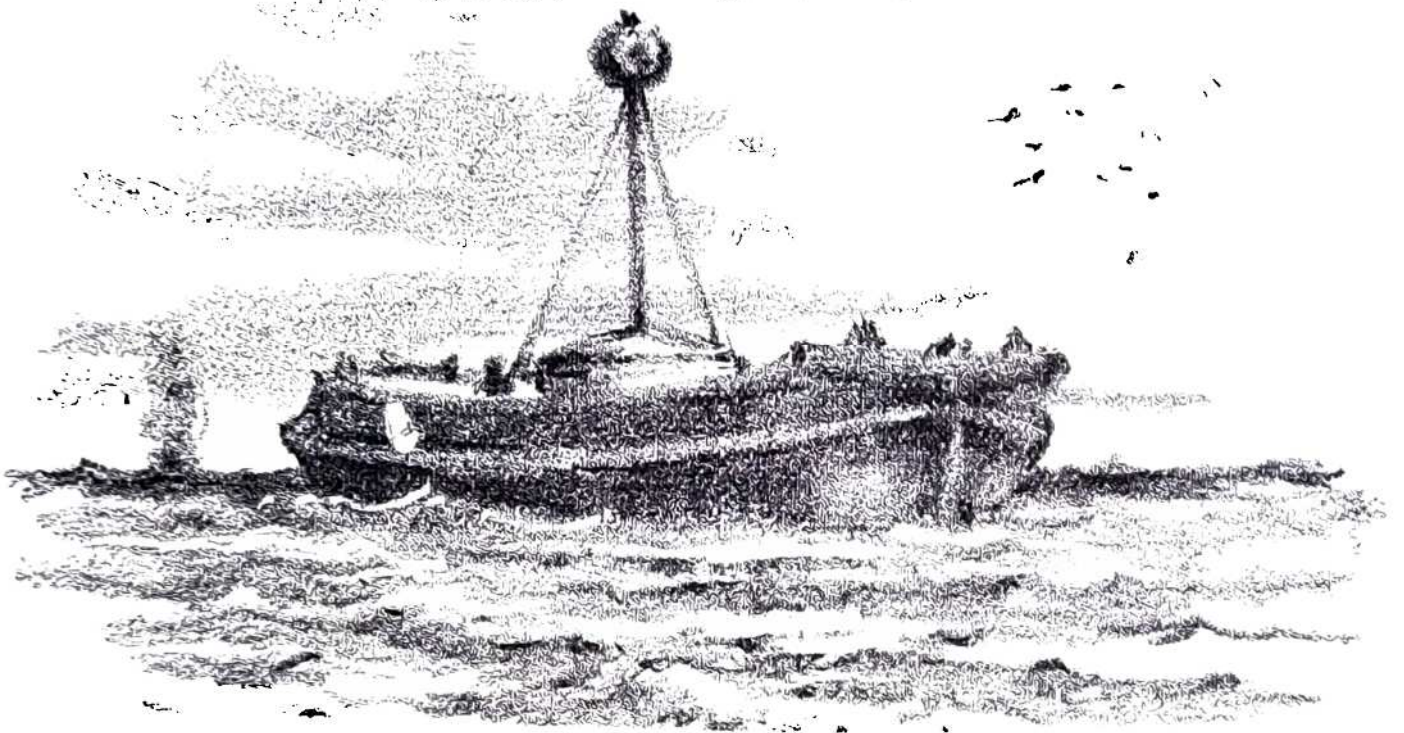
A sailor looks on lighthouse keepers as amongst his guardian angels. When he is on a dangerous shore in a stormy night, or in thick and foggy weather, and he knows he has run his distance, and the light he expected is not to be seen, his anxiety is very great. But when, all of a sudden, just as he is casting the lead, the light looms up, a great load is lifted off his shoulders, and he feels very thankful. Sometimes it appears scarcely in the position he thought it would be in, and then he knows the currents have carried him off his proper course. Of one thing the sailor is always sure, wherever his ship may be, the lighthouse

is always where it ought to be. The rules laid down for their keepers are very strict. They take watch about. If one finds his companion asleep, he is bound in the most solemn manner to report it; and if the charge be proved, there is no forgiveness for him. A man has even been dismissed years after because it was proved by shipmasters, who had returned from distant voyages, that on such and such a night when they were setting out, and at a certain hour, the lantern in his lighthouse was all darkness for twenty minutes.

Many a time a sailor would like to thank the keepers, whose lights have befriended him, from the bottom of his heart. Anything for them that he could do he would most willingly. During the Franco-Prussian War, I remember, when we knew the keepers of the lightships, or floating lighthouses at sea, were anxious for news, we used to take a good many newspapers with us, and when we came near them, we held them up, and then, tying them to a piece of wood sufficient to float them, threw them into the water. They were not long, I tell you, in launching their boats to pick them up. Yet, good friends as these keepers are to us, a man may have it in his heart a thousand times to bless them, and yet they and he may never once meet. What welcomes there will be in heaven!

When I said a lighthouse never shifts its position, of course I except all floating lights. However securely these may be moored, sometimes they drag their anchors,

Lightship.



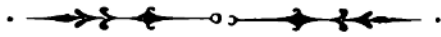
or break away altogether, and drift for miles. That happened once in my own experience in the case of the Conninbeg Lightship between Tuscar and Waterford on the south-east coast of Ireland. There had been a heavy gale of wind the night before. I was taking a ship to Waterford, and when I got to Tuscar I altered my course for the lightship. I left the deck to wash my face and make myself decent-looking, as I was shortly to go ashore. Before doing so, I told the first officer to call me whenever he saw the lightship. So soon, however, did he call me, that I thought he must have made a mistake, for one could hardly have run the proper distance in the time. When I got up on deck and had had a look at the land, for day was just breaking, I saw at once that the ship was out of its position.

The men on board her evidently noticed it themselves at the same time—they could not know, of course, so long as it was dark—and made signals to us. We signalled back that we would report it the moment we reached port. Whenever I got ashore I telegraphed at once to the Light Commissioners in Dublin that the lightship was four-and-a-half miles, or so, out of position. A few days after, I got a letter thanking me.

In thick weather one has no lights either above one or round about, but it is astonishing how much a careful navigator can find out by the wise and frequent use of the lead. For it is true of the sea, as of every other position in which God places us, there is always some way or other by which we may get direction. And in all circumstances—if I may quote some lines of

poetry that I have many a time repeated to myself when standing on the bridge—

The hardy sailor holds
No converse with unmanly fears ;
Where duty bids he confidently steers.
He braves a thousand dangers at her call,
And, trusting in his God, surmounts
them all.



The Clock that struck the Hour too slowly.

*So teach us to number our days, that
we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.—Ps.
90, 12.*

EVERY clock in a "land" of houses in a certain Scotch town had its own way of striking the hour. Some did it quickly, some slowly, some solemnly, and some very irreverently. There was one that rattled through it so loudly that all conversation in the house had to cease till it was done. A man was once nearly choked chewing his food trying to keep time with it. Another clock never knew how many it was going to strike. It would strike six when it was ten, and has been known to strike twenty-three when it was one. It was greatly ashamed of itself, and used to begin to blush at the thought of its next possible performance whenever it turned the half-hour. There was one clock, too, which was only a time-piece and never struck at all. The others called it "dummy," but it never minded. "I have a nice kind mistress with such a sweet face," it said, "and just because I don't strike the hour, she has to come and look at me the oftener."

One clock, however, provoked all the others, and all the neighbours

beyond endurance, it struck so slowly. It had a fine, deep, sonorous, solemn stroke, when it first came, one stroke every two moments, and people used to say that to listen to it was as good as hearing a sermon. But after a time the interval increased, at first considerably, and then alarmingly, till at last there were twenty seconds between each stroke, and the neighbours began to talk about it and consider it a prodigy. It had been a very handsome clock in its day, and its aristocratic drawl showed, so its owner said, that it had moved in the highest circles. "The circles it moves in now," said an angry neighbour, "seem to me to be the same as those of any other clock. I only wish it would move a little faster."

"But that's the repose that stamps the caste of Vere de Vere!"

"I don't know what you mean," was the answer, "but there will be no repose for me as long as it goes on that way, gur-r-r-ring away all night."

When it took to striking at intervals of thirty-two seconds every hour, the neighbours rose up in arms. A poor man who had to rise at four told how, wakened by its gong he had jumped up, struck a match, and, finding it was only twelve, had gone back to bed again, and after sleeping apparently for an age—for he had several dreams in the interval—had been wakened by it again, and jumping up under the impression that he had slept in, found that only six minutes had passed, and the clock was still striking away at twelve!

All this made the clock very conceited and the others just as envious. "It's owing to my living so long in a nobleman's house," it used to say to them.

The first blow to its pride came when its master felt himself compelled, one Saturday night, when he wound up the other weight, to let the striking weight alone, and that left it mute! It rang ten all right, but when eleven was approaching, and it was clearing its throat to give the warning at five minutes to the hour, no sound came! When the hands pointed to the hour, and there was still no sound, and it began to realise what had happened, the blood rushed to its head. No clock ever put in a more miserable night. It tried to imagine that it was only a slight cold, but when daylight came and there was no change, and week after week passed and still no change, its mind almost gave way.

But its pride had to get a sorer fall still, for when a clockmaker came to see it and was told what was wrong, he said, "Oh, probably it's only dirty!" "Yes," he said, after he had lifted off the top and looked in, "that's all, but I'll soon mend that."

So the eight-day clock was taken away for a week, and now it strikes beautifully. And what is still stranger, though it has been expecting jibes and references to noblemen's halls every moment night and day since it came back, the other clocks have not said a single unkind word to it. It's fall has made them all gentle.

My First Day at my Trade.

Thou providest corn, when Thou hast so prepared the earth.—Ps. 65, 9. R. V.

The Lord of the harvest.—Matt. 9, 38.

Blessed shall be thy basket and thy kneading-trough.—Duct. 28, 5. R. V.

And Jesus took the loaves, and gave thanks.—John 6, 11.

He was known of them in breaking of bread.—Luke 24, 35.

I CAN'T say that I became a baker from choice. My mother was a widow, and as I was past thirteen, she was anxious I should learn a trade. An opportunity occurred and I availed myself of it. As to my outfit, all that I needed was an apron, and my mother made it. She gave me also many good advices, telling me to be attentive to all that was said to me, not to put off time when I was sent on an errand, and, this I specially remember, not to be an eyeserver, but to keep in mind that I had a Master in heaven as well as one on earth; and I was never to forget to ask guidance night and morning.

It was a Monday when I left home. I presented myself at the shop at the appointed time, a little after nine. It was a thatched house, and has all been rebuilt since then, though the oven still stands as it was and as good as ever. As I went in, the men were moulding, so I afterwards found out, their third batch of bread for that day. They always turned out five batches on Mondays, four of square 2-lb. loaves, and one of 4-lb. French loaves. Each of the four batches averaged about nineteen-and-a-half dozen, that is, 234 loaves; in the French

batch there would be eight dozen, more or less, according to the demand. For each batch we needed about a sack and a quarter of flour, a sack being 280 lbs. Loaves then were less fine but larger than now-a-days. When I went in the foreman spoke kindly to me, told me to take off my jacket and showed me where to hang it, and then, bidding me roll up my sleeves, set me alongside of himself at the table and showed me how to "mould" a loaf. After I had watched him for a little, I had to try to "half-mould" one myself. The dough, you know, is first weighed, then made into a round ball just as a woman does when she is baking "scones." It is then flattened out with one stroke on the table, the two opposite side ends are folded in, and the dough is rolled up from the far side towards you. That is what is called half-moulded. It is again flattened down, the two side ends folded in as before, but this time the dough is not rolled up but folded over in two. It is this part where the joining is that the loaf stands on when it is put into the oven. It forms the bottom or "white crust" of the loaf. It is a proud day for a boy when he can mould a loaf, or make himself believe he can, as quickly and as neatly as his foreman.

Bakers worked longer then, though I daresay less hard than they do now. The morning I went the men had started work at two o'clock, had breakfasted at four, lunched on bread and milk after

eight, and we all stopped for dinner about 11.30. You see the five batches were all at different stages, and we took our meals to suit our work. When I went in, the first batch was already finished and in the shop, the second was in the oven and ready to come out, the third was moulding, the fourth was still dough in the trough, while the fifth was in the first stage which bakers call a "sponge."

As the newest comer I had to clean the tubs and other utensils, break sticks, and carry coals. The fetching of the water was my hardest task. I learned the meaning of the Bible phrase, "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." Sixteen gallons of water, that is four big canfuls—and every gallon of water weighs about 9-lbs.—were needed for each sack of flour, and we used over thirty sacks every week. It was a draw-well I had to go to, about two hundred yards off. The dough of which a 4-lb. loaf, or two 2-lb. loaves, is made weighs 4 lbs. 6 oz. The loaf, by law, must weigh 4 lbs. when it is twenty-four hours old. The six ounces extra disappear through evaporation.

It was my duty also to waken my foreman and the other men every morning, summer and winter. My mistress wakened me and then I had to go out and walk, say, half-a-mile, whether it rained or snowed. None of us liked that job. One apprentice, I remember, had a strange experience one Saturday morning about three o'clock, the remembrance of which makes him feel queer to this day. As he went

up the village street to waken one of the men, he saw by the light of the blazing ironworks what he took to be a man hanging by the neck to a bar that jutted out from the village cross. He had to pass within six yards of it, and as he did so he felt his hair rise up on end. Then, unheroic though it be, the moment he was past it, he fled. What do you think it turned out to be? It was a stucco image which some lads had stolen from a gentleman's garden in the neighbourhood! They meant it for a jest, but it was a very sinful one, and a cruel one. There are things too solemn and too awful to jest about, and death is one of them.

My wages for the four years of my apprenticeship came to £11 and my food. The boys also got "bag-money," a penny for every sack returned to the miller in good order. But I have heard men of the generation before me say that all they got was their food and a pair of new boots every year.

Flour and dough are such soft

things, and the baking we see done in our own houses seems so light and easy, that many people are not aware that few tradesmen, if any, have to put as much actual physical force into their work as bakers have to do. We sometimes think of God's goodness in making grain to grow for the use of man. We think of the ploughing, and sowing, and harrowing, and reaping, and we feel for the farmer who may see the year's labours destroyed in one night. But the grain is not safe even when it is reaped, and gathered, and threshed, and ground. A sudden change in the temperature may so affect the fermentation in a bakery that the dough becomes almost fit for nothing. I have known twenty sacks of flour as good as thrown away in one day, and large factories have often lost far more than that. We need God as much after the harvest as before, for the making of bread as well as for the growing and in-gathering of the grain.



"Follow my leader!", being a parable for boys.

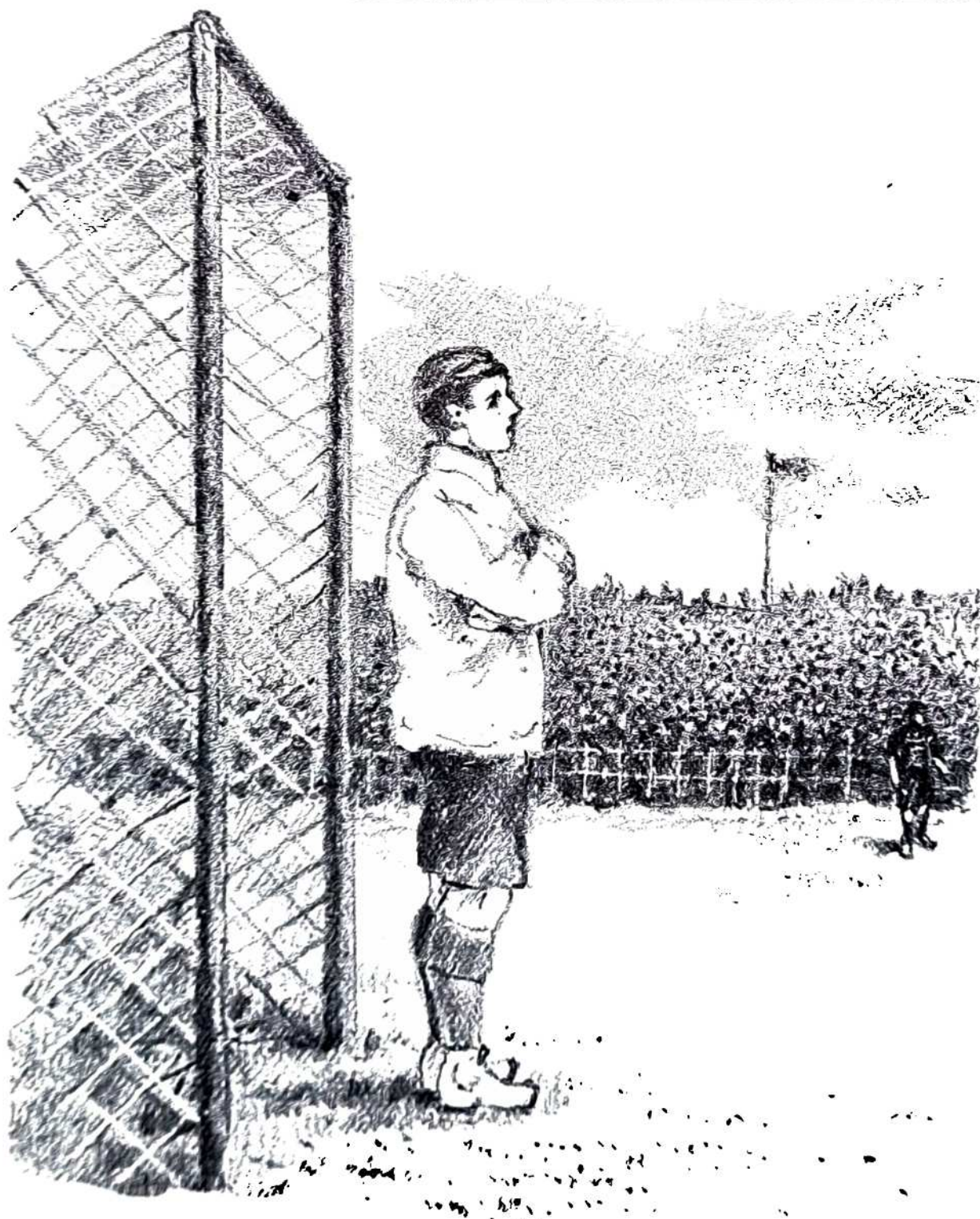
1	S	A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.— <i>Ps. 51, 17.</i> “My father taught me not to cry though my head should be knocked to pieces, but when I first saw my sins against God I wept like a child.” — <i>Ludwig Harms, a German pastor, 1808-1865.</i>
2	S	Holy women, who hoped in God.— <i>1 Pet. 3, 11, R.V.</i>
3	M	Five virgins were wise, and five were foolish.— <i>Matt. 25, 2.</i>
4	TU	Working not at all, but busybodies.— <i>2 Thess. 3, 11.</i>
5	W	They learn to be idle.— <i>1 Tim. 5, 13.</i>
6	TH	Wandering about from house to house,
7	F	And not only idle, but tattlers also,
8	S	Speaking things which they ought not. “The two Miss Pringles who never went out in the morning together, but always different ways, that when they met at dinner there might be more to say.”— <i>Lady Strachey's Memoirs of a Highland Lady.</i>
9	S	Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.— <i>1 Sam. 3, 9.</i> “The Bible and the heart were made for one another.”
10	M	For the word of God is living,
11	TU	And active,
12	W	And sharper than any two-edged sword,
13	TH	And piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow,
14	F	And quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart.— <i>Heb. 4, 12, R.V.</i>
15	S	Thy word have I hid in my heart.— <i>Ps. 119, 11.</i>
16	S	1 John 5, says Dr. Maclaren of Manchester, closes with a series of triumphant certainties. 1. We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; that is, “there is a Divine power, a life principle in him which is sinless.”
17	M	But he that is begotten of God keepeth himself,
18	TU	And that wicked one toucheth him not.
19	W	2. We know that we are of God. “Born of God” refers to an act; “of God” to a state.
20	TH	3. And we know that the son of God is come,
21	F	And hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him That is true,
22	S	And we are in Him That is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ.
23	S	All my springs are in Zion.— <i>Ps. 87, 7.</i>
24	M	Mine eyes are ever toward the Lord.— <i>Ps. 25, 15.</i> It is said that Corot, the French painter, 1796-1875, began all his pictures with the sky.
25	TU	In Thy light shall we see light.— <i>Ps. 36, 9.</i>
26	W	Set your affection on things above.— <i>Col. 3, 2.</i>
27	TH	For me to live is Christ.— <i>Phil. 1, 21.</i>
28	F	Jesus lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said,
29	S	Father, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee.— <i>John 17, 1.</i>
30	S	Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name.— <i>Acts 5, 41.</i>
31	M	For My sake.— <i>Mark 8, 35.</i> “‘For His sake’ came often in my mind on my way to prison, when the stormy weather was sharp in my face.”— <i>Walter Pringle of Greenknow, 1665.</i>

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 11.



This lad, keeping goal at a Football Match before 9,000 spectators, is not, and, I am glad, is determined never to be, a "professional." But, I regret to say, he rarely goes to church. His reason is, that he has such a long way to walk down the aisle to his father's seat near the front, and he hates to have people staring at him!

WHEN the late Principal Brown, of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, was re-visiting Ord in his extreme old age, the place where he had first been a minister, he met an old woman whom he recognised as a Mrs. Annie Smith.

"Annie," he said, "do you remember me?"

"Remember you? Ay, and ever will through all eternity. Ye were the means of making a gey change on my life."

"Do you tell me that, Annie?"

"I'll ne'er forget that Communion season, never, in time or eternity. I remember the very words that made me feel that I needed a great change if I was to be one of Christ's people."

"What were they, Annie?"

"Well, you were speaking upon 'He feedeth among the lilies,' and

you put the question, 'But, my friends, are you all his lilies?' I felt in my heart that I was not. I went home, and could get no sleep or peace night or day. I was miserable all that week till Wednesday, when I resolved to go to your prayer-meeting, though I had great difficulty to get away. But I soon tramped the three miles by the nearest cuts through the fields, and I got my errand that night, and my life has been changed ever since. So you see, dear Mr. Brown, I could never forget you."

The tears were rolling down her cheeks, and the Doctor, with moist eyes, kissing the old woman, said with quivering voice, "Dear Annie, I have often wondered whether I did any good at the Ord, but this is an evidence that makes my heart glad, and I thank God for it."—*Dr. Blaikie's Life of Principal Brown.*

How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 112.)

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An unknown correspondent, whom I wish to thank, has kindly sent me an account of the life of Mr. ROBERT TAYLOR, Scarva, Co. Down, who died a few weeks ago at the reputed age of a hundred and nineteen years. There is unfortunately no written record of his birth, but there seems to be no doubt that he had reached, to use the words written on a portrait of herself which the Queen sent him last April, "an almost unprecedented age." Mr. Taylor was of the Methodist persuasion. He acted as postmaster in his village, and owned a good grocery and drapery business as well. There is a story, interesting more ways than one, which he used gleefully to tell, of the plan he used on one occasion to enforce his ready-money principles. A navvy had boasted that he would get some goods on trust, and having ordered them seized the parcel when it was made up, and bolted out of the shop, saying, "I'll settle for these on pay-night." Mr. Taylor at once reached for his gun, rushed to the street after the man, and "emptied her at him." The navvy fell,

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probably more frightened than hurt, while the merchant picked up the scattered groceries and loaded his gun for further service if required. Let us hope that both men learned a lesson, the one, that honesty was the best policy, and the other, that there is a sixth commandment as well as an eighth and no wise inferior to it. One wishes there was some method of dealing effectively with men, and women too, who run up bills without either the means or the desire to pay them, and perhaps after all Mr. Taylor's method would cause less suffering and do more to raise the moral tone of the community than any other that has yet been tried ; and yet in such a case, what a state our streets would be in for at least a week or two !

Most instances of extreme old age that are given in newspapers from time to time are to be received with caution. Memory soon fails with most of us, and it is so easy, and at times so pleasant, to imagine things. There is an old man, say, of eighty-six, "near ninety." Some lad of eighteen, who first saw him when he was a little boy of nine and forgets that only nine years are gone since then, says, "I can remember him ever since I can remember anything, and I'm almost nineteen, and he was at least ninety then." And older people, who are scarcely prepared to go so far all at once, with that fine desire to be obliging and generous which even the hardest of us has when it costs us nothing, say to the old man who protests that he is only ninety-six or ninety-seven, that they are sure that he must be at least a hundred, and the old man, not to be out-done in courtesy and unwilling to accuse his neighbours of untruth, modestly owns to it at last, and in the course of a few months tells all visitors, who of course are eager to have something worth carrying away, that he is a hundred and five next January, and that, he is thankful to say, his mind was never clearer, though he can scarcely walk as far as he used to do. When he dies, ten months afterwards, the local reporter says, "The deceased, who had reached man's estate when Napoleon escaped from Elba, had attained his hundred and ninth year ;" and the man who carves his name on the gravestone, feeling that something is wanting to complete the record of such a life, adds, to the date of his birth, which is obtained by the simple process of subtraction, the words : "He was wounded at Waterloo, and died in 1898, aged 111 years." And there is not a villager in the place who is not insulted if a stranger hints a doubt.

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THOMAS PARR, said to have been born in Shropshire in 1483, died in London in 1635, aged 152 years. A few sayings of his which are recorded do him no credit. When Charles the First said to him, "You have lived longer than other men ; what have you done more than other men?" he simply boasted of his sins. And on some other occasion, when asked what his religion was, he said he had lived under ten kings and queens, and held it safest to be of the same faith as the king or queen that happened to be reigning, "for he knew he came raw into the world and accounted it no part of wisdom to be broiled out of it."

The second Earl of Arundel, a great lover of curiosities of all

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sorts, having heard of him, came to see him, and took him to London in a litter drawn by horses. For his solace by the way, the Earl, judging the old man by himself, provided a man, called Jack the Fool, to keep him merry. But the end of such mirth was heaviness. "The olde, olde, very olde" man died two months afterwards. In Shropshire

"The air was good and temperate where he dwelt,
While mavises and sweet tongued nightingales
Did chant him roundelays and madrigals.

The change to London, the rich living, and the crowds of spectators who came to see him, brought his days to an untimely end. One of his visitors was the great Flemish painter Rubens, who afterwards painted a portrait of him from memory.

Out of his name, which they spelt Thomas Parre, the men of his day, as was their wont, made the words, *Most rare hap*—which thing is called an anagram; out of it, as is their wont, some men of our day have made a fortune. The popularity of the medicine which falsely claims to be made from ingredients much used by Old Parr according to a recipe obtained from one of his descendants, is a woeful proof at once of men's folly and of their fear of death. We are all more concerned about living long than living well, more eager for a life of great length than a life hid with Christ in God.

The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 9.—*Rough Weather, Hard Work, and Channel Fever.*

They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they be quiet.—Psalm 107, 26.

A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.—Prov. 26, 3.

A merry heart is a good medicine.—Prov. 17, 22 (R.V.)

A GOOD many years ago I took a new China clipper, built by the Steeles of our town, round to Liverpool. It was late in the season. It was the custom of her commander, Captain Maxton, when he was shifting from one home port to another before setting out on his long voyage to China, to

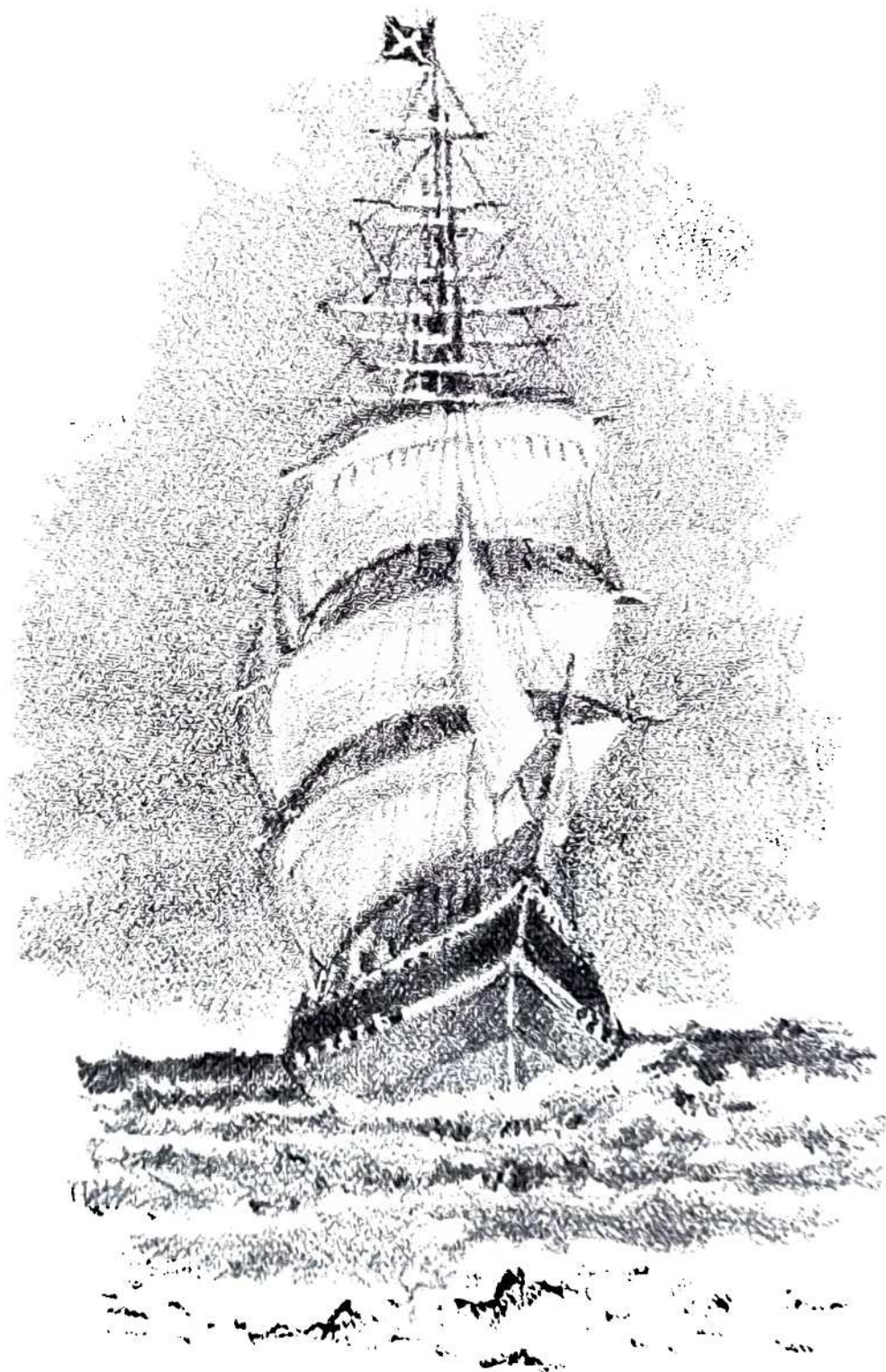
engage his men just for the short run. In this way he found out who were good men and who were bad. The good got the chance of staying on with him, while the bad were paid off at once. We were to be towed round by one of the most powerful tugs in Liverpool. The chief officer was up in London passing his examination for captain, and I was acting on board the ship both as chief officer and pilot.

We left with the tug while it was blowing a hard south-west gale, but everything on board was in first-class order. We carried on, the weather continuing very thick, with snow and sleet, with all sail ready for setting in case of emergency. We saw nothing from the time we left the Cumbraes till we had run the distance that should have brought us to the Isle of Man. The captain of the tug-boat and myself

were keeping a good lookout for the Chicken Rock, which at that time had no light on it. The sea broke sufficiently over it to let one know when one was close to it. All of a sudden, close on our lee or port bow, we saw, both at the same time, the sea breaking and rebounding. I waved to him to keep his boat's head off to the westward. As soon as she came end on to the sea—previously we had had the sea a little on the starboard side—a big wave struck the tugboat, washed the captain off the bridge on to the deck, and put the fires out. The next thing we saw was her crew cutting their fine new hawser, which must have cost at least £100. We had a mooring-chain of thirty fathoms or so fastened to it, and this we had to let slip at once. Had we not done so, the great weight of the hawser and chain hanging over our ship's bow would have prevented us from wearing the ship inside the Chicken Rock, a thing which needed smart work and good seamanship. Then we ran the topmast staysail up, put the helm hard a-starboard, and sent a hand aloft to cut the gaskets of the fore topsail. The gaskets are the little ropes which furl or tie up the sails to the yards. It would have taken a quarter of an hour to loosen them in the regular way, so I said to him, "Take your knife to them." The man ran like a monkey along the yard; it would have done your heart good to see him, he did his work so quickly, quicker than I thought possible. That was all that was needed to set the sail when once the topsail sheets, that is,

ropes, were hauled tight from the deck. By the time we got the spanker set, that is, the big fore-and-aft sail on the hindmost or mizzen mast—this brought us at right-angles to the rock—the surf was rebounding off the rocks over our lee bulwark. By this time we had got the ship into a safe position, but we could see nothing of the tugboat. In fact, we feared she might be down. We could do nothing owing to the position we were in, and no boat, even if it could have been lowered, could have lived in the sea. We set the three lower topsails close-reefed, and made for Belfast Lough, that being the nearest port for safety. But at the Mew Island the wind was blowing down so hard that it was impossible to beat the ship up the lough. The next thing we had to do was to run back to Lamlash. That would be about sixty miles. On our way we split our fore and main topsails, and that compelled us to run on to Gourock Bay, where we came to anchor, with a hundred and twenty fathom of chain to one anchor and ninety to another. The gale was still so heavy that we needed all that to keep the ship from dragging.

We lay there very snug then. As soon as the anchors were down all hands had to unbend the topsails and get new ones up. It would be nine or ten at night before we were done; no knocking off work any sooner. Good old-fashioned sailors could bend sails in the dark as well as in the light. But the ropes being new were pretty stiff, and the men's hands were very sore.



The small triangular sail in front is the *Jib*, the little one behind it is the *Foretopmast-staysail*. The lowest big sail is the *Fore-sail*, then the *Lower-topsail*, and the *Upper-topsail*. The sails next in order would be the *Topgallant*, the *Royal*, and the *Skysail*.

Captain Maxton had another captain on board as his guest, and he worked too. There were no idlers, I tell you.

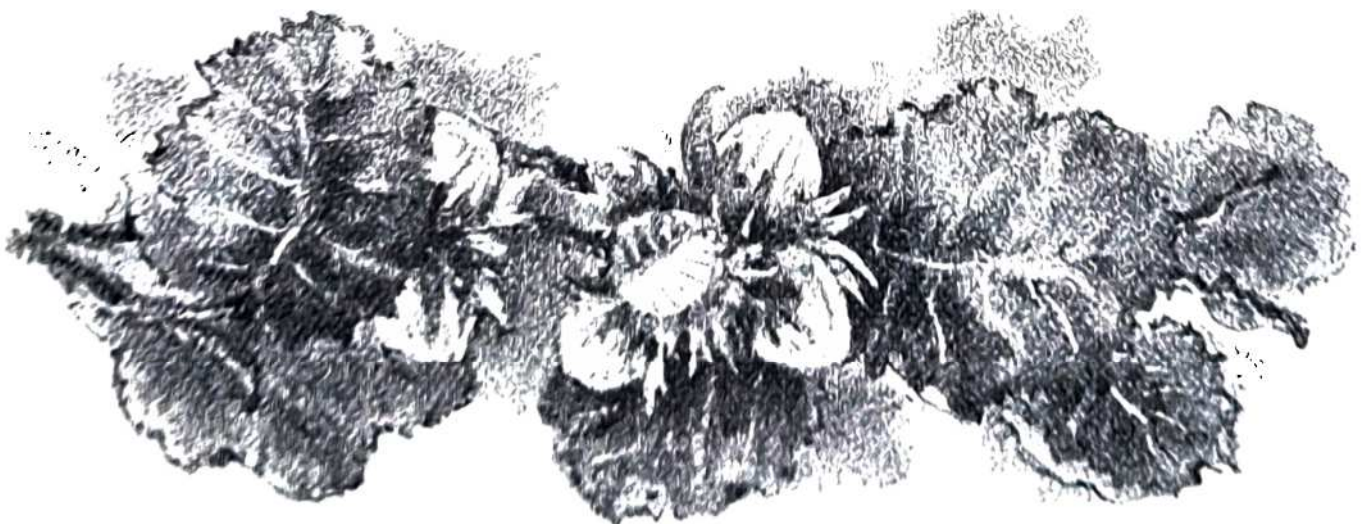
There were two sailors on board whom I overheard talking. "We'll be worked to death by that old mate, and I'll lay up to-morrow morning." "And so will I," said the other. Of course I gave the captain a hint of this. "All right," he said, "I have a fine medicine for Channel fever. I'll soon cure them. I have a powerful galvanic battery on board that has saved its price twice over in medicine." Captain Maxton was a bit of a humorist and fond of a lark, and a right good sailor too. I think he got the premium of several hundred pounds thrice over for landing the first cargo of the new season's teas in London.

Next morning, true to their word, the two men were laid up. "Very ill; pains all over, sir!" So he examined their tongues and felt their pulses and went through all the regulation manœuvres. "Poor

fellows," he said, "I'll cure you if I can," and with that he went away and fetched his battery. "Catch hold, here and here, both of you, and join hands," and with that he turned it on full speed as hard as he could go, and I tell you he made them jump as they never jumped before, and oh, the roars of them! for they could not let go, and all the time he pretended to be reading directions out of a book—"To be repeated every five minutes till the patient recovers." But I need not tell you that the moment they got clear they professed themselves all right and fit for anything, and, indeed, they didn't take time to walk on deck. They ran!

The story of that medicine was well told by them to their comrades, and it prevented even more trouble than it cured. "Oh boys, boys!" they said, "it was like to rattle the teeth out of our heads. Never you touch that medicine!"

We set off next morning, made a fine passage down channel, and met the tugboat looking for us.



Bazel Auto.

An Intruder.



THE donkey in the picture was bought a good while ago by a lady for her little daughter to ride on. But one day, when the girl was shopping, the donkey,

which had been left standing on the street, in its anxiety to please some school children who had gathered round it, lay down and rolled on its back from side to side

with its feet in the air, and then jumping up scampered merrily down the street. Having hee-hawed triumphantly, it trotted back, proud of having added a little to the gaiety of the community. Judge of its astonishment when that evening it was beaten for ten minutes for having misbehaved itself and having nearly killed six people! After that it passed from one owner to another, till at last, an utter wreck, it was sold for eight shillings and fourpence to a woman who gathers scraps at doors for pigs' food. The poor donkey is grieved every day at the waste it sees—such lovely crusts and pieces of bread thrown out both by rich and poor.

It was put into a field lately for a week's holiday. In a little pond in a corner it came across three geese. Full of admiration for their snow-white feathers and their swimming powers, and eager, like us all, for some one to speak to, it made advances to them several times a day, but was invariably repulsed.

But on the Sabbath evening, when a better spirit had come on everybody, one of the geese made up to our friend, and said, "I'm sorry for being so bad to you all week, but, you know, you donkeys are said to be stupid? Are you?"

"I suppose we must be, and yet some of our family have seen angels."

"Then why does everybody say such things about you?"

The donkey smiled so much at this, and was so evidently going to say something, though it checked itself, that the goose blushed, and

said, "We geese are counted very clever, aren't we?"

"Well," said the donkey, "I don't know that 'clever' is the word that is most commonly applied to you, but I do know that some of your family have done some very clever things."

"Oh I wish you would tell me about them!"

"Rome, one of the greatest cities in the world, was once saved by you. The Romans had shut themselves up in a place called the Capitol, on the top of a hill, where their enemies could not come at them, the cliffs were so steep. But one night a brave Roman youth, who lived in another town, having good news for his countrymen, came through the camp of the Gauls, and climbed the rocks. Next morning the Gauls saw the marks of his feet and hands, and that evening some of their number followed where he had gone. The foremost of them was just reaching the top, when some geese in the Capitol screamed and flapped their wings and roused the sleeping guards. One of them named Manlius snatched up his arms, rushed to the edge of the cliff, and finding a Gaul just setting foot upon the top, pushed him backwards, and that push changed the world's history, because——"

But at this very moment a little boy came and took the donkey away home. The goose was very sorry, but when it told its companions afterwards about the donkey's wisdom, they all agreed that it was a lesson to them to be a little more civil to strangers in time to come.

Proper Names that have become Common Words.

No. 8.—MACADAM.

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.—Isaiah 40, 3.

WE are so much used to good roads now-a-days that we never think how the roads came to be there. We take it for granted that they existed from the beginning, like rivers and mountains.

Road-making is one of the things that God has left men to do, and there are few nobler tasks. The state of a country's roads and streets tells us a great deal about its people and their progress in civilization and common sense. Twenty years ago the pony I was riding put its foot into a hole full of water a foot deep, in the very centre of one of the great gates of Peking, in China. At another gateway the road for twenty yards was covered with rain and sewage two feet deep, and well do I remember it. I had just ridden into it when a funeral procession met me. The mourners were on the footpath, and when they saw me, a foreigner, they halted and made as much noise with their instruments of music as they could, laughing heartily when the pony was startled and its rider almost unseated.

Now and again in the East, as at the present moment in Jerusalem, where the 'Turks are making a carriage road up the Mount of Olives in honour of the visit of the German Emperor, a feverish attempt is made to mend matters, and then things are left alone for another fifty years,

or till the next royal progress. There was one road in Turkey a few years ago, many miles in length, for the construction of which an enormous sum of money has been paid. For the first few hundred yards it went in a straight line, and then there was a bend. The Pasha who came to open it most unexpectedly insisted on going on, and found that the road ended round the corner!

But it ill becomes us to throw stones at our neighbours. Anything worse than the roads in Scotland and England, little more than a century ago, it is hardly possible to conceive. All articles of merchandise, including coals, were carried on horses' or women's backs. A conveyance, unless it went to pieces on the way, might possibly accomplish one mile in an hour, but that could only be by furious driving and in the summer months. In winter the roads were impassable and people stayed at home. Ay, and when right roads were made, the people sometimes wouldn't use them, so dearly did they love the good old ways their lazy fathers trod. *

There have been three great road makers in Britain; John Metcalf, 1717-1810, a blind man whom God raised up to put our countrymen to shame, who in his time made two hundred miles of roads; Thomas Telford, 1757-1834, the builder of the Broomielaw Bridge at Glasgow, who constructed over a thousand miles of roads; and last, but not least, John Loudon Macadam, who was born at Ayr in 1756, and died

* Much humbling reading on this point may be found in Smiles' *Lives of the Engineers*.

at Moffat in 1836. His mother was Susannah Cochrane, a relative of the famous Dundonald family; his father was the fourth in descent from Gilbert Macadam, who was shot while trying to escape from a cottage where some Covenanters had met for prayer. His grave is in Kirkmichael Churchyard, and the inscription, cut deep by the hand of "Old Mortality," may still be read:

Here lyes GILBERT M'ADAM,
Who was shot in this Parish by
The Laird of Colzean and Ballochmyle
for his adherence to the Word of God
and Scotland's Covenanted work
of Reformation 1685.

As a child, John Macadam narrowly escaped death from a fire which destroyed his father's house. When he was a boy, he made a model of the road near which he lived. His father dying, he went to New York in 1770, returning to Scotland, after a successful mercantile career, in 1783. Some years later he began his experiments in road-making, and in the course of his investigations, during 1793-1814, spent over £5,000 and travelled

30,000 miles. In 1823, Parliament voted him £10,000, and he was offered, but declined, a Knighthood.

Roads made according to his method are called "macadamised." His first great principle was this. All that a road needs is a dry foundation, not a very deep one or one made of stone. The most important part of the road is the top, and if this be made of angular pieces of stone, and if these be shaken and pressed together, they form in time a solid covering just like a piece of building. Macadam's roads added immensely to the comfort and trade of the country, and helped to prepare the way for our railway system.

The ancient Romans were the greatest of all makers of roads. Some of their roads have stood for over two thousand years. But we are all road makers. Our little brothers and sisters walk in our steps, and well will it be—both for us and them—if every road we take, whether we work or play, or whatever we do, leads to Christ and the Better Land.

"When I was a child."



- 1 TU From henceforth thou shalt catch men.—*Luke 5, 10.*
 2 W He that is wise winneth souls.—*Prov. 11, 30 (R. V.)*
 3 TH Thou owest to me even thine own self.—*Philemon 19.* “Mr. Golightly,” of Oxford, says the Rev. T. Mozley, “was the first human being to talk to me, directly and plainly, for my soul’s good; and *that* is a debt that no time, no distance, no vicissitudes, no differences, can efface; no, not eternity itself.”
- 4 F They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars.—*Dan. 12, 3.*
 5 S Behold, I and the children which God hath given me.—*Heb. 2, 13.*
-
- 6 S His eyes were as a flame of fire.—*Rev. 1, 14.*
 7 M The eyes of the Lord run to and fro.—*2 Chron. 16, 9.*
 8 TU The eyes of the Lord are in every place.—*Prov. 15, 3.*
 9 W His eyes are as the eyes of doves.—*Song of Sol. 5, 12.*
 10 TH A bountiful eye.—*Prov. 22, 9.* Tennyson thus describes Sir Bors—
 And mighty reverent at our grace was he :
 A square set man and honest ; and his eyes,
 An outdoor sign of all the warmth within,
 Smiled with his lips.
- 11 F The lamp of the body is the eye.—*Matt. 6, 22 (R. V.)*
 12 S Lighten mine eyes.—*Psa. 13, 3.* Open mine eyes.—*Is. 119, 18.*
-
- 13 S And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou?—*Job 1, 7.*
 14 M Then Satan answered the Lord, From going to and fro in the earth.
 15 TU Your adversary walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—*1 Peter 5, 8.*
 16 W The unclean spirit saith, I will return into my house.—*Matt. 12, 24.*
 Why, once a dwelling’s threshold’s marked and crossed
 In rubric by the enemy on his rounds
 As eligible, as fit place of prey,
 Baffle him henceforth, keep him out who can !
 Stop up the window at the first hint of hoof,
 Presently at the window taps a horn,
 And Satan’s by your fireside !
 —*Browning’s The Ring and the Book II. 766.*
- 17 TH A stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him.—*Luke 11, 22.*
 18 F Neither give place to the devil.—*Eph. 4, 27.*
 19 S God shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly.—*Rom. 16, 20.*
-
- 20 S He shall choose our inheritance for us.—*Psa. 47, 4.*
 21 M Trouble doth not spring from the ground.—*Job 5, 6.*
 22 TU Thy will.—*Matt. 26, 42.*
 23 W Not my will.—*Luke 22, 42.*
 24 TH The things God hath prepared for them that love Him.—*1 Cor. 2, 9.*
 25 F Ye shall weep. “Christ masked this cup in heaven for you.”—*Rutherford!*
 26 S But your sorrow shall be turned into joy.—*John 16, 20.*
-
- 27 S The unfeigned faith which dwelt in thy mother.—*2 Tim. 1, 5.*
 28 M And what, O son of my vows?—*Prov. 31, 2 (R. V.)*
 29 TU My son, forsake not the law of thy mother.—*Prov. 1, 8.* Lady Blanche Balfour, the mother of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, made an agreement with all her sons that they would not smoke, without telling her, before they were eighteen.
 30 W A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.—*Prov. 30, 15.*

December, 1898.

One Halfpenny.

The Morning Watch.

VOL. XI.

Edited by Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A., Greenock.

NO. 12.



Outflanked.

"The Morning Watch" for 1898, being Volume XI., with Index, is now ready. Price, One Shilling.

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Bellona.

A FEW weeks ago I saw two girls with sailor hats, on one of which was *H.M.S. Flirt*, and on the other *H.M.S. Insolent*. I hope these children will never deserve these names, and I am sure their mothers might have chosen ribbons for their hats more wisely.

The other day I saw another little girl with *H.M.S. Bellona* on her cap. No woman surely would have chosen that name if she had known what it meant. A hundred years ago last October, during their war with our country, the French sent a fleet of men-of-war to Lough Swilly in Ireland. Several of them were captured, amongst them being *La Bellone*, 46 guns, 580 men, which was taken by a Captain Countess after an hour-and-a-half's fighting. There has been a Bellona in the British Navy ever since. Yet, fine-sounding and mouth-filling though the name be, and inspiring the victory it commemorates, it is a name that no Christian nation and no Christian parent should ever use.

Bellona was the Roman goddess of war. Her emblem was a bloody scourge. Her priests, the Bellonarii, every year on the 24th of March used to cut themselves with knives, like the priests of Baal, and drink

the blood. Her temple, which was outside the city wall, was considered foreign territory, and in it ambassadors from other states, and all persons for whom it was illegal to enter the city, were received in audience. In front of it was the column over which a spear was hurled when war was declared against a foreign power. In earlier times, when the Roman territory was small, the spear had always been thrown, on such occasions, across the actual frontier of the enemy, by a priest appointed for the purpose.

I hope that, when these lines are read, all danger of war between France and Britain will have passed away. Our country, in this recent dispute, seemed to be in the right, but, even so, we dare not think without fear of the issues of a war between France and us. Many a cruel and unjust war Britain has forced upon other nations in times past. Many a crime as a people we have committed within our own borders against the Most High God. Our drunkenness, our dishonesty in trade, both as buyers and sellers, our wastefulness, our gambling, our pride, our unfaithfulness to Protestantism and the pure Gospel of Christ, our sluggishness in the cause of Missions, the wrongs done to the poor in our crowded cities—the cry of these sins and of many others has entered into the ear of the Lord of Hosts. We boast of our fleet, but fleets have perished before now at the blast of His nostrils.

It is God, and God only, not Britannia, that rules the waves.



How Old art Thou?—GEN. xlvii. 8.

How Much Owest Thou unto my Lord?—LUKE xvi. 7.

(Continued from page 124.)

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ADAM died. There is every reason to believe that he and Eve forgave one another, and that both were forgiven by God. But their life, especially Adam's, for he was the more to blame, must have been a very awful one. They had to tell the story of their sin and shame to their children, and their children's children, for many generations; and yet they could also tell of grace abounding. "Deliver me," we can imagine him praying every hour during all these centuries, "deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, Thou God of my salvation ;

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and my tongue shall sing aloud of Thy righteousness. O Lord, open Thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise. For Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it: Thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." What strange thoughts must fill his mind and soul on the Last Day and through all eternity! And what but the blood of the Son of God could wipe away such sin as his!

Have we not all said, many and many a time, when we were little children, "What a pity Adam fell?" Now we must forgive him, as we hope to be forgiven. But let us remember that while it is true that we all sinned and fell in him, for he was our representative, it is also true that if any of us are lost at the Last Day, it will be, not for his sin, but for our own—our own conscious, deliberate, thousand-times-repeated sin.

And pray God, O girls and boys, that none of you may ever do that which you will blush to tell to those who will come after you.

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Now we come to METHUSELAH, who was—not the oldest man that ever lived, for there are two men older—but the oldest man that ever died. One reason why God permitted the men before the flood to live so long was this: Living so near the beginning of the world, they had almost no experience to fall back on but their own. They had to find out everything for themselves. We, on the other hand, who live in the foremost files of time, have the experience of millions of men and hundreds of generations to fall back on. We know "the long result of Time." We are the heirs of all the ages. And besides, we know our own age and our own times as they could not possibly know theirs. There are fifteen hundred millions of people living; every day, that is to say, fifteen hundred million days, or more than four million years, are lived upon this earth. And the history of these four million years is served up to us every evening before it is twelve hours old, and any one may buy it in a newspaper for one ha'penny.

The long lives of these Antediluvians teach us further, what we see from our own lives, that it takes something more than experience, more even than the bitterest experience, to bring men to God. A bad old man is a fearful sight, and yet it is a common one. Men hope, men purpose, to come to Christ before they die. When they are young they put off coming to Him year after year. When they are old, they put it off from day to day; and even when the cry is heard, "Behold, the Bridegroom!" they put off buying the oil from hour to hour, and from minute to minute, and at last they go to the door of heaven without it, and they find the door shut.

The men who lived so long in those far-off days were the worst men who ever lived. God had to send a flood, which took them all away, all but eight souls. It was in the year of that flood that Methuselah died. His death was the last stroke of God's warning bell. "And Methuselah begat sons and daughters. And all the days of Methuselah were NINE HUNDRED SIXTY AND NINE YEARS: and he died."

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"Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, if I make not thy life as the life of one of the prophets of Baal by to-morrow about this time." "We have a proverb," says an old divine, "'Threatened folks live long,' but let me add, I know one who did never die at all, namely, the prophet Elijah." According to our earthly reckoning, though they reckon not by years there—and even if they did, how could we compare a day in heaven with a day here, seeing that even a day in God's courts on earth is better than a thousand?—ELIJAH must now be at least two thousand eight hundred and fifty years old, and yet, like the angels, he is ever young. His return to this world, along with Moses, who was raised from the dead for the purpose, to meet with our Lord on the Mount of Transfiguration, tells us a great deal about the glorified bodies of the saints. They can fly through space; they bear their old names; they have perfect fellowship with one another though they belonged to different epochs in the world's history; they can enter into experiences through which they themselves have never passed, and so Elijah can talk even about death; they have at least once had fellowship with the saints on earth; and the one thing they love to talk about is the atoning death of Christ.

4915 ENOCH is still walking with God, seeing Him face to face. His translation was a declaration to the world that sin could be forgiven, that the sting of death had been taken away and death itself abolished; it was a proclamation to the souls in glory, such as Abel's and Adam's and Eve's, that still higher glory was awaiting them when their bodies and souls should be reunited; it was a tremendous warning to Satan that he had failed in his attempts to separate God and man; it was a proof to our Redeemer, while as yet His work of Atonement was all to do, that that work had been accepted and the first fruits already given Him; and it was evidence of God's longing to have fellowship with man and of the possibility of man's having fellowship with Him. We all see how hereafter we can talk with Christ, for He is not only God, but Man, and has a body like ourselves. But will it be possible for us to get nearer God the Father and God the Holy Ghost than we are at present? How can we have fellowship with an Invisible Spirit? Enoch's presence in heaven before God was manifest in flesh is an answer to that question.

Enoch for centuries was the only man who was both body and soul in heaven. No other man will have such a wonderful story to tell hereafter. He will tell us how heaven looked before the resurrection of Christ and when as yet it was inhabited only by the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

This closes the series of articles on "How old art thou?" It was begun in February, 1890, the first name being, "Jeremiah, who was sanctified from his birth." It has been continued every month since, with but two exceptions, during these nine years, and there was no reason, in the nature of things, why it should ever have come to an end, for all the dead have died at one age or another, and the

At the
age of

supply of names is inexhaustible. There have been short notices of three hundred and forty persons in all, two hundred and ninety-one men, and forty-nine women. To women I hope to do more justice in another and somewhat different series of articles which I hope, if all is well, to begin in January.

Meantime, I thank all who have companied with me during these years, and I affectionately commend them to God. We have all of us, at some time or other, named without knowing it the age at which we ourselves shall die. Let us make sure to-day that, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. Oh, all you girls and boys, "remember the trysting-place — THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD"—and may none of us be awanting in that day.

Who knows the power of Thy wrath?
According to Thy fear
So is Thy wrath : Lord, teach Thou us
Our end in mind to bear ;
And so to count our days, that we
Our hearts may still apply
To learn Thy wisdom and Thy truth,
That we may live thereby.

How old art thou? How much owest thou unto my Lord? And Jesus, answering, said, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on. There was a certain creditor which had two debtors; the one owed five hundred pence and the other fifty; and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most.



The Reminiscences of an Old Sailor.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 11.—A New-Year's Day at Sea.

TO the best of my recollection, I have seen the New-Year's eve at sea observed only once in what one might call a solemn way. I was in a Boston barque, bound from Baltimore to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A. Our captain and several of the crew were "East-down-Easters," come of the good old Puritan stock. When it came within five minutes of midnight, a hand was stationed by the ship's bell to ring the Old Year out. At twelve o'clock, during the passing of the Old Year, there was a few moments' silence, and then for other five minutes the bell was rung to welcome the New Year in. Then, all of a sudden, the Captain addressed the assembled crew in words something like this: "Now, my lads, we are welcoming a New Year, and it is the duty of each and all of us to lead better lives than we have done in the years that are past. Now, if you behave yourselves as men, you'll find in me a considerate master. I'll not ask a man to do anything that I can't do myself. Attend to your duties, all of you, as sailors, and I'll behave as a master ought to do."

After the Captain went away, an old sailor, a fine fellow, stood forward and said: "Have you any objection to listen to me for five minutes? We are not far away from the spot where our Puritan

forefathers landed, and we are indebted a great deal to them. It is only our duty to show that we value what they did by walking in their footsteps to the best of our ability. While we are here together, let us be as kind to one another as we can." And then he prayed very briefly and nicely. We used to call him the parson after that. Captains, as a rule, don't make speeches to their crews, though once, when I was pilot, I heard a Captain Kennedy of our town say a few words to his men. We were to set sail next morning, and he had given orders to the steward to give the men a good dinner. Then he called them aft, and said: "We are all one family, all in one boat, having the same interests, to do the best we can for our owners, and ourselves as well." After a few more wise and kindly words he dismissed the men, who gave him three cheers as they returned to their quarters.

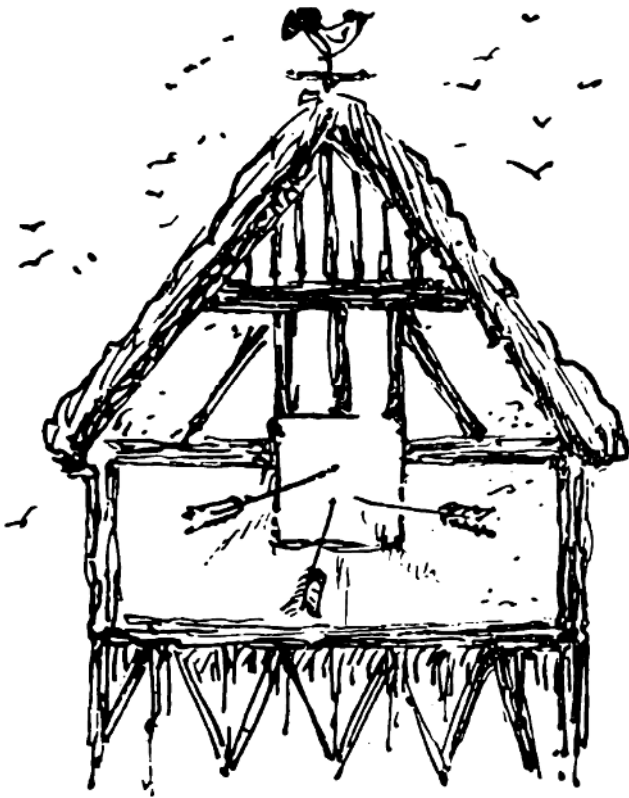
As a rule, however, New-Year's day is simply observed as a holiday at sea. The men get no work to do, except trimming the sails or anything else that is absolutely necessary. They get a good dinner—maybe a potato stew with beef at breakfast, then beef and potatoes and plum pudding at dinner. Sailors, especially young ones, are fond of plum pudding. A little bit of one from the cook or steward will make a boy do anything. You see, sailors are men just like other folks. On the homeward voyage, if there is a good supply of raisins and currants on board, the men get a plum pudding now and again. There

is no need to bring these things home only to take them away again on another voyage. But to return to the New-Year's dinner. A captain friend was telling me lately that once he gave his men some 7-lb. tins of corned beef that day. It was a new thing at the time, and he was fond of it himself. He allowed them at the rate of 3 lbs. per man. Two or three hours after, half the crew came aft complaining of illness, and saying they were poisoned. He told them they must have eaten too much. "No," they said, "it's the men that have eaten least that feel worst." But, of course, it turned out just as he had said; the men had over-eaten themselves.

What do sailors do on board ship when they get a holiday at sea? Well, there's washing to do, and cleaning out their quarters; and, above all, there's the overhauling of their chests. That's known at sea as a "sailor's pleasure." A sailor of the right sort takes great pride in his chest. The outside is nicely painted, and inside there's a picture maybe of some favourite ship, or a coat of arms. A captain told me the other day that once in Batavia another captain showed him his chest with a picture of a man and woman inside the lid, and some lines of poetry underneath each. "What's that?" he asked. "Oh! that's me and my wife, and these are some loving words I'm saying to her, and some she's saying to me."

Next to the pictures, the chief adornments of a sailor's chest are the "grimauts," or handles made of rope, which is first covered with canvas and then beautifully corded

with twine, so exquisitely done that neither beginning nor end nor joining can be seen. A sailor's chest is never locked at sea, but the sailors dearly love to see what is inside one another's. A sailor opens his chest, for example, to take out socks which need darning—and if he has no yarn, he has to buy it at sea prices, three times its shore value, from those that have it. Then he comes across some photographs, which he passes round. Next there's something which his old mother or his sister or his sweetheart knitted; or maybe there's a present he got from some male companion or friend. Everything has to be passed round, and the character of the person who gave it to him is described. So, you see, it's worth while giving a present to a sailor. Your fame will be proclaimed in every quarter of the globe! It is in his chest, of course, that a sailor keeps his clothes, and if they are good, he is very proud of them. They may never be taken out for wearing, but as a rule a good sailor likes to dress well when it comes to Sabbath day. It is his trick at the wheel, say, at eight in the morning. You will see him coming along the lee side of the ship to relieve the man before him, and as he steps along in his white duck trousers, blue frock, white canvas cap, with his lanyard and knife, he knows he is the envy of his comrades and the admiration of his captain and his officers! And now and again, you may be sure, his thoughts go to his native town far away, and the old folks at home, and the church where his wife is worshipping.



THREE hundred years ago, on the 21st of this month, there died a Mr. Thomas Owen, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in England. Before his promotion to the Bench, "by his unwearied industry, advanced by a good natural genie and judgment, he had become a noted counsellor, and much resorted to for advice." He died when all men were expecting further honours for him. He lies in Westminster Abbey, and on his marble tomb may still be read the motto Queen Elizabeth gave him when she made him one of her serjeants, *Memorare novissima*, "To recall one's latter end," and also the Epitaph he had prepared for himself, *Spes, Vermis, et Ego*, "Hope, the Worm, and I," or, as we might render it, "Though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

His wife, who had been twice previously married, was one Alice Wilkes. In her childhood one day, while she was playing with other children in the fields at Islington, she had a narrow escape from being killed by an arrow, shot by some unskilful archer, which pierced quite through the hat on her head. For this Providence she recorded her gratitude in later life, when God had given her riches, by erecting, as near the spot as she could, a church, a school, and almshouses for ten poor widows. The church stood till 1841, and in one of the gables there might have been seen *three iron arrows*, memorials of "the arrow of the Lord's deliverance." The almshouses and the school have been rebuilt in recent years, at a little distance from the old site. In the school there are at present three hundred girls and three hundred boys, for whom let us pray that they may be "an heritage of the Lord, and as arrows in the hand of a mighty man."

— — — — —

*And the angel said with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him That made heaven, and the earth, and the sea.—
Rev. 14, 7.*

[The following extracts from letters written by a young friend in India may help to show us how many wonderful things there are in the world which we think nothing of, because we have seen them all our days.]

"ON my last visit to Madras I had two 'boys' (menservants) with me. Of course one always takes his own boy with him wherever he goes. We have here a little fellow who helps my chum's

boy and my own with their work, a very active youth of twelve. As he had never been out of his own village in his life, I thought he would enjoy seeing something of the world as contained in Bangalore and Madras; so I told him to come with me, whereat he was greatly excited. He had never been even in a train before. Bangalore (a town of 160,000 inhabitants, 216 miles west of Madras), which my boy showed him pretty well, pleased him greatly. In Madras I put him on the box of my gharry (cab), and as I had to go to some of the good shops I let him see the interior of them. I drove all round the place and then came to our office and the sea. The steamers moving and lying in the harbour astonished him very much. Next day he was taken to the bazaars, the Museum, and the 'Zoo' in the People's Park, and the day after he had a five miles' ride in the electric cars."

* * * * *

"Last night we got him out to the verandah after dinner and got him to give us a description of all his adventures. It was most amusing. He said the train was splendid and Bangalore very fine, but the train to Madras was better; also Madras. He said he saw everything wonderful in the Museum, and described the animals in the Zoo. At first he thought the sea was a jungle and couldn't understand the ships. They were larger than our bungalow. The car had no horses or anything to make it go, and he thought it went by magic. He says

he is the only one in his village of about eight hundred people who has been further than Bangalore, and he has had to tell them all about his experiences. The pleasure to him didn't cost me much either. His fare for the 270 miles to Madras only cost two shillings and threepence, that is, one rupee eleven annas, which shows how cheaply the natives can travel."

* * * * *

"I was passing through Callorie, the village where the lad lives, the other day, and saw him surrounded by a crowd of villagers, to whom he was apparently offering refreshment from a long-necked bottle. I went across, wondering whether he had got so much advanced when in touch with civilization as to be engaged in the paying trade of selling drink, but I found he was only letting them taste in homœopathic doses some of the *salt water* of the sea, which he had brought home with him as a curiosity!"

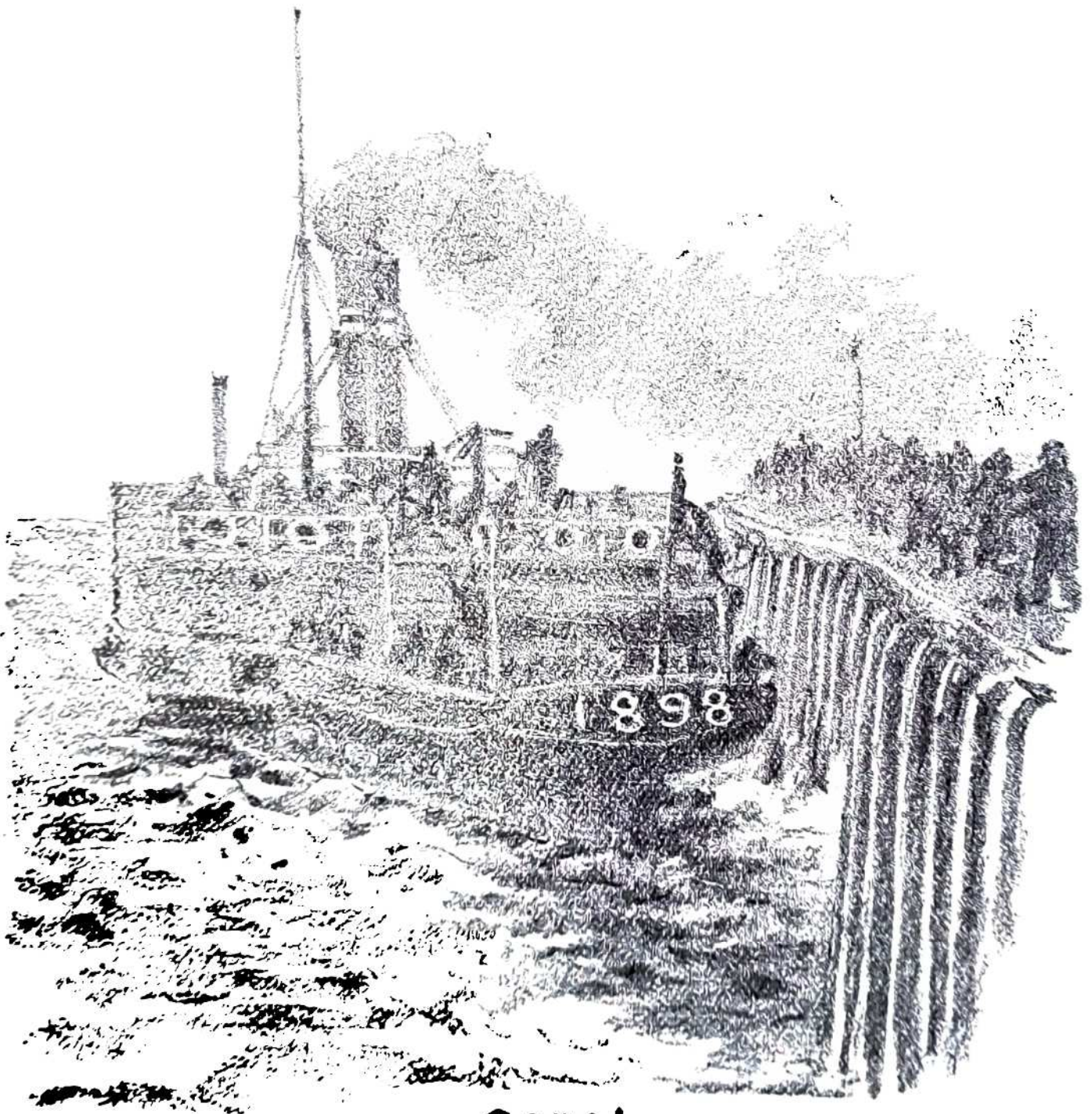


Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy goodness' sake, O Lord.—Ps. 25, 7.

"IN 1816, when I was about four years of age and living at Dalkeith, being out one day at play, and passing a girl just my own size, who was standing with her back to a wall, I went forward to her, looked her in the face, and partly out of sport and partly out of mischief I knocked my forehead against hers. The moment I did so, poor girl, her nostrils streamed with blood. Home I fled as fast

as I could run. I imagined I was pursued, but in this I was mistaken. I never learned that any report of the matter reached my father's ears, but conscience tormented me greatly for my misdeed. I was long anxious to see the poor injured girl again that I might be sure I had not killed her, but was always afraid to go near the scene

of my misconduct. The remembrance of that blow has cost me many a pang of remorse. How often in after life, in Scotland, in Jamaica, and in Old Calabar, have I regretted that action and wished to ascertain who it was I injured that I might make some reparation for the wrong!"—*William Anderson, Missionary.*



Gone!

1	TH	Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.— <i>Eccl. 12, 1.</i> “There is only one morning to the day.”
2	F	The fear of the Lord lonlongeth days :
3	S	But the years of the wicked shall be shortened.— <i>Prov. 10, 27.</i>
4	S	Occupy till I come.— <i>Luke 19, 13.</i> Trade ye herewith. (<i>R. V.</i>)
5	M	The younger of them wasted his substance.— <i>Luke 15, 13.</i>
6	TU	And when he had spent all,
7	W	He began to be in want. “He who buys what he does not want, shall have to sell what he cannot spare.”— <i>Arab Proverb.</i>
8	TH	And no man gave unto him.
9	F	Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
10	S	And he that hath no money.— <i>Is. 55, 1.</i>
11	S	Jesus lifted up His eyes to heaven.— <i>John 17, 1.</i>
12	M	I made a covenant with mine eyes.— <i>Job 31, 1.</i>
13	TU	I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes.— <i>Ps. 101, 3.</i>
14	W	The night cometh.— <i>John 9, 4.</i>
15	TH	Eli’s eyes began to wax dim.— <i>1 Sam. 3, 2.</i> Lord President Arniston of the Scotch Courts said to a visitor one day in the winter of 1782, “Who’s there? I can’t see.” His visitor, a Mr. Swinton, to please him said, “The light is in your lordship’s eyes.” “No, no,” he answered, “the light is <i>gone out</i> of my eyes.”
16	F	In hell the rich man lift up his eyes.— <i>Luke 16, 23.</i>
17	S	Behold, He cometh ; and every eye shall see Him.— <i>Rev. 1, 7</i>
18	S	Man, whose breath is in his nostrils.— <i>Is. 2, 22.</i>
19	M	Ye know not what shall be on the morrow.— <i>James 4, 14 (R. V.)</i>
20	TU	What is your life?
21	W	For ye are a vapour, that appeareth for a little time,
22	TH	And then vanisheth away.
23	F	Ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall both live,
24	S	And do this or that. When Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, made any arrangement, before the Long Vacation, for the ensuing October term, he always prefaced it with—not “ <i>When,</i> ” but—“ <i>If we meet in October.</i> ”
25	S	Ye were called unto the fellowship of His Son.— <i>1 Cor. 1, 9.</i>
26	M	I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils.— <i>1 Cor. 10, 20.</i>
27	TU	Ye are come to an innumerable company of angels.— <i>Heb. 12, 22.</i>
28	W	The household of faith.— <i>Gal. 6, 10.</i>
29	TH	I will be the God of all the families of Israel.— <i>Jer. 31, 1.</i>
30	F	The solitary.— <i>Ps. 68, 6.</i> “For at this season, on the threshold of another year of stubborn conflict, men feel a need to draw closer the links that unite them ; they reckon the number of their friends, like allies before a war ; and the prayers grow longer in the morning as the absent are recommended by name into God’s keeping.— <i>R. L. Stevenson’s Picturesque Edinburgh.</i> ”
31	S	If ye love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, AND HE SHALL GIVE YOU ANOTHER COMFORTER, THAT HE MAY ABIDE WITH YOU FOR EVER.— <i>John 14, 15.</i>